THE

Literary Miscellany;

or,

ELEGANT SELECTIONS

of

THE MOST ADMIRED FUGITIVE PIECES,

and

EXTRACTS

from

WORKS OF THE GREATEST MERIT;

with Originals;

IN PROSE AND VERSE.

" A lasting wreath, of various hue,
" Deck'd with each fragrant flow'r."

PRINTED BY G. NICHOLSON AND CO.
Palace-street, Manchester.
Sold by T. KNOTT, No. 47, Lombard-street;
and CHAMPANTE & WHITROW, Jewry-street, London.
1794.

BRITISH MUSEUM
15
61
JUL

(1)

A PICTURE

of

THE FEMALE CHARACTER,

AS IT OUGHT TO APPEAR

WHEN FORMED.

BY GEORGE HORNE, D.D.
late Bishop of Norwich.

PRINTED BY G. NICHOLSON AND CO.
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THE FEMALE CHARACTER,

The picture I shall present, among other advantages, has that of antiquity. It was drawn by a masterly hand near three thousand years ago. The description I mean, is that, left us of a virtuous woman, by the wisest of men, in the last chapter of the book of Proverbs; a description which all mothers and mistresses should teach the female pupils under their care, to read, and learn by heart.

"Who can find a virtuous woman? For her price "is far above rubies." Such an one is to be found, but not without care and diligence in the search. She is well worth the pains taken in the forming her, and more to be valued by her happy possessor, than all the brightest diamonds in the mines of the east.

"The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her, "so that he shall have no need of spoil." A well nurtured woman is man's best and truest friend. Her fidelity is inviolable as the covenant of the most High, and her purity unsullied as the light of heaven. Absent, as well as present, her husband relies upon her, for the preservation of his possessions, and of herself, the dearest and most precious of all. With such a steward at home, freed from care and anxiety, he goes forth to his own employment, whatever it may

be. He has no occasion to rob others by sea or land; to plunder provinces, or starve nations. Instead of her squandering his substance to gratify her own vanity and folly, the economy of his wife furnishes the supplies, and nothing is wanting in due time and place.

"She will do him good, and not evil, all the days "of her life." She will never abuse this confidence reposed in her, but endeavour to render herself daily more and more worthy of it. And even if her endeavours should not always meet with the desired success; if the good man should sometimes happen to be a little out of spirits, or out of temper, she will not therefore become so too. Her cheerfulness will revive and restore him. She will still "do him good, and not evil," while he lives; and if she survive him, will continue to shew the same kind attention and regard to his family, and to his character. "My Ser-"vius," (said the Roman Valeria, holding in her arms the urn which contained the ashes of her husband—my Servius) "though dead to the rest of the "world, can never be otherwise than alive to me."

Solomon's description of a virtuous woman consists of twenty-two verses. It is well worthy your observation, that eleven of these verses (half the number) are taken up in setting forth her *industry*, and the effects of it. I shall recite all these together, that you may see what a variety of magnificent language is made use of, to describe her different employments, to recommend simplicity of manners, and make good housewifery and honest labour to be admired, in the rich and noble, as well as the poor and obscure among women. For you must bear in mind, that in works of the several kinds here mentioned, queens and princesses, of old time, disdained not to be occupied. You will likewise be pleased to consider, that if the rich are exempted from the necessity of working for *themselves*, they cannot be better employed than in working for

the *poor*; since "the coats and garments," made by the charity of Dorcas, were judged the best proofs of her goodness that could be submitted to the inspection of an apostle.

"She seeketh wool and flax, and worketh willingly with her hands. She layeth her hands to the spindle, and her hands hold the distaff. She girdeth her loins with strength, and strengtheneth her arms. She riseth also, while it is yet night, and giveth meat to her household, and a portion to her maidens. She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness. She is not afraid of the snow for her household, for they are all clothed with double garments. She maketh herself coverings of tapestry, her clothing is silk and purple. She maketh fine linen, and selleth it, and delivereth girdles to the merchant. She perceiveth that her merchandise is good: her candle goeth not out by night. She is like the merchants' ships, she bringeth her food from afar. She considereth a field and buyeth it; with the fruit of her hands she planteth a vineyard."——On account of this her marvellous and unceasing diligence, with the many and great advantages derived thereby to her family, well may it be said, as it is said of her, "Strength and honour are her clothing, and she shall rejoice in time to come."

But the honour is not confined to herself. It extendeth to her friend and her companion in life; "Her husband is known in the gates, when he sitteth among the elders of the land."—That is, he is known as *her* husband; as a man blessed with such a wife; as indebted, perhaps, for his promotion, to the wealth acquired by her management at home (for honours are seldom open to the poor); for the splendor and elegance of his apparel, to the labour of her hands; and, it may be, for the preservation and establishment of his virtue and integrity, to the encour-

agement, in all that is holy, and just, and good, furnished by her example, as well as by her conversation, the nature of which is thus described—

"She openeth her mouth with wisdom, and in her "tongue is the law of kindness." She thinks before she speaks; and, therefore neither introduces a bad subject, nor disgraces a good one by an improper manner of discoursing upon it. And as charity reigns in her heart, nothing that is uncharitable proceeds out of her mouth: all is lenient and healing. To express the whole in a few words, she says nothing that is foolish, and nothing that is illnatured. But her charity is shewn in deeds as well as words—

"She stretcheth out her hand to the poor; yea, she "reacheth forth her hands to the needy." This is yet another good effect of her economy and management. She is not only able to provide plentifully for her household, but has always something in store for the poor. Since what avails a charitable disposition, where vanity, folly, and extravagance have taken away the power to exert it? In vain is "the hand stretch-"ed out," when there is nothing in it.

Having thus considered this finished character of the virtuous woman, we shall not be surprised at the praise bestowed upon it, in the remaining verses of the chapter.

"Her children rise up, and call her blessed; her "husband also, and he praiseth her," saying, "Ma-"ny daughters have done virtuously; but thou excel-"lest them all." Happy the children of such a mother; they will be living proofs of the care taken by her in their education, when she taught them to walk, by the paths of honour and virtue, to the mansions of rest and glory. Happy the husband of such a wife, who sees all things prosper under her direction, and the blessing of heaven derived to his family through her. They will all join in proclaiming, that among women who do well, honour is chiefly due to the vir-

tuous and diligent wife, the affectionate and sensible mother.

"Favour," or rather, "Gracefulness is deceitful, "and beauty is vain; but a woman that feareth the "Lord, she shall be praised." A graceful person, and a set of fine features, are valuable things, but they are not always to be trusted; they may conceal tempers and dispositions very different from those one should have expected to find: and bitterer than wormwood must then be the disappointment of the man, who has been directed in his choice by no other considerations. This, I say, *may* be the case. Let us hope it is not often so. God forbid it should. The face ought to be an index to the mind, and when all is fair without, as it is said of the king's daughter in the psalm, "all should be glorious within." But let beauty have it's due praise, and suppose what you will of it—suppose all that the poets say of it be true: still, the wise man tells you, it is *vain*, it is in it's nature transient, fleeting, perishing; it is the flower of the spring which must fade in Autumn; and when the blossom falls, if no fruit succeed, of what value, I pray you, is the tree? The grave is already opening for the most elegant person that moves, and the worms are in waiting to feed on the fairest face that is beholden. Labour, then, for that which endureth for ever: let your chief pains be bestowed on that part of the human composition, which shall flourish in immortal youth, when the world and all that is in it shall disappear, and come no more into mind.—"A "woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised."

"Give her of the fruit of her hands, and let her "own works praise her in the gates."

The crown, which her own hands have thus formed, shall be placed upon her head, as it were by general consent, even in this life, and her good deeds, celebrated in the public assemblies, shall diffuse an odour grateful as the smell of Eden, as the cloud of frankin-

cense ascending from the holy altar. When her task is ended, the answer of a good conscience, and the blessings all around, sweeter than the sweetest music, shall chant her to her repose; till awakened on the great morning of the world, descending angels shall introduce this daughter of Jerusalem into the joy of her Lord.

Such is the female character, and such the importance of forming it by education. Without education it cannot be formed; for we are all born equally ignorant, and are what we are by instruction.

END OF
BISHOP HORNE'S PICTURE OF THE
FEMALE CHARACTER.

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THE

STORY

of

THEODOSIUS

and

CONSTANTIA.

FROM THE SPECTATOR.

PRINTED BY G. NICHOLSON AND CO.
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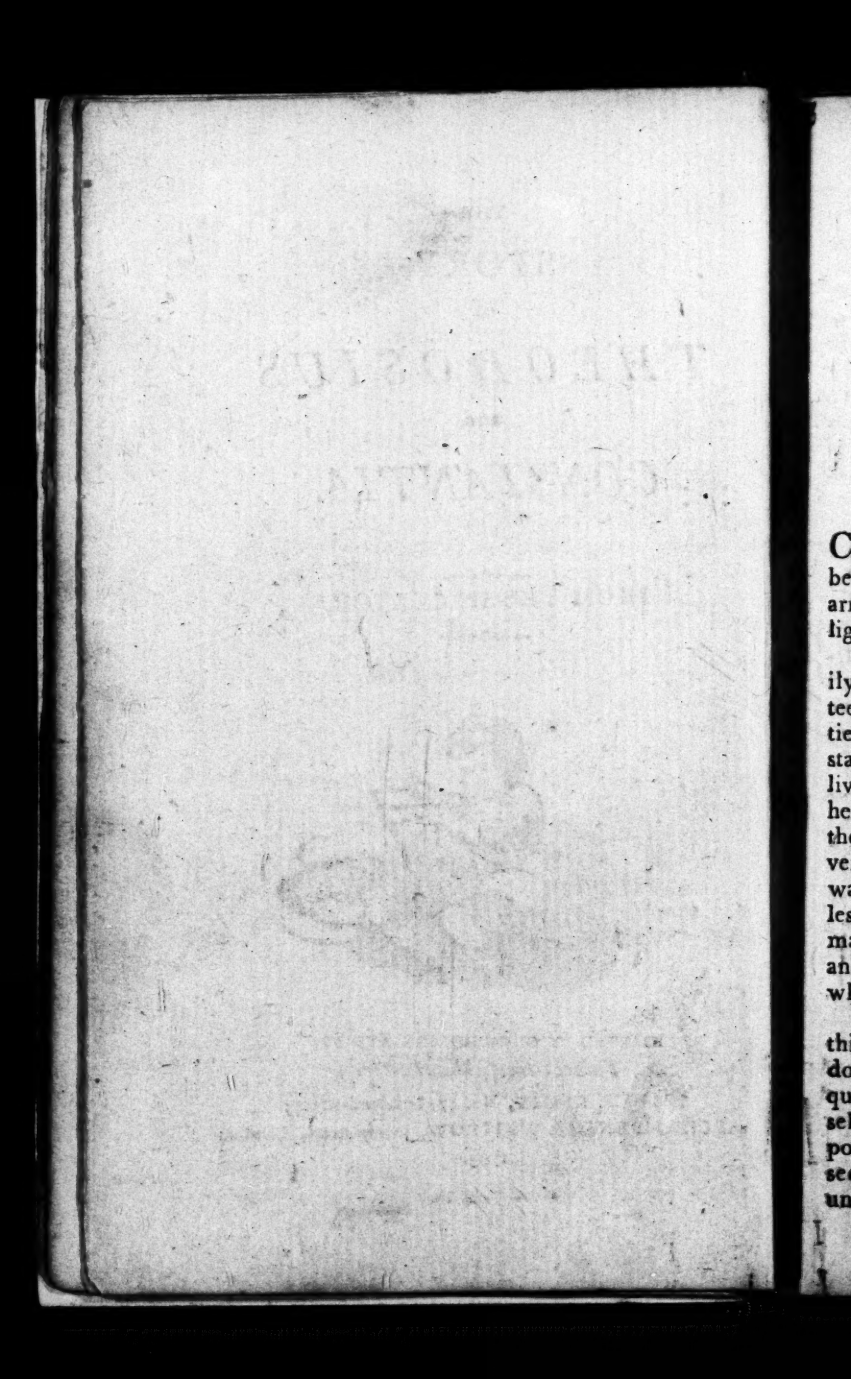
1793.



THEODOSIUS AND CONSTANTIA.

Constantia was a woman of extraordinary wit and beauty, but very unhappy in a father, who, having arrived at great riches by his own industry, took delight in nothing but his money.

Theodosius was the younger son of a decayed family, of great parts and learning, improved by a genteel and virtuous education. When he was in the twentieth year of his age he became acquainted with Constantia, who had not then passed her fifteenth. As he lived but a few miles distant from her father's house, he had frequent opportunities of seeing her; and, by the advantages of a good person and a pleasing conversation, made such an impression on her heart as it was impossible for time to efface: he was himself no less smitten with Constantia. A long acquaintance made them still discover new beauties in each other, and by degrees raised in them that mutual passion which had an influence on their following lives.

It unfortunately happened, that, in the midst of this intercourse of love and friendship between Theodosius and Constantia, there broke out an irreparable quarrel between their parents; the one valuing himself too much upon his birth, and the other upon his possessions. The father of Constantia was so incensed at the father of Theodosius, that he contracted an unreasonable aversion towards his son, insomuch that

he forbade him his house, and charged his daughter upon her duty never to see him more. In the mean time, to break off all communication between the two lovers, who he knew entertained secret hopes of some favourable opportunity that should bring them together, he found out a young gentleman of a good fortune and an agreeable person, whom he pitched upon as a husband for his daughter. He soon concerted this affair so well, that he told Constantia it was his design to marry her to such a gentleman, and that her wedding should be celebrated on such a day. Constantia, who was over-awed by the authority of her father, and unable to object any thing to so advantageous a match, received the proposal with a profound silence, which her father commended in her as the most decent manner of a virgin's giving her consent to an overture of that kind. The noise of this intended marriage soon reached Theodosius, who, after a long tumult of passions, which naturally rise in a lover's heart on such an occasion, wrote the following letter to Constantia.

'The thought of my Constantia, which for some 'years has been my only happiness, is now become a 'greater torment to me than I am able to bear. Must 'I then live to see you another's? The streams, the 'fields, and meadows, where we have so often talked 'together, grow painful to me; life itself is become a 'burden. May you long be happy in the world, but 'forget that there was ever such a man in it as

'THEODOSIUS!'

This letter was conveyed to Constantia that very evening, who fainted at the reading of it; and the next morning she was much more alarmed by two or three messengers that came to her father's house, one after another, to enquire if they had heard any thing of Theodosius, who, it seems, had left his chamber about midnight, and could no where be found. The

deep melancholy which had hung upon his mind some time before, made them apprehend the worst that could befal him. Constantia, who knew that nothing but the report of her marriage could have driven him to such extremities, was not to be comforted. She now accused herself of having so tamely given an ear to the proposal of a husband, and looked upon the new lover as the murderer of Theodosius: in short, she resolved to suffer the utmost effects of her father's displeasure, rather than comply with a marriage which appeared to her so full of guilt and horror. The father seeing himself entirely rid of Theodosius, and likely to keep a considerable portion in his family, was not very much concerned at the obstinate refusal of his daughter; and did not find it very difficult to excuse himself upon that account to his intended son-in-law, who had all along regarded this alliance rather as a match of convenience than of love. Constantia had now no relief but in her devotions and exercises of religion, to which her afflictions had so entirely subjected her mind, that after some years had abated the violence of her sorrows, and settled her thoughts in a kind of tranquillity, she resolved to pass the remainder of her days in a convent. Her father was not displeased with a resolution which would save money in his family, and readily complied with his daughter's intentions. Accordingly, in the twenty-fifth year of her age, while her beauty was yet in all it's height and bloom, he carried her to a neighbouring city, in order to look out a sisterhood of nuns among whom to place his daughter. There was in this place a father of a convent who was very much renowned for his piety and exemplary life; and as it is usual in the Romish church for those who are under any great affliction or trouble of mind to apply themselves to the most eminent confessors for pardon and consolation, our beautiful votary took the opportunity of confessing herself to this celebrated father.

We must now return to Theodosius; who, the very morning that the above-mentioned enquiries had been made after him, arrived at a religious house in the city where now Constantia resided; and desiring that secrecy and concealment of the fathers of the convent, which is very usual upon any extraordinary occasion, he made himself one of the order, with a private vow never to enquire after Constantia; whom he looked upon as given away to his rival, upon the day on which, according to common fame, their marriage was to have been solemnized. Having in his youth made a good progress in learning, that he might dedicate himself more entirely to religion, he entered into holy orders, and in a few years became renowned for his sanctity of life, and those pious sentiments which he inspired into all who conversed with him. It was this holy man to whom Constantia had determined to apply herself in confession, though neither she nor any other, besides the prior of the convent, knew any thing of his name or family. The gay, the amiable Theodosius, had now taken upon him the name of Father Francis, and was so far concealed in a long beard, a shaven head, and a religious habit, that it was impossible to discover the man of the world in the venerable conventual.

As he was one morning shut up in his confessional, Constantia kneeling by him, opened the state of her soul to him; and after having given him the history of a life full of innocence, she burst out in tears, and entered upon that part of her story, in which he himself had so great a share. 'My behaviour,' says she 'has, I fear, been the death of a man who had no oth fault but that of loving me too much. Heaven on knows how dear he was to me while he lived, and ho bitter the remembrance of him has been to me since h death!' She here paused, and lifted up her eyes that streamed with tears towards the father; who was so moved with the sense of her sorrows, that he could on-

y command his voice, which was broke with sighs nd sobbings, so far as to bid her proceed. She fol-owed his directions, and in a flood of tears poured ut her heart before him. The father could not for-ear weeping aloud, insomuch that in the agonies of is grief the seat shook under him. Constantia, who hought the good man was thus moved by his com-assion towards her, and by the horror of her guilt, roceeded with the utmost contrition to acquaint him ith that vow of virginity in which she was going to ngage herself, as the proper atonement for her sins, nd the only sacrifice she could make to the memory Theodosius. The father, who by this time had etty well composed himself, burst out again into tears pon hearing that name, to which he had been so long nused, and upon receiving this instance of an unpar-leled fidelity from one who, he thought, had several ears since given herself up to the possession of ano-her. Amidst the interruptions of his sorrow, see-ng his penitent overwhelmed with grief, he was only ble to bid her from time to time be comforted; to ell her that her sins were forgiven her; that her guilt as not so great as she apprehended; that she should ot suffer herself to be afflicted above measure. Af-er which he recovered himself enough to give her the bsolution in form; directing her at the same time to epair to him again the next day, that he might en-ourage her in the pious resolution she had taken, nd give her suitable exhortations for her behaviour n it. Constantia retired, and the next morning re-ewed her applications. Theodosius having manned is soul with proper thoughts and reflections, exerted mself on this occasion in the best manner he could, animate his penitent in the course of life she was ntering upon, and wear out of her mind those ground-ss fears and apprehensions which had taken posses-on of it; concluding with a promise to her, that he ould from time to time continue his admonitions

when she should have taken upon her the holy veil. 'The rules of our respective orders,' says he, 'will not permit that I should see you, but you may assure yourself not only of having a place in my prayers, but of receiving such frequent instructions as I can convey to you by letters. Go on chearfully in the glorious course you have undertaken, and you will quickly find such a peace and satisfaction in your mind, which it is not in the power of the world to give.'

Constantia's heart was so elevated with the discourse of Father Francis, that the very next day she entered upon her vow. As soon as the solemnities of her reception were over, she retired, as it is usual, with the abbess, into her own apartment.

The abbess had been informed the night before of all that had passed between her noviciate and Father Francis, from whom she now delivered to her the following letter.

'As the first fruits of those joys and consolations which you may expect from the life you are now engaged in, I must acquaint you that Theodosius whose death sits so heavy upon your thoughts, is still alive; and that the father to whom you have confessed yourself, was once that Theodosius whom you so much lament. The love which we have had for one another will make us more happy in it's disappointment than it could have done in it's success. Providence has disposed of us for our advantage, though not according to our wishes. Consider your Theodosius still as dead, but assure yourself of one who will not cease to pray for you in Father

'FRANCIS.'

Constantia saw that the hand-writing agreed with the contents of the letter: and upon reflecting on the voice, the person, the behaviour, and, above all, the extreme sorrow of the father during her confession she discovered Theodosius in every particular. After

having wept with tears of joy, 'It is enough,' says he, 'Theodosius is still in being; I shall live with comfort, and die in peace.'

The letters which the Father sent her afterwards are yet extant in the nunnery where she resided; and are often read to the young religious, to inspire them with good resolutions and sentiments of virtue. It so happened, that after Constantia had lived about ten years in the cloister, a violent fever broke out in the place, which swept away great multitudes, and among others Theodosius. Upon his death-bed he sent his benediction in a very moving manner to Constantia; who at that time was herself so far gone in the same fatal distemper, that she lay delirious. In the interval which generally precedes death in sicknesses of this nature, the abbess finding that the physicians had given her over, told her that Theodosius was just gone before her, and that he had sent her his benediction in his last moments. Constantia received it with pleasure. 'And now,' says she, 'if I do not ask any thing improper, let me be buried by Theodosius. My vow reaches no farther than the grave: what I ask, is, I hope, no violation of it. She died soon after, and was interred according to her request.

Their tombs are still to be seen, with a short Latin inscription on them to the following purpose—

Here lie the bodies of Father Francis and Sister Constance. *They were lovely in their lives, and in their deaths they were not divided.*

END OF THE STORY OF
THEODOSIUS AND CONSTANTIA.

BRITISH MUSEUM
15
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JUL

ON THE

DUTIES OF THE YOUNG.

BY DR. BLAIR.

PRINTED BY G. NICHOLSON AND CO.
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ON THE DUTIES OF THE YOUNG.

The uncertainty of the enjoyments of human life checks presumption; the multiplicity of its dangers demands perpetual caution. Moderation, vigilance, and self-government, are duties incumbent on all; but especially on such as are beginning the journey of life. The scenes which present themselves, at our entering upon the world, are commonly flattering. Whatever they be in themselves, the lively spirits of the young gild every opening prospect. The field of hope appears to stretch wide before them. Pleasure seems to put forth its blossoms on every side. Impelled by desire, forward they rush with inconsiderate ardour: Prompt to decide, and to chuse; averse to hesitate, or to inquire; credulous, because untaught by experience; rash, because unacquainted with danger; headstrong, because unsubdued by disappointment. As soon as you are capable of reflection, you must perceive that there is a right and a wrong in human actions. You see, that those who are born with the same advantages of fortune, are not all equally prosperous in the course of life. While some of them, by wise and steady conduct, attain distinction in the world, and pass their days with comfort and honour; others of the same rank, by mean and vicious behaviour, forfeit the advantages of their birth, involve themselves in much misery, and end in being a dis-

grace to their friends, and a burden on society. Early, then, you may learn, that it is not on the external condition in which you find yourselves placed, but on the part which you are to act, that your welfare or unhappiness, your honour or infamy, depend. Now, when beginning to act that part, what can be of greater moment, than to regulate your plan of conduct with the most serious attention, before you have yet committed any fatal or irretrieveable errors? If, instead of exerting reflection for this valuable purpose, you deliver yourselves up at so critical a time, to sloth and pleasure; if you refuse to listen to any counsellor but humour, or to attend to any pursuit except that of amusement; if you allow yourselves to float loose and careless on the tide of life, ready to receive any direction which the current of fashion may chance to give you, what can you expect to follow from such beginnings? While so many around you are undergoing the sad consequences of a like indiscretion, for what reason shall not those consequences extend to you? Shall you attain success without that preparation, and escape dangers without that precaution, which is required of others? Shall happiness grow up to you, of its own accord, and solicit your acceptance, when, to the rest of mankind, it is the fruit of long cultivation, and the acquisition of labour and care?——Deceive not yourselves with such arrogant hopes. Whatever be your rank, Providence will not, for your sake, reverse its established order. The Author of your being hath enjoined you to *take heed to your ways; to ponder the paths of your feet; to remember your Creator in the days of your youth.* He hath decreed, that they only *who seek after wisdom shall find it*; that *fools shall be afflicted because of their transgressions*; and that *whoso refuseth instruction shall destroy his own soul.* By listening to these admonitions, and tempering the vivacity of youth with a proper mixture of serious thought, you may ensure cheerfulness for the rest of life; but by de-

livering yourselves up at present to giddiness and levity, you lay the foundation of lasting heaviness of heart. When you look forward to those plans of life, which either your circumstances have suggested, or your friends have proposed, you will not hesitate to acknowledge that, in order to pursue them with advantage, some previous discipline is requisite. Be assured, that whatever is to be your profession, no education is more necessary to your success, than the acquirement of virtuous dispositions and habits. This is the universal preparation for every character, and every station in life. Bad as the world is, respect is always paid to virtue. In the usual course of human affairs, it will be found, that a plain understanding joined with acknowledged worth, contributes more to prosperity, than the brightest parts without probity or honour. Whether science, or business, or public life be your aim, virtue still enters, for a principal share, into all those great departments of society. It is connected with eminence in every liberal art; with reputation, in every branch of fair and useful business; with distinction, in every public station. The vigour which it gives the mind, and the weight which it adds to character; the generous sentiments which it breathes, the undaunted spirit which it inspires, the ardour of diligence which it quickens, the freedom which it procures from pernicious and dishonourable avocations, are the foundations of all that is high in fame, or great in success among men. Whatever ornamental or engaging endowments you now possess, virtue is a necessary requisite, in order to their shining with proper lustre. Feeble are the attractions of the fairest form, if it be suspected that nothing within corresponds to the pleasing appearance without. Short are the triumphs of wit, when it is supposed to be the vehicle of malice. By whatever arts you may at first attract the attention, you can hold the esteem, and secure the hearts of others, only by amiable dipositions, and the accomplishments

of the mind. These are the qualities whose influence will last, when the lustre of all that once sparkled and dazzled has passed away. Let not then the season of youth be barren of improvements so essential to your future felicity and honour. Now is the seed-time of life; and according to *what you sow, you shall reap*. Your character is now, under Divine assistance, of your own forming; your fate is, in some measure, put into your own hands. Your nature is as yet pliant and soft. Habits have not established their dominion. Prejudices have not pre-occupied your understanding. The world has not had time to contract and debase your affections. All your powers are more vigorous, disembarrassed, and free, than they will be at any future period. Whatever impulse you now give to your desires and passions, the direction is likely to continue. It will form the channel in which your life is to run; nay, it may determine its everlasting issue. Consider then the employment of this important period, as the highest trust which shall ever be committed to you; as, in a great measure, decisive of your happiness, in time, and in eternity. As in the succession of the seasons, each, by the invariable laws of Nature, affects the productions of what is next in course; so, in human life, every period of our age, according as it is well or ill spent, influences the happiness of that which is to follow. Virtuous youth gradually brings forward accomplished and flourishing manhood; and such manhood passes of itself, without uneasiness, into respectable and tranquil old age. But when Nature is turned out of its regular course, disorder takes place in the moral, just as in the vegetable world. If the Spring put forth no blossoms, in Summer there will be no beauty, and in Autumn no fruit. So, if youth be trifled away without improvement, manhood will be contemptible, and old age miserable. If the beginnings of life have been *vanity*, its later end can be no other than *vexation of spirit*.

Piety to God is the foundation of good morals, and is a disposition particularly graceful and becoming in youth. To be void of it, argues a cold heart, destitute of some of the best affections which belong to that age. Youth is the season of warm and generous emotions. The heart should then, spontaneously, rise into the admiration of what is great, glow with the love of what is fair and excellent, and melt at the discovery of tenderness and goodness. Where can any object be found, so proper to kindle those affections, as the Father of the universe, and the Author of all felicity? Unmoved by veneration, can you contemplate that grandeur and majesty, which his works every where diplay? Untouched by gratitude, can you view that profusion of good, which, in this pleasing season of life, his beneficent hand pours around you? Happy in the love and affection of those with whom you are connected, look up to the Supreme Being, as the inspirer of all the friendship which has ever been shewn you by others; himself, your best and your first friend; formerly, the supporter of your infancy, and the guide of your childhood; now, the guardian of your youth, and the hope of your coming years. View religious homage, as a natural expression of gratitude to him for all his goodness. Connected with so many tender sensibilities of soul, let religion be with you, not the cold and barren offspring of speculation, but the warm and vigorous dictate of the heart. But though piety chiefly belong to the heart, yet the aid of the understanding is requisite, to give a proper direction to the devout affections. You must endeavour, therefore, to acquire just views, both of the great principles of natural religion, and of the peculiar doctrines of the Gospel. For this end study the sacred scriptures. Cousult the word of God, more than the systems of men, if you would know the truth in its native purity. When, upon rational and sober inquiry,

you have established your principles, suffer them not to be shaken by the scoffs of the licentious, or the cavils of the sceptical. Remember, that in the examination of every great and comprehensive plan, such as that of Christianity, difficulties may be expected to occur; and that reasonable evidence is not to be rejected, because the nature of our present state allows us only to *know in part, and to see through a glass darkly.* Impress your minds with reverence for all that is sacred. Let no wantonness of youthful spirits, no compliance with the intemperate mirth of others, ever betray you into prophane sallies. Besides the guilt which is thereby incurred, nothing gives a more odious appearance of petulance and presumption to youth, than the affectation of treating religion with levity. Instead of being an evidence of superior understanding, it discovers a pert and shallow mind; which, vain of the first smatterings of knowledge, presumes to make light of what the rest of mankind revere. At the same time you are not to imagine, that when exhorted to be religious, you are called upon to become more formal and solemn in your manners than others of the same years, or to erect yourselves into supercilious reprovers of those around you. The spirit of true religion breathes gentleness and affability. It gives a native, unaffected ease to the behaviour. It is social, kind, and cheerful; far removed from that gloomy and illiberal superstition which clouds the brow, sharpens the temper, dejects the spirits, and teaches men to fit themselves for another world, by neglecting the concerns of this. Let your religion, on the contrary, connect preparation for heaven, with an honourable discharge of the duties of active life. Let it be associated in your imagination, with all that is manly and useful; *with whatsoever things are true, are just, are pure, are lovely, are of good report,* wherever there is any *virtue,* and wherever there is *any praise.* Of such religion

discover, on every proper occasion, that you are not ashamed; but avoid making any unnecessary ostentation of it before the world.

To piety, join modesty and docility, reverence of your parents, and submission to those who are your superiors in knowledge, in station, and in years. Dependence and obedience belong to youth. Modesty is one of its chief ornaments; and has ever been esteemed a presage of rising merit. When entering on the career of life, it is your part, not to assume the reins as yet into your hands; but to commit yourselves to the guidance of the more experienced, and to become wise by the wisdom of those who have gone before you. Of all the follies incident to youth, there are none which either deform its present appearance, or blast the prospect of its future prosperity, more than self-conceit, presumption, and obstinacy. By checking its natural progress in improvement, they fix it in long immaturity; and frequently produce mischiefs, which can never be repaired. Yet these are vices too commonly found among the young. Big with enterprise, and elated by hope, they resolve to trust for success to none but themselves. Full of their own abilities, they deride the admonitions which are given them by their friends, as the timorous suggestions of age. Too wise to learn, too impatient to deliberate, too forward to be restrained, they plunge, with precipitant indiscretion, into the midst of all the dangers with which life abounds. *Seest thou a young man wise in his own conceit? There is more hope of a fool, than of him.* —Positive as you now are in your opinions, and confident in your assertions, be assured, that the time approaches when both men and things will appear to you in a different light. Many characters which you now admire, will, by and by, sink in your esteem; and many opinions, of which you are at present most tenacious, will alter as you advance in years. Distrust, therefore, that glare of youthful presumption, which

dazzles your eyes. Abound not in your own sense. Put not yourselves forward with too much eagerness; nor imagine, that by the impetuosity of juvenile ardour, you can overturn systems which have been long established, and change the face of the world. *Learn not to think more highly of yourselves than you ought, but to think soberly.* By patient and gradual progression in improvement, you may, in due time, command lasting esteem. But by assuming, at present, a tone of superiority, to which you have no title, you will disgust those whose approbation it is most important to gain. Forward vivacity may fit you to be the companions of an idle hour. More solid qualities must recommend you to the wise, and mark you out for importance and consideration in subsequent life.

It is necessary to recommend to you, sincerity and truth. This is the basis of every virtue. That darkness of character, where we can see no heart; those foldings of art, through which no native affection is allowed to penetrate, present an object, unamiable in every season of life, but particularly odious in youth. If, at an age when the heart is warm, when the emotions are strong, and when nature is expected to shew itself free and open, you can already smile and deceive, what are we to look for when you shall be longer hackneyed in the ways of men; when interest shall have completed the obduration of your heart, and experience shall have improved you in all the arts of guile? Dissimulation in youth, is the fore-runner of perfidy in old age. Its first appearance is the fatal omen of growing depravity, and future shame. It degrades parts and learning; obscures the lustre of every accomplishment; and sinks you into contempt with God and man. As you value, therefore, the approbation of Heaven, or the esteem of the world, cultivate the love of truth. In all your proceedings, be direct and consistent. Ingenuity and candour possess the most powerful charm; they bespeak universal fa-

vour, and carry an apology for almost every failing. *The lip of truth, shall be established for ever; but a lying tongue, is but for a moment.* The path of truth, is a plain and a safe path; that of falsehood, is a perplexing maze. After the first departure from sincerity, it is not in your power to stop. One artifice unavoidably leads on to another; till, as the intricacy of the labyrinth increases, you are left entangled in your own snare. Deceit discovers a little mind, which stops at temporary expedients, without rising to comprehensive views of conduct. It betrays, at the same time, a dastardly spirit. It is the resource of one who wants courage to avow his designs, or to rest upon himself. Whereas, openness of character displays that generous boldness which ought to distinguish youth. To set out in the world with no other principle than a crafty attention to interest, betokens one who is destined for creeping through the inferior walks of life. But to give an early preference to honour above gain, when they stand in competition; to depise every advantage, which cannot be attained without dishonest arts; to brook no meanness, and to stoop to no dissimulation; are the indications of a great mind, the presages of future eminence and distinction in life. At the same time, this virtuous sincerity is perfectly consistent with the most prudent vigilance and caution. It is opposed to cunning, not to true wisdom. It is not the simplicity of a weak and improvident, but the candour of an enlarged and noble mind; of one who scorns deceit, because he accounts it both base and unprofitable; and who seeks no disguise, because he needs none to hide him.

Youth is the proper season of cultivating the benevolent and humane affections. As a great part of your happiness is to depend on the connections which you form with others, it is of high importance that you acquire, betimes, the temper and the manners which will render such connections comfortable. Let

a sense of justice be the foundation of all your social qualities. In your most early intercourse with the world, and even in your youthful amusements, let no unfairness be found. Engrave on your mind that sacred rule, of *doing all things to others, according as you wish that they should do unto you.* For this end, impress yourselves with a deep sense of the original and natural equality of men. Whatever advantages of birth or fortune you possess, never display them with an ostentatious superiority. Leave the subordinations of rank, to regulate the intercourse of more advanced years. At present it becomes you to act among your companions, as man with man. Remember how unknown to you are the vicissitudes of the world; and how often they, on whom ignorant and contemptuous young men once looked down with scorn, have risen to be their superiours in future years. Compassion is an emotion of which you ought never to be ashamed. Graceful in youth is the tear of sympathy, and the heart that melts at the tale of woe. Let not ease and indulgence contract your affections, and wrap you up in selfish enjoyments. But go sometimes to the *house of mourning*, as well as *to the house of feasting.* Accustom yourselves to think of the distresses of human life; of the solitary cottage, the dying parent, and the weeping orphan. Never sport with pain and distress, in any of your amusements; nor treat even the meanest insect with wanton cruelty. In young minds there is commonly a strong propensity to particular intimacies and friendships. Youth, indeed, is the season when friendships are sometimes formed, which not only continue through succeeding life, but which glow to the last, with a tenderness unknown to the connections begun in cooler years. The propensity therefore is not to be discouraged, though at the same time it must be regulated with much circumspection and care. Too many of the pretended friendships of youth, are mere combin-

tions in pleasure. They are often founded on capricious likings; suddenly contracted, and as suddenly dissolved. Sometimes they are the effect of interested complaisance and flattery on the one side, and of credulous fondness on the other. Beware of such rash and dangerous connections, which may afterwards load you with dishonour. Remember, that by the character of those whom you choose for your friends, your own is likely to be formed, and will certainly be judged of by the world. Be slow, therefore, and cautious in contracting intimacy; but when a virtuous friendship is once established, consider it as a sacred engagement. Expose not yourselves to the reproach of lightness and inconstancy, which always bespeak, either a trifling, or a base mind. Reveal none of the secrets of your friend. Be faithful to his interests. Forsake him not in danger. Abhor the thought of acquiring any advantage by his prejudice or hurt. In order to render yourselves amiable in society, correct every appearance of harshness in behaviour. Let that courtesy distinguish your demeanour, which springs, not so much from studied politeness, as from a mild and gentle heart. Follow the customs of the world in matters indifferent; but stop when they become sinful. Let your manners be simple and natural; and of course they will be engaging. Affectation is certain deformity. By forming themselves on fantastic models, and vying with one another in every reigning folly, the young begin with being ridiculous, and end in being vicious and immoral.

The love of pleasure, natural to man in every period of his life, glows at this age with excessive ardour. Novelty adds fresh charms, as yet, to every gratification. The world appears to spread a continual feast; and health, vigour, and high spirits, invite them to partake of it without restraint. In vain we warn them of latent dangers. Religion is accused of insufferable severity, in prohibiting enjoyment: and

the old, when they offer their admonitions, are upbraided with having forgot that they once were young. ——And yet, my friends, to what do the restraints of religion, and the counsels of age, with respect to pleasure, amount? They may all be comprized in few words, not to hurt yourselves, and not to hurt others, by your pursuit of pleasure. Within these bounds pleasure is lawful; beyond them, it becomes criminal, because it is ruinous. Are these restraints any other, than what a wise man would choose to impose on himself? We call you not to renounce pleasure, but to enjoy it in safety. Instead of abridging it, we exhort you to pursue it on an extensive plan. We propose measures for securing its possession, and for prolonging its duration. Consult your whole nature. Consider yourselves not only as sensitive, but as rational beings; not only as rational, but social; not only as social, but immortal. Whatever violates your nature in any of these respects, cannot afford true pleasure; any more than that which undermines an essential part of the vital system can promote health. For the truth of this conclusion, we appeal, not merely to the authority of religion, nor to the testimony of the aged, but to yourselves and your own experience. We ask, Whether you have not found, that in a course of criminal excess, your pleasure was more than compensated by succeeding pain? Whether, if not from every particular instance, yet from every habit, at least, of unlawful gratification, there did not spring some thorn to wound you, there did not arise some consequence to make you repent of it in the issue? If you have any consideration, or any firmness left, avoid temptations, for which you have found yourselves unequal, with as much care, as you would shun pestilential infection. Break off all connections with the loose and profligate. *When sinners entice thee, consent thou not. Look not on the wine when it is red, when it giveth its colour in the cup; for at the last,*

it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder. Remove thy way from the strange woman, and come not near the door of her house. Let not thine heart decline to her ways; for her house is the way to hell. Thou goest after her as a bird hasteth to the snare; and knoweth not that it is for his life. By these unhappy excesses of irregular pleasure in youth, how many amiable dispositions are corrupted or destroyed! How many rising capacities and powers are suppressed! How many flattering hopes of parents and friends are totally extinguished! Who but must drop a tear over human nature, when he beholds that morning which arose so bright, overcast with such untimely darkness; that good humour which once captivated all hearts, that vivacity which sparkled in every company, those abilities which were fitted for adorning the highest station, all sacrificed at the shrine of low sensuality; and one who was formed for running the fair career of life in the midst of public esteem, cut off by his vices at the beginning of his course, or sunk, for the whole of it, into insignificancy and contempt!—These, O sinful Pleasure! are thy trophies. It is thus that, cooperating with the foe of God and man, thou degradest human honour, and blastest the opening prospects of human felicity.

Diligence, industry, and proper improvement of time, are material duties of the young. To no purpose are they endowed with the best abilities, if they want activity for exerting them. Unavailing, in this case, will be every direction that can be given them, either for their temporal or spiritual welfare. In youth the habits of industry are most easily acquired. In youth, the incentives to it are strongest, from ambition and from duty, from emulation and hope, from all the prospects which the beginning of life affords. If, dead to these calls, you already lauguish in slothful inaction, what will be able to quicken the more sluggish current of advancing years? Industry

is not only the instrument of improvement, but the foundation of pleasure. Nothing is so opposite to the true enjoyment of life, as the relaxed and feeble state of an indolent mind. He who is a stranger to industry, may possess, but he cannot enjoy. For it is labour only which gives the relish to pleasure. It is the appointed vehicle of every good to man. It is the indispensable condition of our possessing a sound mind in a sound body. Sloth is so inconsistent with both, that it is hard to determine whether it be a greater foe to virtue, or to health and happiness. Inactive as it is in itself, its effects are fatally powerful. Though it appear a slowly flowing stream, yet it undermines all that is stable and flourishing. It not only saps the foundation of every virtue, but pours upon you a deluge of crimes and evils. It is like water which first putrifies by stagnation, and then sends up noxious vapours, and fills the atmosphere with death. Fly, therefore, from idleness, as the certain parent both of guilt and of ruin. And under idleness I include, not mere inaction only, but all that circle of trifling occupations, in which too many saunter away their youth; perpetually engaged in frivolous society, or public amusements, in the labours of dress, or the ostentation of their persons.—Is this the foundation which you lay for future usefulness and esteem? By such accomplishments, do you hope to recommend yourselves to the thinking part of the world, and to answer the expectations of your friends and your country?—Amusements, youth requires. It were vain, it were cruel to prohibit them. But though allowable as the relaxation, they are most culpable as the business, of the young. For they then become the gulf of time, and the poison of the mind. They foment bad passions. They weaken the manly powers. They sink the native vigour of youth, into contemptible effeminacy. Redeeming your time from such dangerous waste, seek to fill it with

employments which you may review with satisfaction. The acquisition of knowledge is one of the most honourable occupations of youth. The desire of it discovers a liberal mind, and is connected with many accomplishments, and many virtues. But though your train of life should not lead you to study, the course of education always furnishes proper employments to a well-disposed mind. Whatever you pursue, be emulous to excel. Generous ambition, and sensibility to praise, are, especially at your age, among the marks of virtue. Think not, that any affluence of fortune, or any elevation of rank, exempts you from the duties of application and industry. Industry is the law of our being; it is the demand of Nature, of Reason, and of God. Remember always, that the years which now pass over your heads, leave permanent memorials behind them. From your thoughtless minds they may escape; but they remain in the remembrance of God. They form an important part of the register of your life. They will hereafter bear testimony, either for or against you, at that day, when, for all your actions, but particularly for the employments of youth, you must give an account to God. Thus I have set before you some of the chief qualifications which belong to a virtuous and religious character; piety, modesty, truth, benevolence, temperance, and industry. Whether your future course is destined to be long or short, after this manner it should commence; and, if it continue to be thus conducted, its conclusion, at what time soever it arrives, will not be inglorious or unhappy.

Let your attention be recalled to that dependance on the blessing of Heaven, which, amidst all your endeavours after improvement, you ought continually to preserve. It is too common with the young, even when they resolve to tread the path of virtue and honour, to set out with presumptuous confidence in themselves. Trusting to their own abilities for carry-

ing them successfully through life, they are careless of applying to God, or of deriving any assistance from what they are apt to reckon the gloomy discipline of religion. Alas! how little do they know the dangers which await them? Neither human wisdom, nor human virtue, unsupported by religion, are equal to the trying situations which often occur in life. By the shock of temptation, how frequently have the most virtuous intentions been overthrown? Under the pressure of disaster, how often has the greatest constancy sunk? *Every good and every perfect gift, is from above.* Wisdom and virtue, as well as *riches and honour, come from God.* Destitute of his favour, you are in no better situation, with all your boasted abilities, than orphans left to wander in a trackless desert, without any guide to conduct them, or any shelter to cover them from the gathering storm. Correct, then, this ill-founded arrogance. Expect not, that your happiness can be independent of him who made you. By faith and repentance, apply to the Redeemer of the world. By piety and prayer, seek the protection of the God of heaven. In fine, remember the solemn words, in which a great Prince delivered his dying charge to his son; words which every young person ought to consider as addressed to himself, and to engrave deeply on his heart: *Thou, Solomon, my son, know thou the God of thy fathers; and serve him with a perfect heart, and with a willing mind. For the Lord searcheth all hearts, and understandeth all the imaginations of the thoughts. If thou seek him, he will be found of thee; but if thou forsake him, he will cast thee off for ever.*

END OF

BLAIR ON THE DUTIES OF THE YOUNG.

BRITISH MUSEUM 15 JUL 61

THE

STORY

of

LA ROCHE.

FROM THE MIRROR.

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BRITISH MUSEUM
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JUL

THE STORY OF LA ROCHE.

More than forty years ago, an English philosopher, whose works have been read and admired by all Europe, resided at a little town in France. Some disappointments in his native country had first driven him abroad; and he was afterwards induced to remain there, from having found, in this retreat, where the connections even of nation and language were avoided, a perfect seclusion and retirement highly favourable to the developement of abstract subjects, in which he excelled all the writers of his time.

Perhaps, in the structure of such a mind as Mr. ——'s, the finer and more delicate sensibilities are seldom known to have place, or, if originally implanted there, are in a great measure extinguished by the exertions of intense study and profound investigation. Hence the idea of philosophy and unfeelingness being united, has become proverbial; and in common language, the former word is often used to express the latter. — Our philosopher has been censured by some, as deficient in warmth and feeling: but the mildness of his manners has been allowed by all; and it is certain, that, if he was not easily melted into compassion, it was, at least, not difficult to awaken his benevolence.

One morning, while he sat busied in those speculations which afterwards astonished the world, an old female domestic, who served him for a housekeeper, brought him word, that an elderly gentleman and his daughter had arrived in the village, the preceding evening, on their way to some distant country, and that the father had been suddenly seized in the night with a dangerous disorder, which the people of the inn where they lodged feared would prove mortal: that she had been sent for, as having some knowledge in medicine, the village-surgeon being then absent; and that it was truly piteous to see the good old man, who seemed not so much afflicted by his own distress, as by that which it caused to his daughter.—Her master laid aside the volume in his hand, and broke off the chain of ideas it had inspired. His night-gown was exchanged for a coat; and he followed his gouvernante to the sick man's apartment.

'T was the best in the little inn where they lay, but a paltry one notwithstanding. Mr. ——— was obliged to stoop as he entered it. It was floored with earth; and above were the joists, not plastered, and hung with cobwebs.—On a flock-bed, at one end, lay the old man he came to visit; at the foot of it sat his daughter. She was dressed in a clean white bed-gown; her dark locks hung loosely over it as she bent forward, watching the languid look of her father. Mr. ——— and his housekeeper had stood some moments in the room without the young lady's being sensible of their entering it.——'Ma demoiselle!' said the old woman at last, in a soft tone.——She turned, and shewed one of the finest faces in the world.—It was touched, not spoiled, with sorrow; and when she perceived a stranger whom the old woman now introduced to her, a blush at first, and then the gentle ceremonial of native politeness, which the affliction of the time

tempered but did not extinguish, crossed it for a moment, and changed its expression. 'T was sweetness all, however; and our philosopher felt it strongly. It was not a time for words; he offered his services in a few sincere ones. 'Monsieur lies miserably ill here,' said the gouvernante; 'if he 'could possibly be moved any where.'——'If he 'could be moved to our house,' said her master. —He had a spare bed for a friend; and there was a garret room unoccupied, next to the gouvernante's. It was contrived accordingly. The scruples of the stranger, who could look scruples, though he could not speak them, were overcome; and the bashful reluctance of his daughter gave way to her belief of its use to her father. The sick man was wrapt in blankets, and carried across the street to the English gentleman's. The old woman helped his daughter to nurse him there. The surgeon, who arrived soon after, prescribed a little; and nature did much for him: in a week he was able to thank his benefactor.

By that time his host had learned the name and character of his guest. He was a Protestant clergyman of Switzerland, called *La Roche*, a widower, who had lately buried his wife, after a long and lingering illness for which travelling had been prescribed; and was now returning home, after an ineffectual and melancholy journey, with his only child, the daughter we have mentioned.

He was a devout man, as became his profession. He possessed devotion in all its warmth, but with none of its asperity; I mean that asperity which men, called devout, sometimes indulge in.—Mr.—— though he felt no devotion, never quarrelled with it in others.—His gouvernante joined the old man and his daughter in the prayers and thanksgivings which they put up on his recovery; for she too was a heretic, in the phrase of the village.—The philoso-

pher walked out, with his long staff and his dog, and left them to their prayers and thanksgivings. ——'My master,' said the old woman, 'alas! 'he is not a Christian; but he is the best of un- 'believers.'—'Not a Christian!' exclaimed Ma- 'demoiselle *La Roche*; 'yet he saved my father! 'Heaven bless him for 't; I would he were a 'Christian!'—'There is a pride in human know- 'ledge, my child,' said her father, 'which often 'blinds men to the sublime truths of revelation: 'hence opposers of Christianity are found among 'men of virtuous lives, as well as among those of dis- 'sipated and licentious characters. Nay, sometimes, 'I have known the latter more easily converted to 'the true faith than the former; because the fume 'of passion is more easily dissipated than the mist 'of false theory and delusive speculation.'—'But 'Mr. ———,' said his daughter, 'alas! my father, 'he shall be a Christian before he dies.'——She was interrupted by the arrival of their landlord.—— He took her hand with an air of kindness: she drew it away from him in silence; threw down her eyes to the ground; and left the room. ——'I 'have been thanking God,' said the good *La Roche*, 'for my recovery.' That is right, replied his landlord.—'I would not wish,' continued the old man, hesitatingly, 'to think otherwise: did I not 'look up with gratitude to that Being, I should 'barely be satisfied with my recovery, as a continu- 'ation of life, which it may be, is not a real good: '—alas! I may live to wish I had died; that you 'had left me to die, sir, instead of kindly relieving 'me (he clasped Mr. ———'s hand);—but, when I 'look on this renovated being as the gift of the 'Almighty, I feel a far different sentiment—my 'heart dilates with gratitude and love to him: it is 'prepared for doing his will, not as a duty, but as a 'pleasure; and regards every breach of it, not with

'disapprobation, but with horror.'——You say 'right, my dear sir,' replied the philosopher: 'but you are not yet re-established enough to talk 'much — you must take care of your health, and 'neither study nor preach for some time. I have 'been thinking over a scheme that struck me to-'day, when you mentioned your intended de-'parture. I never was in *Switzerland*; I have a 'great mind to accompany your daughter and you 'into that country. I will help to take care of you 'by the road; for, as I was your first physician, I 'hold myself responsible for your cure.' *La Roche*'s eyes glistened at the proposal; his daughter was called in and told of it. She was equally pleased with her father; for they really loved their landlord—not perhaps the less for his infidelity; at least that circumstance mixed a sort of pity with their regard to him—their souls were not of a mould for harsher feelings; hatred never dwelt in them.

They travelled by short stages; for the philosopher was as good as his word, in taking care that the old man should not be fatigued. The party had time to be well acquainted with one another; and their friendship was increased by acquaintance. *La Roche* found a degree of simplicity and gentleness in his companion, which is not always annexed to the character of a learned or a wise man. His daughter, who was prepared to be afraid of him, was equally undeceived. She found in him nothing of that self-importance which superior parts, or great cultivation of them, is apt to confer. He talked of every thing but philosophy or religion; he seemed to enjoy every pleasure and amusement of ordinary life, and to be interested in the most common topics of discourse; when his knowledge or learning at any time appeared, it was delivered with the utmost plainness, and without the least shadow of dogmatism.

On his part, he was charmed with the society of the good clergyman and his lovely daughter. He found in them the guileless manner of the earliest times, with the culture and accomplishment of the most refined ones. Every better feeling, warm and vivid; every ungentle one, repressed or overcome. He was not addicted to love; but he felt himself happy in being the friend of Mademoiselle *La Roche*, and sometimes envied her father the possession of such a child.

After a journey of eleven days, they arrived at the dwelling of *La Roche*. It was situated in one of these valleys of the canton of *Berne*, where nature seems to repose, as it were, in quiet, and has inclosed her retreat with mountains inaccessible.—— A stream, that spent its fury in the hills above, ran in front of the house; and a broken water-fall was seen through the wood that covered its sides: below, it circled round a tufted plain, and formed a little lake in front of a village, at the end of which appeared the spire of *La Roche*'s church, rising above a clump of beeches.

Mr. ——— enjoyed the beauty of the scene; but to his companions it recalled the memory of a wife and parent they had lost.—The old man's sorrow was silent; his daughter sobb'd and wept. Her father took her hand, kissed it twice, pressed it to his bosom, threw up his eyes to heaven; and, having wiped off a tear that was just about to drop from each, began to point out to his guest some of the most striking objects which the prospect afforded. The philosopher interpreted all this; and he could but slightly censure the creed from which it arose.

They had not been long arrived, when a number of *La Roche*'s parishioners, who had heard of his return, came to the house to see and welcome him. The honest folks were awkward, but sincere, in their professions of regard.—They made some at-

tempts at condolence;—it was too delicate for their handling; but *La Roche* took it in good part. 'It has pleased God,' said he; and they saw he had settled the matter with himself.—Philosophy could not have done so much with a thousand words.

It was now evening, and the good peasants were about to depart, when a clock was heard to strike seven; and the hour was followed by a particular chime. The country folks, who had come to welcome their pastor, turned their looks towards him at the sound; he explained their meaning to his guest. 'That is the signal,' said he, 'for our even-'ing exercise; this is one of the nights of the week 'in which some of my parishioners are wont to join 'in it; a little rustic saloon serves for the chapel of 'our family, and such of the good people as are 'with us;—if you chuse rather to walk out, I will 'furnish you with an attendant; or here are a few old 'books that may afford some entertainment within.' —'By no means,' answered the philosopher; 'I 'will attend Ma'moiselle at her devotions.'—'She is 'our organist,' said *La Roche*; 'our neighbourhood 'is the country of musical mechanism; and I have 'a small organ fitted up for the purpose of assisting 'our singing.'—''T is an additional inducement,' replied the other; and they walked into the room together.—At the end stood the organ mentioned by *La Roche*; before it was a curtain, which his daughter drew aside; and, placing herself on a seat within, and drawing the curtain close so as to save her the awkwardness of an exhibition, began a voluntary, solemn and beautiful in the highest degree. Mr.———was no musician; but he was not altogether insensible to music: this fastened on his mind more strongly, from its beauty being unexpected. The solemn prelude introduced a hymn, in which such of the audience as could sing immediately joined;

the words were mostly taken from holy writ; it spoke the praises of God, and his care of good men. Something was said of the death of the just, of such as die in the Lord.——The organ was touched with a hand less firm;—it paused; it ceased;—and the sobbing of Ma'moiselle *La Roche* was heard in its stead. Her father gave a sign for stopping the psalmody, and rose to pray. He was discomposed at first, and his voice faltered as he spoke; but his heart was in his words, and his warmth overcame his embarrassment. He addressed a Being whom he loved; and he spoke for those he loved. His parishioners catched the ardour of the good old man; even the philosopher felt himself moved, and forgot, for a moment, to think why he should not.

La Roche's religion was that of sentiment, not theory; and his guest was averse from disputation; their discourse, therefore, did not lead to questions concerning the belief of either, yet would the old man sometimes speak of his, from the fulness of a heart impressed with its force, and wishing to spread the pleasure he enjoyed in it. The ideas of his God, and his Saviour, were so congenial to his mind, that every emotion of it naturally awaked them. A philosopher might have called him an enthusiast; but, if he possessed the fervour of enthusiasts, he was guiltless of their bigotry. "Our "Father which art in heaven!" might the good man say——for he felt it——and all mankind were his brethren.

'You regret, my friend,' said he to Mr. ——, 'when my daughter and I talk of the exquisite 'pleasure derived from music; you regret your 'want of musical powers and musical feelings; it is 'a department of soul, you say, which nature has 'almost denied you, which, from the effects you 'see it have on others, you are sure must be highly

delightful.—Why should not the same thing be said of religion? Trust me, I feel it in the same way; an energy, an inspiration, which I would not lose for all the blessings of sense, or enjoyments of the world; yet, so far from lessening my relish of the pleasures of life, methinks I feel it heighten them all. The thought of receiving it from God, adds the blessing of sentiment to that of sensation in every good thing I possess; and when calamities overtake me——and I have had my share——it confers a dignity on my affliction, ——so lifts me above the world.—Man, I know, is but a worm—yet, methinks, I am then allied to God!'—It would have been inhuman in our philosopher to have clouded, even with a doubt, the sun-shine of this belief.

His discourse, indeed, was very remote from metaphysical disquisition, or religious controversy.—Of all men I ever knew, his ordinary conversation was the least tinctured with pedantry, or liable to disputation. With *La Roche* and his daughter it was perfectly familiar. The country round them, the manners of the village, the comparison of both with those of England, remarks on the works of favourite authors, on the sentiments they conveyed, and the passions they excited, with many other topics in which there was an equality or alternate advantage among the speakers, were the subjects they talked on. Their hours, too, of riding and walking, were many, in which Mr. ———, as a stranger, was shewn the remarkable scenes and curiosities of the country. They would sometimes take little expeditions, to contemplate, in different attitudes, those astonishing mountains, the cliffs of which, covered with eternal snows, and sometimes shooting into fantastic shapes, form the termination of most of the Swiss prospects. Our philosopher asked many questions as to their natural history and

productions. *La Roche* observed the sublimity of the ideas which the view of their stupendous summits, inaccessible to mortal foot, was calculated to inspire, which naturally, said he, leads the mind to that Being by whom their foundations were laid.—'They are not seen in Flanders!' said Ma'moiselle, with a sigh. 'That 's an odd remark,' said Mr. ———, smiling.——She blushed; and he enquired no farther.

'T was with regret he left a society in which he found himself so happy; but he settled with *La Roche* and his daughter a plan of correspondence; and they took his promise, that, if ever he came within fifty leagues of their dwelling, he should travel those fifty leagues to visit them.

About three years after, our philosopher was on a visit at *Geneva*; the promise he made to *La Roche* and his daughter, on his former visit, was recalled to his mind, by the view of that range of mountains, on a part of which they had often looked together. There was a reproach too, conveyed along with the recollection, for his having failed to write to either for several months past. The truth was, that indolence was the habit most natural to him, from which he was not easily roused by the claims of correspondence either of his friends or of his enemies: When the latter drew their pens in controversy, they were often unanswered as well as the former. While he was hesitating about a visit to *La Roche*, which he wished to make, but found the effort rather too much for him, he received a letter from the old man, which had been forwarded to him from *Paris*, where he had then his fixed residence. It contained a gentle complaint of Mr. ———'s want of punctuality, but an assurance of continued gratitude for his former good offices; and as a friend whom the writer considered interested in his family, it informed him of the approachin

nuptials of Ma'moiselle *La Roche*, with a young man, a relation of her own, and formerly a pupil of her father's, of the most amiable dispositions, and respectable character. Attached from their earliest years, they had been separated by his joining one of the subsidiary regiments of the Canton, then in the service of a foreign power. In this situation he had distinguished himself as much for courage and military skill, as for the other endowments which he had cultivated at home. The term of his service was now expired; and they expected him to return in a few weeks, when the old man hoped, as he expressed it in his letter, to join their hands, and see them happy before he died.

Our philosopher felt himself interested in this event; but he was not, perhaps, altogether so happy in the tidings of Ma'moiselle *La Roche*'s marriage, as her father supposed him.—Not that he was ever a lover of the lady's; but he thought her one of the most amiable women he had seen; and there was something in the idea of her being another's for ever, that struck him, he knew not why, like a disappointment.—After some little speculation on the matter, however, he could look on it as a thing fitting, if not quite agreeable, and determined on this visit to see his old friend and his daughter happy.

On the last day of his journey, different accidents had retarded his progress; he was benighted before he reached the quarter in which *La Roche* resided. His guide, however, was well acquainted with the road; and he found himself, at last, in view of the lake which I have before described, in the neighbourhood of *La Roche*'s dwelling. A light gleamed on the water, that seemed to proceed from the house; it moved slowly along as he proceeded up the side of the lake; and at last he saw it glimmer through the trees, and stop at some distance

from the place where he then was. He supposed it some piece of bridal merriment, and pushed on his horse, that he might be a spectator of the scene; but he was a good deal shocked, on approaching the spot, to find it proceed from the torch of a person clothed in the dress of an attendant on a funeral, and accompanied by several others, who, like him, seemed to have been employed in the rites of sepulture.

On Mr. ———'s making enquiry who was the person they had been burying? one of them, with an accent more mournful than is common to their profession, answered, 'Then you knew not Made-'moiselle, Sir!—you never beheld a lovelier'—'*La* '*Roche?*' exclaimed he in reply—'Alas! it was she 'indeed!'—The appearance of surprise and grief which his countenance assumed, attracted the notice of the peasant with whom he talked.—He came up closer to Mr. ———. 'I perceive, Sir, you were 'acquainted with Mademoiselle *La Roche.*'—— 'Acquainted with her!—Good God!—when—how '—where did she die?—Where is her father?'—'She died, sir, of heart-break, I believe: the 'young gentleman to whom she was soon to have 'been married, was killed in a duel by a French 'officer, his intimate companion; and to whom, 'before their quarrel, he had often done the greatest 'favours. Her worthy father bears her death, as he 'has often told us a Christian should: he is even so 'composed as to be now in his pulpit, ready to 'deliver a few exhortations to his parishioners, as is 'the custom with us on such occasions:—Follow 'me, sir; and you shall hear him.'—He followed the man without answering.

The church was dimly lighted, except near the pulpit, where the venerable *La Roche* was seated. His people were now lifting up their voices in a psalm to that Being whom their pastor had taught

them ever to bless and to revere. *La Roche* sat, his figure bending gently forward, his eyes half closed, lifted up in silent devotion. A lamp, placed near him, threw its light strong on his head, and marked the shadowy lines of age across the paleness of his brow, thinly covered with grey hairs.

The music ceased,—*La Roche* sat for a moment, and nature wrung a few tears from him. His people were loud in their grief. Mr. ——— was not less affected than they.—*La Roche* arose.—'Father 'of mercies!' said he, 'forgive these tears: assist 'thy servant to lift up his soul to thee; to lift to 'thee the souls of thy people!—My friends! it is 'good so to do: at all seasons it is good; but, in 'the days of our distress, what a privilege it is! 'Well saith the sacred book, "Trust in the Lord; "at all times trust in the Lord." When every 'other support fails us, when the fountains of 'worldly comfort are dried up, let us then 'seek those living waters which flow from the 'throne of God.—'T is only from the belief of the 'goodness and wisdom of a Supreme Being, that 'our calamities can be borne in that manner which 'becomes a man. Human wisdom is here of little 'use; for, in proportion as it bestows comfort, it 'represses feeling, without which we may cease to 'be hurt by calamity, but we shall also cease to 'enjoy happiness.—I will not bid you be insensible, 'my friends! I cannot, I cannot, if I would' (his tears flowed afresh)—'I feel too much myself; and 'I am not ashamed of my feelings: but therefore 'may I the more willingly be heard; therefore 'have I prayed God to give me strength to speak to 'you; to direct you to him, not with empty words, 'but with these tears; not from speculation, but 'from experience,—that while you see me suffer, 'you may know also my consolation.

'You behold the mourner of his only child, the

'last earthly stay and blessing of his declining 'years! Such a child too!—It becomes not me to 'speak of her virtues; yet it is but gratitude to 'mention them, because they were exerted towards 'myself.—Not many days ago you saw her young, 'beautiful, virtuous, and happy;—ye who are 'parents will judge of my felicity then,—ye 'will judge of my affliction now. But I look to- 'wards him who struck me; I see the hand of a 'father amidst the chastenings of my God.—Oh! 'could I make you feel what it is to pour out the 'heart, when it is pressed down with many sorrows, 'to pour it out with confidence to him, in whose 'hands are life and death; on whose power awaits 'all that the first enjoys; and in contemplation of 'whom disappears all that the last can inflict!— 'For we are not as those who die without hope; 'we know that our Redeemer liveth,—that we shall 'live with him, with our friends his servants, in that 'blessed land where sorrow is unknown, and hap- 'piness is endless as it is perfect.—Go then; mourn 'not for me; I have not lost my child: but a little 'while, and we shall meet again, never to be 'separated.—But ye are also my children; Would 'ye that I should grieve without comfort?—So live 'as she lived; that, when your death cometh, it 'may be the death of the righteous, and your latter 'end like his.'

Such was the exhortation of *La Roche*; his audience answered it with their tears. The good old man had dried up his at the altar of the Lord; his countenance had lost its sadness, and assumed the glow of faith and of hope.—Mr. ——— followed him into his house. The inspiration of the pulpit was past; at sight of him the scenes they had last met in rushed again on his mind; *La Roche* threw his arms round his neck, and watered it with his tears. The other was equally affected; they

went together, in silence, into the parlour where the evening service was wont to be performed.—The curtains of the organ were open; *La Roche* started back at the sight.—'Oh! my friend!' said he; and his tears burst forth again. Mr. ——— had now recollected himself; he stept forward, and threw the curtains close—the old man wiped off his tears; and, taking his friend's hand, 'you see my 'weakness,' said he; 't is the weakness of human-'ity; but my comfort is not therefore lost.'——'I 'heard you,' said the other, 'in the pulpit; I 'rejoice that such consolation is yours.——'It is, 'my friend,' said he; 'and I trust I shall ever hold 'it fast;—if there are any who doubt our faith, let 'them think of what importance religion is to calam-'ity, and forbear to weaken its force; if they can-'not restore our happiness, let them not take away 'the solace of our affliction.

Mr.———'s heart was smitten;—and I have heard him, long after, confess, that there were moments when the remembrance overcame him even to weakness; when, amidst all the pleasures of philosophical discovery, and the pride of literary fame, he recalled to his mind the venerable figure of the good *La Roche*, and wished that he had never doubted.

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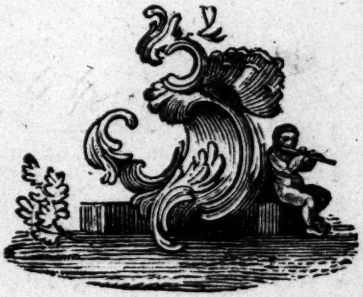
THE STORY of OLD EDWARDS.

FROM THE MAN OF FEELING.



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OLD EDWARDS.

Harley set out on foot, having first put a spare shirt, in his pocket, and given directions for the forwarding of his portmanteau. This was a method of travelling which he was accustomed to take; it saved the trouble of provision for any animal but himself, and left him at liberty to chuse his quarters, either at an inn, or at the first cottage in which he saw a face he liked: nay, when he was not peculiarly attracted by the reasonable creation, he would sometimes consort with a species of inferior rank, and lay himself down to sleep by the side of a rock, or on the banks of a rivulet. He did few things without a motive, but his motives were rather eccentric; and the useful and expedient were terms which he held to be very indefinite, and which therefore he did not always apply to the sense in which they are commonly understood.

The sun was now in his decline, and the evening remarkably serene, when he entered a hollow part of the road, which winded between the surrounding banks, and seamed the sward in different lines, as the choice of travellers had directed them to tread it. It seemed to be little frequented now, for some of those had partly recovered their former verdure. The scene was such as induced Harley to stand and enjoy it; when, turning round, his notice was attracted by an object, which the fixture of his eye on the spot he walked had before prevented him from observing.

An old man, who from his dress seemed to have been a soldier, lay fast asleep on the ground; a knapsack rested on a stone at his right hand, while his staff and brass-hilted sword were crossed at his left.

Harley looked on him with the most earnest attention. He was one of those figures which Salvator would have drawn; nor was the surrounding scenery unlike the wildness of that painter's back-grounds. The banks on each side were covered with fantastic shrub-wood, and at a little distance, on the top of one of them, stood a finger-post, to mark the directions of two roads which diverged from the point where it was placed. A rock, with some dangling wild flowers, jutted out above where the soldier lay; on which grew the stump of a large tree, white with age, and a single twisted branch shaded his face as he slept. His face had the marks of manly comeliness impaired by time; his forehead was not altogether bald, but its hairs might have been numbered; while a few white locks behind crossed the brown of his neck with a contrast, to a mind like Harley's, the most venerable. "Thou art old," said he to himself; "but age has not brought thee rest for its infirmities: I fear those silver hairs have not found shelter from thy country, though that neck has been bronzed in its service." The stranger waked. He looked at Harley with the appearance of some confusion: it was a pain the latter knew too well to think of causing in another; he turned and went on. The old man re-adjusted his knapsack, and followed in one of the tracks on the opposite side of the road. When Harley heard the tread of his feet behind him, he could not help stealing back a glance at his fellow-traveller. He seemed to bend under the weight of his knapsack; he halted on his walk, and one of his arms was supported by a sling, and lay motionless across his breast. He had that steady look of sorrow, which indicates that its owner has gazed upon his griefs till he has forgotten to lament them;

yet not without those streaks of complacency, which a good mind will sometimes throw into the countenance, through all the incumbent load of its depression.

He had now advanced nearer to Harley, and, with an uncertain sort of voice, begged to know what it was o'clock; "I fear," said he, "sleep has beguiled me of my time, and I shall hardly have light enough left to carry me to the end of my journey." "Father!" said Harley (who by this time found the romantic enthusiasm rising within him), "how far do you mean to go?" "But a little way, sir," returned the other; "and indeed it is but a little way I can manage now: 'tis just four miles from the height to the village, thither I am going." "I am going there too," said Harley; "we may make the road shorter to each other. You seem to have served your country, sir, to have served it hardly too; 'tis a character I have the highest esteem for.—I would not be impertinently inquisitive; but there is that in your appearance which excites my curiosity to know something more of you: in the mean time, suffer me to carry that knapsack." The old man gazed on him; a tear stood in his eye! "Young gentleman," said he, "you are too good; may Heaven bless you for an old man's sake, who has nothing but his blessing to give! but my knapsack is so familliar to my shoulders, that I should walk the worse for wanting it; and it would be troublesome to you, who have not been used to its weight." "Far from it," answered Harley, "I should tread the lighter; it would be the most honourable badge I ever wore."

"Sir," said the stranger, who had looked earnestly in Harley's face during the last part of his discourse, "is not your name Harley?" "It is," replied he; "I am ashamed to say I have forgotten yours." "You may well have forgotten my face," said the stranger; —"'t is a long time since you saw it; but possibly you may remember something of old Edwards."—"Edwards!" cried Harley, "oh! heavens!" and sprung

to embrace him; "let me clasp those knees on which I have sat so often: Edwards!—I shall never forget that fire-side, round which I have been so happy! But where, where have you been? where is Jack? where is your daughter? How has it fared with them, when fortune, I fear, has been so unkind to you?"—"'Tis a long tale," replied Edwards; "but I will try to tell it you as we walk." "When you were at school in the neighbourhood, you remember me at South-hill: that farm had been possessed by my father, grandfather, and great grandfather, which last was a younger brother of that very man's ancestor who is now lord of the manor. I thought I managed it, as they had done, with prudence; I paid my rent regularly as it became due, and had always as much behind as gave bread to me and my children. But my last lease was out soon after you left that part of the country; and the 'squire, who had lately got a London attorney for his steward, would not renew it, because, he said, he did not chuse to have any farm under 300l. a year value on his estate; but offered to give me the preference on the same terms with another, if I chose to take the one he had marked out, of which mine was a part.

"What could I do, Mr. Harley? I feared the undertaking was too great for me; yet to leave, at my age, the house I had lived in from my cradle! I could not, Mr. Harley, I could not; there was not a tree about it that I did not look on as my father, my brother, or my child: so I even ran the risque, and took the 'squire's offer of the whole. But I had soon reason to repent of my bargain; the steward had taken care that my former farm should be the best land of the division: I was obliged to hire more servants, and I could not have my eye over them all; some unfavourable seasons followed one another, and I found my affairs entangling on my hands. To add to my distress a considerable corn-factor turned bankrupt with a sum of mine in his possession; I failed paying my rent so punctually

as I was wont to do, and the same steward had my stock taken in execution in a few days after. So, Mr. Harley, there was an end of my prosperity. However, there was as much produced from the sale of my effects as paid my debts, and saved me from a jail: I thank God, I wronged no man, and the world could never charge me with dishonesty. "Had you seen us, Mr. Harley, when we were turned out of Southhill, I am sure you would have wept at the sight. You remember old Trusty, my shag house-dog; I shall never forget it while I live; the poor creature was blind with age, and could scarce crawl after us to the door; he went, however, as far as the gooseberry bush; that you may remember stood on the left side of the yard; he was wont to bask in the sun there; when he had reached that spot, he stopped; we went on: I called to him; he wagged his tail, but did not stir: I called again; he laid down: I whistled, and cried, Trusty! he gave a short howl, and died! I could have lain down and died too; but God gave me strength to live for my children." The old man now paused a moment to take breath. He eyed Harley's face; it was bathed with tears: the story was grown familiar to himself; he dropped one tear and no more.

"Though I was poor," continued he, "I was not altogether without credit. A gentleman in the neighbourhood, who had a small farm unoccupied at the time, offered to let me have it, on giving security for the rent; which I made shift to procure. It was a piece of ground which required management to make any thing of; but it was nearly within the compass of my son's labour and my own. We exerted all our industry to bring it into some heart. We began to succeed tolerably, and lived contented on its produce, when an unlucky accident brought us under the displeasure of a neighbouring justice of the peace and broke all our family happiness again. "My son was a remarkable good shooter; he had always kept a pointer on

our former farm, and thought no harm in doing so now; when one day, having sprung a covey of birds in our own ground, the dog, of his own accord, followed them into the justice's. My son laid down his gun, and went after his dog to bring him back: the game-keeper, who had marked the birds, came up, and seeing the pointer, shot him, just as my son approached. The creature fell; my son ran up to him: he died with a complaining sort of cry at his master's feet. Jack could bear it no longer; but flying at the game-keeper, wrenched his gun out of his hands and with the butt-end of it felled him to the ground. "He had scarce got home, when a constable came with a warrant, and dragged him to prison: there he lay, for the justices would not take bail, till he was tried at the quarter sessions for the assault and battery. His fine was hard upon us to pay; we contrived, however, to live the worse for it, and make up the loss by our frugality: but the justice was not content with that punishment, and soon after had an opportunity of punishing us indeed. "An officer with press-orders, came down to our country, and having met with the justices, agreed that they should pitch on a certain number, who could most easily be spared from the county, of whom he would take care to clear it: my son's name was in the justices' list. "It was on a Christmas Eve, and the birth-day too, of my son's little boy. The night was piercing cold, and it blew a storm, with showers of hail and snow. We had made up a cheering fire in an inner room; I sat before it in my wicker-chair, blessing Providence, that had still left a shelter for me and my children. My son's two little ones were holding their gambols around us; my heart warmed at the sight: I brought a bottle of my best ale, and all our misfortunes were forgotten. "It had long been our custom to play a game at blind-man's-buff on that night, and it was not omitted now; so to it we fell, I, and my son, and his wife, the daughter of a neighbour-

ing farmer, who happened to be with us at the time, the two children, and an old maid servant who had lived with me from a child. The lot fell on my son to be blindfolded: we had continued some time in our game, when he groped his way into an outer room in pursuit of some of us, who, he imagined had taken shelter there; we kept snug in our places, and enjoyed his mistake. He had not been long there, when he was suddenly seized from behind; "I shall have you now," said he, and turned about. "Shall you so, master?" answered the ruffian, who had laid hold of him; "we shall make you play at another sort of game by and by."—At these words, Harley started with a convulsive sort of motion, and grasping Edwards's sword, drew it half out of the scabbard, with a look of the most frantic wildness. Edwards gently replaced it in its sheath, and went on with his relation. "On hearing these words in a strange voice, we all rushed out to discover the cause; the room by this time was almost full of the gang. My daughter-in-law fainted at the sight; the maid and I ran to assist her, while my poor son remained motionless, gazing by turns on his children and their mother. We soon recovered her to life, and begged her to retire and wait the issue of the affair; but she flew to her husband, and clung around him in an agony of terror and grief. "In the gang was one of a smoother aspect, whom, by his dress, we discovered to be a serjeant of foot: he came up to me, and told me, that my son had his choice of the sea or land service, whispering at the same time, that if he chose the land, he might get off, on procuring him another man, and paying a certain sum for his freedom. The money we could just muster up in the house, by the assistance of the maid, who produced, in a green bag, all the little savings of her service; but the man we could not expect to find. My daughter-in-law gazed upon her children with a look of the wildest despair: "my poor infants!" said she, "your father

is forced from you; who shall now labour for your bread? or must your mother beg for herself and you?" I prayed her to be patient; but comfort I had none to give her. At last, calling the serjeant aside, I asked him, "if I was too old to be accepted in place of my son?" "Why I do not know," said he; "you are rather old to be sure, but yet the money may do much." I put the money in his hand, and coming back to my children, "Jack," said I, "you are free! live to give your wife and these little ones bread; I will go, my child, in your stead: I have but little life to lose, and, if I staid, I should add one to the wretches you left behind." "No," replied my son, "I am not that coward you imagine me; Heaven forbid that my father's grey hairs should be so exposed, while I sat idle at home; I am young, and able to endure much, and God will take care of you and my family." "Jack," said I, "I will put an end to this matter; you have never hitherto disobeyed me; I will not be contradicted in this; stay at home, I charge you, and for my sake be kind to my children." "Our parting, Mr. Harley, I cannot describe to you; it was the first time we ever had parted: the very press-gang could scarce keep from tears; but the serjeant, who had seemed the softest before, was now the least moved of them all. He conducted me to a party of new-raised recruits, who lay at a village in the neighbourhood; and we soon after joined the regiment. I had not been long with it, when we were ordered to the East-Indies, where I was soon made a serjeant, and might have picked up some money, if my heart had been as hard as some others were; but my nature was never of that kind, that could think of making myself rich at the expence of my conscience. "Amongst our prisoners was an old Indian, whom some of our officers supposed to have a treasure hidden somewhere; which is no uncommon practice in that country. They pressed him to discover it. He declared he had none;

but that would not satisfy them: so they ordered him to be tied to a stake, and suffer fifty lashes every morning till he should learn to speak out, as they said. Oh! Mr. Harley, had you seen him, as I did, with his hands bound behind him, suffering in silence, while the big drops trickled down his shrivelled cheeks, and wet his grey beard; which some of the inhuman soldiers plucked in scorn! I could not bear it, I could not for my soul; and one morning, when the rest of the guard were out of the way, I found means to let him escape. I was tried by a court-martial for negligence of my post, and ordered, in compassion of my age, and having got this wound in my arm, and that in my leg, in the service, only to suffer three hundred lashes, and be turned out of the regiment; but my sentence was mitigated as to the lashes, and I had only two hundred. When I had suffered these, I was turned out of the camp, and had betwixt three and four hundred miles to travel before I could reach a sea-port, without guide to conduct me, or money to buy me provisions by the way. I set out, however, resolved to walk as far as I could, and then to lay myself down and die. But I had scarce gone a mile, when I was met by the Indian whom I had delivered. He pressed me in his arms, and kissed the marks of the lashes on my back a thousand times; he led me to a little hut, where some friend of his dwelt; and, after I was recovered of my wounds, conducted me so far on my journey himself, and sent another Indian to guide me through the rest. When we parted, he pulled out a purse with two hundred pieces of gold in it. "Take this," said he, "my dear preserver, it is all I have been able to procure." I begged him not to bring himself to poverty for my sake, who should probably have no need of it long; but he insisted on my accepting it. He embraced me: —"you are an Englishman," said he, "but the great Spirit has given you an Indian heart; may he bear up the weight of your old age, and blunt the arrow that

brings it rest!" We parted; and not long after, I made shift to get my passage to England. It is but about a week since I landed, and I am going to end my days in the arms of my son. This sum may be of use to him and his children; it is all the value I put upon it. I thank Heaven I never was covetous of wealth; I never had much, but was always so happy as to be contented with my little." When Edwards had ended his relation, Harley stood a while looking at him in silence; at last he pressed him in his arms, and when he had given vent to the fullness of his heart by a shower of tears, "Edwards," said he, "let me hold thee to my bosom; let me imprint the virtue of thy sufferings on my soul. Come, my honoured veteran! let me endeavour to soften the last days of a life worn out in the service of humanity: call me also thy son, and let me cherish thee as a father." Edwards, from whom the recollection of his own sufferings had scarce forced a tear, now blubbered like a boy; he could not speak his gratitude, but by some short exclamations of blessings upon Harley. When they had arrived within a little way of the village they journeyed to, Harley stopped short, and looked stedfastly on the mouldering walls of a ruined house that stood on the road side. "Oh Heavens!" he cried, "what do I see: silent, unroofed, and desolate! are all thy gay tenants gone? Do I hear their hum no more? Edwards, look there, look there! the scene of my infant joys, my earliest friendships, laid waste and ruinous! That was the very school where I was boarded when you were at South-hill; 't is but a twelvemonth since I saw it standing and its benches filled with cherubs: that opposite side of the road was the green on which they sported; see it now plowed up! I would have given fifty times its value to have saved it from the sacrilege of that plough." "Dear sir," replied Edwards, "perhaps they have left it from choice and may have got another spot as good." "They can

not," said Harley, "they cannot; I shall never see the sward covered with its daisies, nor pressed by the dance of the dear innocents: I shall never see that stump decked with the garlands which their little hands had gathered. These two long stones, which now lie at the foot of it, were once the supports of a hut I myself assisted to rear: I have sat on the sods within it, when we had spread our banquet of apples before us, and been more blest—Oh! Edwards! infinitely more blest than ever I shall be again."

Just then a woman passed them on the road, and discovered some signs of wonder at the attitude of Harley, who stood, with his hands folded together, looking with a moistened eye on the falling pillars of the hut. He was too much entranced in thought to observe her at all; but Edwards civilly accosting her, desired to know, if that had not been the school-house, and how it came into the condition in which they now saw it? "A-lack-a-day!" said she, "it was the school-house indeed; but to be sure, sir, the 'squire has pulled it down, because it stood in the way of his prospects."—"What! how! prospects! pulled down!" cried Harley. "Yes, to be sure, sir; and the green where the children used to play, he has ploughed up, because, he said, they hurt his fence on the other side of it."—"Curses on his narrow heart," cried Harley, "that could violate a right so sacred! Heaven blast the wretch!

> "And from his derogate body never spring
> A babe to honour him!"—

But I need not, Edwards, I need not" (recovering himself a little), "he is cursed enough already: to him the noblest source of happiness is denied; and the cares of his sordid soul shall gnaw it, while thou sittest over a brown crust, smiling on those mangled limbs that have saved thy son and his children!" "If you want any thing with the school-mistress, sir," said the woman, "I can shew you the way to her house." He follow-

ed her without knowing whither he went. They stopped at the door of a snug habitation, where sat an elderly woman with a boy and a girl before her, each of whom held a supper of bread and milk in their hands. "There, sir, is the school-mistress."—"Madam," said Harley, "was not an old venerable man, school-master here some time ago?" "Yes, sir, he was; poor man! the loss of his former school-house, I believe, broke his heart, for he died soon after it was taken down; and as another has not yet been found, I have that charge in the mean time."—"And this boy and girl, I presume, are your pupils?"—"Ay, sir, they are poor orphans, put under my care by the parish; and more promising children I never saw." "Orphans!" said Harley. "Yes, sir, of honest creditable parents as any in the parish; and it is a shame for some folks to forget their relations, at a time when they have most need to remember them."—"Madam," said Harley, "let us never forget that we are all relations." He kissed the children. "Their father, sir," continued she, "was a farmer here in the neighbourhood, and a sober industrious man he was; but nobody can help misfortunes: what with bad crops, and bad debts, which are worse, his affairs went to wreck; and both he and his wife died of broken hearts. And a sweet couple they were, sir; there was not a properer man to look on in the county than John Edwards, and so indeed were all the Edwardses. "What Edwardses?" cried the old soldier, hastily. "The Edwardses of South-hill; and a worthy family they were."—"South-hill!" said he, in a languid voice, and fell back into the arms of the astonished Harley. The school-mistress ran for some water and a smelling bottle, with the assistance of which they soon recovered the unfortunate Edwards. He stared wildly for some time, then folding his orphan grand-children in his arms, "Oh! my children, my children!" he cried, "have I found you thus? my poor Jack! art thou gone? I thought

thou shouldst have carried thy father's grey hairs to the grave? And these little ones"—his tears choaked his utterance, and he fell again on the necks of the children. "My dear old man!" said Harley, "Providence has sent you to relieve them; it will bless me, if I can be the means of assisting you."—"Yes, indeed sir," answered the boy; "father, when he was a dying, bade, God bless us; and prayed, that if grandfather lived, he might send him to support us."—"Where did they lay my boy?" said Edwards. "In the old churchyard," replied the woman, "hard by his mother."—"I will shew it you," answered the boy; "for I have wept over it many a time, when first I came amongst strange folks." He took the old man's hand, Harley laid hold of his sister's, and they walked in silence to the church-yard. There was an old stone, with the corner broken off, and some letters, half covered with moss, to denote the names of the dead: there was a cyphered *R. E.* plainer than the rest: it was the tomb they sought. "Here it is, grandfather," said the boy. Edwards gazed upon it without uttering a word: the girl, who had only sighed before, now wept outright: her brother sobbed, but he stifled his sobbing. "I have told sister," said he, "that she should not take it so to heart; she can knit already, and I shall soon be able to dig: we shall not starve, sister, indeed we shall not, nor shall grandfather neither." The girl cried afresh; Harley kissed off her tears as they flowed, and wept between every kiss. It was with some difficulty that Harley prevailed on the old man to leave the spot where the remains of his son were laid. At last, with the assistance of the school-mistress, he prevailed; and she accommodated Edwards and him with beds in her house, there being nothing like an inn nearer than the distance of some miles. In the morning, Harley persuaded Edwards to come, with the children to his house, which was distant but a short day's journey. The boy walked in his grandfather's

hand; and the name of Edwards procured him a neighbouring farmer's horse, on which a servant mounted, with the girl on a pillow before him. With this train Harley returned to the abode of his fathers: and we cannot but think, that his enjoyment was as great as if he had arrived from the tour of Europe, with a Swiss valet for his companion, and half a dozen snuff-boxes, with invisible hinges, in his pocket. But we take our ideas from sounds which folly has invented; fashion, bon ton, and vertù, are the names of certain idols, to which we sacrifice the genuine pleasures of the soul: in this world of semblance, we are contented with personating happiness; to feel it is an art beyond us.

It was otherwise with Harley; he ran up stairs to his aunt, with the history of his fellow-travellers glowing on his lips. His aunt was an economist; but she knew the pleasure of doing charitable things, and withal was fond of her nephew, and solicitous to oblige him. She received old Edwards, therefore, with a look of more complacency than is perhaps natural to maiden ladies of three-score, and was remarkably attentive to his grand-children: she roasted apples with her own hands for their supper, and made up a little bed beside her own for the girl. Edwards made some attempts towards an acknowledgement for these favours; but his young friend stopped them in their beginnings. "Whosoever receiveth any of these children," said his aunt; for her acquaintance with her Bible was habitual.

Early next morning, Harley stole into the room where Edwards lay: he expected to have found him a-bed; but in this he was mistaken: the old man had risen, and was leaning over his sleeping grandson, with the tears flowing down his cheeks. At first he did not perceive Harley; when he did, he endeavoured to hide his grief, and crossing his eyes with his hand, express-his surprise at seeing him so early a-stir. "I was thinking of you," said Harley, "and your children: I learned last night that a small farm of mine in the

neighbourhood is now vacant: if you will occupy it, I shall gain a good neighbour, and be able in some measure to repay the notice you took of me when a boy; and as the furniture of the house is mine, it will be so much trouble saved." Edwards's tears gushed afresh, and Harley led him to see the place he intended for him. The house upon this farm was indeed little better than a hut; its situation, however, was pleasant; and Edwards, assisted by the beneficence of Harley, set about improving its neatness and convenience. He staked out a piece of the green before for a garden, and Peter, who acted in Harley's family, as valet, butler, and gardener, had orders to furnish him with parcels of the different seeds he chose to sow in it. I have seen his master at work in this little spot, with his coat off, and his dibble in his hand: it was a scene of tranquil virtue to have stopped an angel on his errands of mercy! Harley had contrived to lead a little bubbling brook through a green walk in the middle of the ground, upon which he had erected a mill in miniature for the diversion of Edwards's infant grandson, and made shift in its construction to introduce a pliant bit of wood, that answered with its fairy clack to the murmuring of the rill that turned it. I have seen him stand listening to these mingled sounds, with his eye fixed on the boy, and the smile of conscious satisfaction on his cheek; while the old man, with a look half turned to Harley, and half to heaven, breathed an ejaculation of gratitude and piety.

Father of Mercies! I also would thank thee! that not only hast thou assigned eternal rewards to virtue, but that, even in this bad world, the lines of our duty, and our happiness, are so frequently woven together.

END OF THE STORY OF OLD EDWARDS.

BRITISH MUSEUM
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61
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THE

STORY OF ABBAS.

BY DR. LANGHORNE.

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BRITISH MUSEUM
15 61
JUL

THE STORY OF ABBAS.

——The sun appearing above the horizon, Solyman prostrated himself in the profoundest adoration. When he arose from his devotions, he advanced towards the English merchant, his fellow-traveller, with a look of kindness mixed with pity and concern. The merchant understood him; but as he was unwilling to controvert the principles of his religion, he made no apology for his conduct during the devotions of Solyman.

The mild morning light which was diffused over the vallies and streams, the various beauty of the meadows, the regular disposition of blossomed hedgerows, the soothing murmur of bees at their early labour, and the full concert of the feathered creation, drew their conversation on the universal beneficence of nature. 'I feel,' said Solyman, 'a delight, which I can 'neither account for nor describe. These mountains 'gilded with the rays of the orient sun, those painted 'vallies that shame the rich carpets of Persia, yon 'distant waters which gleam with the shifting effulgence of light, the general busy voice of joy and activity in the animal creation, conspire to fill my 'heart with inexpressible pleasure.'

'That pleasure,' replied the merchant, 'I believe 'proceeds from sympathy: it is scarce possible, unless

'you have some peculiar cause of misery, not to be 'pleased when you see every thing around you happy. 'On the contrary, if you go into the mansions of sor- 'row, it will be impossible to withstand the infection 'of it. The God of nature seems to have given us 'these sympathetic feelings, to link our affections in 'the great chain of society: hence, social virtue is 'not left to depend solely on the moral will, but is 'founded on the principles of our nature.

'But the object of your adoration is so profuse of 'his favours, that I should now be glad to find some 'convenient shade. I think, I discover a cave on 'the southern declivity of the mountain; let us retire 'to it during the heat of the day.'

As they were advancing towards the cave, they perceived a beaten path leading directly from it to a distant rivulet: this made them apprehensive that it might be the habitation of some wild beast, that had worn the path by constantly going to drink at the stream: but their fears were soon removed upon the appearance of an aged hermit, advancing slowly towards the rivulet with an earthen pitcher. At sight of the travellers, he hasted to his abode with all the feeble precipitancy of age: they agreed not to disturb him, and only took the advantage of the rock which projected over his cell to shelter themselves from the sun; but they had not long continued in this situation, before the hermit, perceiving them to be inoffensive travellers, invited them into his cave.

'You will excuse,' said the hoary sage, 'the cau- 'tion of years: these mountains are not secure from 'the ravage of human ferocity; and these grey hairs 'would be no defence from the wanton cruelty of 'man. I have suffered so much from my own spe- 'cies, that I have at last forsaken their society: I 'thought it better to give up the conveniences of it, 'than to bear the evils; and I have long lived in this 'solitary cave on nothing more than what unculti-

'vated nature would afford me.'—'Those sufferings,' said Solyman, 'must, indeed, have been extraordinary, that could make you give up one of the greatest 'advantages of life, the social intercourse of your fellow-creatures.'—'The narratives of age,' replied the hermit, 'are seldom agreeable to youth; but as instruction can be gained only from experience, you 'will do wisely to learn it from the misfortunes of 'Abbas.

'I was born to a competent fortune in the province 'of Lurestan: but being early left an orphan, my 'affairs came under the cognizance of a justiciary 'court, which the members of it call the court of 'equity; but so equitable were they with regard to 'me, that they claimed two parts of my little fortune 'for their care of the third.'—'Would to God, that 'were never the case in Great Britain!' interrupted the merchant. 'But proceed.'—'Though I had such 'an early and convincing proof of the treachery and 'rapacity of mankind; yet, as I had always exercised the benevolent virtues myself, I could not 'think others totally devoid of them; and at my three 'and twentieth year being inclined to travel, I without scruple entrusted the remains of my fortune with 'a person whom I had long known and respected; a 'person, Holy Allah! who lifted his hands to thee; but 'I had not been absent from Lurestan more than three 'moons, when he pretended a commission to dispose 'of my effects, and immediately left the place. Upon 'my return therefore to the province, I found neither 'friend nor fortune; and being bred to no business, I 'was reduced to the most distressful state of indigence. 'I applied, however, not without hopes of redress or 'relief, to a person of power and eminence, whom I 'had often heard speak of his friendship with my 'father. After long and frequent attendance, I was 'admitted to an interview. I laid open my distress 'to him with that kind of eloquence which the mis-

'eries we suffer from the treachery of others always 'suggests; and which, however unaffecting it may be 'to indifferent persons, utters it's complaints with 'dignity and resentment. I was heard half way 'through my story, and dismissed with the following 'reply:' "It is not necessary, young man, to proceed "with your complaints; I perceive you have been a-"bused, and I am sorry for you. But that shall not "be the only proof of my regard for you; I will give "you a little advice: you should never depend so much "on the benevolence or integrity of any human being, "as to trust him with your fortune or your life." 'Thus ended my hopes from the friend of my father; 'whose benevolence extended no farther, than to in-'struct me how to secure the fortune that was stolen, 'and to preserve the life which I wished to lose.

'I had now no choice, but to enter, as a common 'soldier, into the army of the Sophi. I had always 'delighted in martial exercises, and was expert in 'the use of arms: my dexterity and address drew up-'on me the attention of my officers; and, in a short 'time, I obtained a small commission. I had now 'almost forgot my miseries, and embraced my new 'situation with chearfulness and hope; but fortune, 'who had for a while ceased to persecute me as be-'low her notice, as if she had been indignant at my 'satisfaction, and jealous of my prospects, now re-'newed and redoubled her severity.

'My commanding officer had a daughter of extra-'ordinary beauty, and an uncommon capacity. Za-'ra was the object of universal admiration; but she 'had set her heart on the unfortunate Abbas. The 'first moment I beheld her, I discovered in her looks 'the most tender and affectionate regard for me, 'which I imputed to her compassion for my misfor-'tunes; though at the same time I wished, without 'knowing why, that it might proceed from another 'cause. She asked me for the story of my life; I

'told it in the plainest and most pathetic manner; yet, 'when, I had finished, she desired me to repeat it. 'From this moment I had done with peace; her in-'fectious tenderness had such an influence upon my 'heart, that I could think of nothing but Zara; with-'out Zara I was miserable. A thousand times did I 'flatter myself, that there was something more than 'mere compassion in her look and manner; and not 'many days had passed, before I was convinced of 'the dear fatal truth from this letter:

"TO ABBAS.

"Your merit and your sufferings have a claim to "something more than compassion: to espouse the "cause of Abbas, is to discharge a duty which virtue "cannot dispense with. Meet me on the parade this "evening, and you shall know more of the senti-"ments of

"ZARA."

'The emotions I felt on the receipt of this letter, 'can only be conceived by those who, in the midst 'of despairing love, have beheld a gleam of hope. 'The tumult of my heart hurried me to the place ap-'pointed, long before the time: I walked backward 'and forward in the utmost confusion, totally regard-'less of every object about me; sometimes raising 'my hands and eyes in the sudden effusions of tran-'sport, and sometimes smiling with the complacency 'of delight.

'At length the day departed, and Zara came. My 'heart bounded at her sight: I was unable to speak, 'and threw myself at her feet. She was alarmed at 'my excessive earnestness and confusion; but com-'manding me to rise, "Abbas," said she, "if your "confusion proceeds from your modest gratitude, "restrain it, till you find whether I am able to serve

" you; if it arise from any other cause, I must leave " you this moment." I intreated she would tell me, ' to what I was indebted for the happiness of this ' interview, and I would be calm and attentive.' " My regard for your merit, and my compassion for " your sufferings," said she, " make me wish to " serve you. Tell me, Abbas, can I assist you through " the interest of my father?" I faltered out my ' acknowledgments; telling her, that to her I must ' owe all my hopes of future happiness.

' She left me immediately without reply. The ' singularity of my behaviour on the parade before ' the coming of Zara, had drawn upon me the atten- ' tion of an officer who was secretly her admirer, and ' who, either through curiosity, or suspicion, though ' unobserved by me, had waited at a convenient dis- ' tance to watch my motions. No sooner did he ' perceive the approach of Zara, than, as well to gra- ' tify his revenge, as to ingratiate himself with her ' father, he immediately told him of our interview.

' Zara, ignorant of what had passed, with her ' usual freedom and good-nature, began to express ' her compassion for the misfortunes of Abbas. talk- ' ed of his merits, and wished to see him prefer- ' red. The old general, who was naturally jealous ' and impetuous, exclaimed, with a burst of indig- ' nation, "Yes, I shall prefer him!" Early the next ' morning he sent me my discharge; and while I ' was gazing in stupid astonishment upon my general's ' letter, a youth, masked, brought me a small casket, ' with a letter from Zara, which, to the best of my ' remembrance, was as follows:

" TO ABBAS.

" By some unlucky circumstance, which I do not " now understand, instead of promoting you, I have " been the cause of your dismission. The bearer,

"who brings you a small casket of jewels for your "support, has my commands to conduct you the "shortest way over the mountains: follow him im- "mediately, lest the rage of jealousy meditate new "persecutions. He wears a mask, that he may not "be taken notice of as one of the general's domes- "tics: his attachment to me will make him faithful "to you. Time may bring about happier events. "Adieu, adieu!

"ZARA."

'In the anguish and confusion of my heart, I fol- 'lowed my guide, without knowing whither he was 'leading me, or what I was about to do. I vented 'my grief in broken ejaculations, frequently calling 'upon the name of Zara, but not once addressing my- 'self to my attendant. By the evening of the second 'day, we had advanced forty miles southward from 'the province of Lurestan; when—how shall I relate 'the last horrid scene of my miseries!—pardon me! '—these aged eyes have yet a tear left, yet a tear for 'the memory of Zara!—we were attacked by a band 'of robbers. My guide was Zara! in her fright she 'threw off her mask, and cried, "Zara!" Love, 'rage, fear, and vengeance, gave me supernatural 'strength: three of the villains fell by my sabre; a 'fourth disarmed me; and the rest of the gang car- 'ried off Zara.'

At this crisis of his story, the spirits of the aged hermit were exhausted by their own violence; and it was some time before he could proceed.

'You have now,' continued he, 'heard the com- 'pletion of my misfortunes. When I was recovered 'of the wounds I had received, I spent some months 'in a fruitless search of Zara: at last, despairing to 'gain any intelligence of her, I transmitted an 'account of the affair to her father; not without 'hope, that his power, or his wealth, might be a

'means of finding her out, and redeeming her: but 'I was deceived; and had soon the mortification to 'hear, that the unnatural wretch exulted in our mis-'fortunes, and uttered the most dreadful imprecations 'on his only child.

'Deprived of hope, and dejected with melancholy, 'I could no longer bear the society of mankind: I 'therefore betook myself to these solitary moun-'tains, where this cell has been my habitation for 'years, that have passed away in unvaried sorrow; 'and where you are the first of human beings that 'have heard me tell my tale.'

Solyman expatiated on the sufferings of Abbas with the most tender sensibility, and inveighed against the baseness of mankind with all the rage of honest resentment. 'Surely,' said he to the merchant, 'man is the vilest of all creatures! in propor-'tion as he excels them in reason, he exceeds them 'in the ability to do mischief; and being equally 'cruel, the mischief he does renders him more de-'testable. Sacred Mithra! why dost thou lend thy 'light to the villain and the tyrant? Were it not 'for the enjoyment of your company, my friend, I 'should have few inducements to go farther from 'the valley of Irwan; for possibly to see more of 'human life, is only to know more of its crimes and 'miseries.'

'From the complicated distresses of one person,' replied the merchant, 'you draw a partial image of 'the life of man. But the day declines: let us hasten 'over these mountains, that we may repose at night 'in some village of the valley.'

END OF THE STORY OF ABBAS.

BRITISH MUSEUM 15 61 JUL

(7)

THE

STORY

of

FATHER NICHOLAS.

FROM THE LOUNGER.

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THE STORY OF FATHER NICHOLAS.

It was at a small town in Britany, in which there was a convent of Benedictines, where particular circumstances had induced me to take up my residence for a few weeks. They had some pictures which strangers used to visit. I went with a party whose purpose was to look at them: mine in such places is rather to look at men. If in the world we behold the shifting scene which prompts observation, we see in such secluded societies a sort of still life, which nourishes thought, which gives subject for meditation. I confess, however, I have often been disappointed; I have seen a group of faces under their cowls, on which speculation could build nothing; mere common-place countenances, which might have equally belonged to a corporation of bakers or butchers. Most of those in the convent I now visited were of that kind: one however was of a very superior order; that of a monk, who kneeled at a distance from the altar, near a Gothic window, through the painted panes of which a gleamy light touched his forehead, and threw a dark rembrandt shade on the hollow of a large, black, melancholy eye. It was impossible not to take notice of him. He looked up, involuntary no doubt, to a picture of our Saviour bearing his cross. The similarity of

the attitude, and the quiet resignation of the two countenances, formed a resemblance that could not but strike every one. 'It is Father Nicholas,' whispered our conductor, 'who is of all the brother-'hood the most rigid to himself, and the kindest 'to other men. To the distressed, to the sick, and 'to the dying, he is always ready to administer 'assistance and consolation. Nobody ever told him 'a misfortune in which he did not take an interest, 'or request good offices which he refused to grant: 'yet the austerity and mortifications of his own life 'are beyond the strictest rules of his order; and it 'is only from what he does for others, that one 'supposes him to feel any touch of humanity.' The subject seemed to make our informer eloquent. I was young, curious, enthusiastic; it sunk into my heart, and I could not rest till I was made acquainted with Father Nicholas. Whether from the power of the introduction I procured, from his own benevolence, or from my deportment, the good man looked on me with the complacency of a parent. 'It is not usual,' said he, 'my son, for people at 'your age to solicit acquaintance like mine. To 'you the world is in its prime; why should you 'anticipate its decay? Gaiety and cheerfulness 'spring up around you; why should you seek out 'the abodes of melancholy and of woe? Yet though 'dead to the pleasures, I am not insensible to the 'charities of life. I feel your kindness, and wish 'for an opportunity to requite it.'——He perceived my turn for letters, and shewed me some curious manuscripts and some scarce books, which belonged to their convent: these were not the communications I sought; accident gave me an opportunity of obtaining the knowledge I valued more, the knowledge of Father Nicholas, the story of his sorrows, the cause of his austerities.

One evening, when I entered his cell, after knock-

ing at the door without being heard, I perceived him kneeling before a crucifix, to which was affixed a small picture, which I took to be that of the blessed virgin. I stood behind him, uncertain whether I should wait the close of his devotional exercise, or retire unperceived as I came. His face was covered with his hand; and I heard his stifled groans. A mixture of compassion and of curiosity fixed me to my place. He took his hands from his eyes with a quickened movement, as if a pang had forced them thence: He laid hold of the picture, which he kissed twice, pressed it to his bosom; and then, gazing on it earnestly, burst into tears. After a few moments, he clasped his hands together, threw a look up to heaven, and, muttering some words which I could not hear, drew a deep sigh, which seemed to close the account of his sorrows for the time, and rising from his knees, discovered me. I was ashamed of my situation, and stammered out some apology for my unintentional interruption of his devotions.—'Alas! (said he) be not deceived; 'these are not the tears of devotion; not the melt-'ings of piety, but the wringings of remorse. Per-'haps, young man, it may stead thee to be told the 'story of my sufferings and of my sins: ingenuous 'as thy nature seems, it may be exposed to tempta-'tions like mine; it may be the victim of laudable 'feelings perverted, of virtue betrayed, of false 'honour, and mistaken shame.'

My name is *St. Hubert*; my family ancient and respectable, though its domains, from various untoward events, had been contracted much within their former extent. I lost my father before I knew the misfortune of losing him; and the indulgence of my mother, who continued a widow, made up, in the estimation of a young man, for any want of that protection or of guidance which another parent might have afforded. After having passed with

applause through the ordinary studies which the capital of our province allowed an opportunity of acquiring, my mother sent me to *Paris*, along with the son of a neighbouring family; who, though of less honourable descent, was much richer than ours. Young *Delaserre* (that was my companion's name) was intended for the army; me, from particular circumstances which promised success in that line, my mother and her friends had destined for the long robe, and had agreed for the purchase of a charge for me when I should be qualified for it. Delaserre had a sovereign contempt for any profession but that of arms, and took every opportunity of inspiring me with the same sentiments. In the capital I had this prejudice every day more and more confirmed. The *fierté* of every man who had served, the insolent superiority he claimed over his fellow-citizens, dazzled my ambition, and awed my bashfulness. From nature I had that extreme sensibility of shame, which could not stand against the ridicule even of much inferior men. Ignorance would often confound me in matters of which I was perfectly well informed, from his superior effrontery; and the best established principles of my mind would sometimes yield to the impudence of assuming sophistry, or of unblushing vice. To the profession which my relations had marked out for me, attention, diligence, and sober manners, were naturally attached; having once set down that profession as humiliating, I concluded its attendant qualities to be equally dishonourable. I was ashamed of virtues to which I was naturally inclined; a bully in vices which I hated and despised. Delaserre enjoyed my apostacy from innocence as a victory he had gained. At school he was much my inferior; and I attained every mark of distinction to which he had aspired in vain. In Paris he triumphed in his turn; his superior wealth enabled him to command the appearance of superior

dignity and shew; the cockade in his hat inspired a confidence which my situation did not allow; and, bold as he was in dissipation and debauchery, he led me as an inferior whom he had taught the art of living, whom he had first trained to independence and to manhood. My mother's ill-judged kindness supplied me with the means of those pleasures which my companions induced me to share, if pleasures they might be called, which I often partook with uneasiness, and reflected on with remorse. Sometimes, though but too seldom, I was as much a hypocrite on the other side; I was self-denied, beneficent, and virtuous by stealth; while the time and money which I had so employed, I boasted to my companions of having spent in debauchery, in riot, and in vice.

The habits of life, however, into which I had been led, began by degrees to blunt my natural feelings of rectitude, and to take from vice the restraints of conscience. But the dangerous connection I had formed, was broken off by the accident of Delaserre's receiving orders to join his regiment, then quartered at Dunkirk. At his desire, I gave him the convoy as far as to a relation's house in Picardy, where he was to spend a day or two in his way. 'I will introduce you,' said he in a tone of pleasantry, 'because you will be a favourite; my 'cousin *Santonges* is as sober and precise as you were 'when I first found you.' The good man whom he thus characterised, possessed indeed all those virtues of which the ridicule of Delaserre had sometimes made me ashamed, but which it had never made me entirely cease to revere. In his family I regained the station which, in our dissipated society at Paris, I had lost. His example encouraged and his precepts fortified my natural disposition to goodness; but his daughter, Emilia de Santonges, was a more interesting assistant to it. After my experi-

ence of the few of her sex with whom we were acquainted in town, the native beauty, the unaffected manners of Emilia, were infinitely attractive. Delaserre, however, found them insipid and tiresome. He left his kinsman's the third morning after his arrival, promising, as soon as his regiment should be reviewed, to meet me in Paris. Except in Paris, said he, we exist merely, but do not live. I found it very different. I lived but in the presence of Emilia de Santonges. But why should I recall those days of purest felicity, or think of what my Emilia was? for not long after she was mine. In the winter they came to Paris, on account of her father's health, which was then rapidly on the decline. I tended him with that assiduity which was due to his friendship, which the company of Emilia made more an indulgence than a duty. Our cares, and the skill of his physicians, were fruitless. He died, and left his daughter to my friendship. It was then that I first dared to hope for her love; that over the grave of her father I mingled my tears with Emilia's, and tremblingly ventured to ask, if she thought me worthy of comforting her sorrows? Emilia was too innocent for disguise, too honest for affectation. She gave her hand to my virtues, (for I then was virtuous) to reward at the same time, and to confirm them. We retired to Santonges, where we enjoyed as much felicity as perhaps the lot of humanity will allow. My Emilia's merit was equal to her happiness; and I may say without vanity, since it is now my shame, that the since wretched St. Hubert was then thought to deserve the blessings he enjoyed.

In this state of peaceful felicity we had lived something more than a year, when my Emilia found herself with child. On that occasion, my anxiety was such as a husband, who doats upon his wife, may be supposed to feel. In consequence of that

anxiety, I proposed our removing for some weeks to Paris, where she might have abler assistance than our province could afford in those moments of danger which she soon expected. To this she objected with earnestness, from a variety of motives; but most of my neighbours applauded my resolution; and one, who was the nephew of a farmer-general, and had purchased the estate on which his father had been a tenant, told me, the danger from their country *accoucheurs* was such, that nobody who could afford to go to Paris would think of trusting them. I was a little tender on the reproach of poverty, and absolutely determined for the journey. To induce my wife's consent, I had another pretext, being left executor to a friend who had died in Paris, and had effects remaining there. Emilia at last consented; and we removed to town accordingly.

For some time I scarce ever left our hotel: it was the same at which Emilia and her father had lodged when he came to Paris to die, and leave her to my love. The recollection of those scenes, tender and interesting as they were, spread a sort of melancholy indulgence over our mutual society, by which the company of any third person could scarcely be brooked. My wife had some of those sad presages which women of her sensibility often feel in the condition she was then in. All my attention and solicitude were excited to combat her fears. 'I shall not live,' she would say, 'to 'revisit Santonges: but my Henry will think of 'me there: in those woods in which we have so 'often walked, by that brook to the fall of which 'we have listened together, and felt in silence what 'language, at least what mine, my Love, could not 'speak.'—The good Father was overpowered by the tenderness of the images that rushed upon his mind; and tears for a moment choked his utter-

ance. After a short space he began, with a voice faultering and weak.

—' Pardon the emotion that stopped my recital. You pity me; but it is not always that my tears are of so gentle a kind; the images her speech recalled softened my feelings into sorrow; but I am not worthy of them.——Hear the confession of my remorse.

The anxiety of my Emilia was at last dissipated by her safe delivery of a boy; and on this object of a new kind of tenderness we gazed with inexpressible delight. Emilia suckled the infant herself, as well from the idea of duty and of pleasure in tending it, as from the difficulty of finding in Paris a nurse to be trusted. We proposed returning to the country as soon as the re-establishment of her strength would permit: mean time, during her hours of rest, I generally went out to finish the business which the trust of my deceased friend had devolved upon me.

In passing through the Thuilleries, in one of those walks, I met my old companion Delaserre. He embraced me with a degree of warmth which I scarce expected from my knowledge of his disposition, or the length of time for which our correspondence had been broke off. He had heard, he said, accidentally of my being in town; but had sought me for several days in vain. In truth, he was of all men one whom I was the most afraid of meeting. I had heard in the country of his unbounded dissipation and extravagance; and there were some stories to his prejudice which were only not believed from an unwillingness to believe them in people whom the corruptions of the world had not familiarised to baseness; yet I found he still possessed a kind of superiority over my mind, which I was glad to excuse, by forcing myself to think him less unworthy than he was reported.

After a variety of enquiries, and expressing his cordial satisfaction at the present happiness I enjoyed, he pressed me to spend that evening with him so earnestly, that though I had made it a sort of rule to be at home, I was ashamed to offer an apology, and agreed to meet him at the hour he appointed.

Our company consisted only of Delaserre himself, and two other officers, one a good deal older than either of us, who had the cross of St. Louis, and the rank of colonel, whom I thought the most agreeable man I had ever met with. The unwillingness with which I had left home, and the expectation of a very different sort of party where I was going, made me feel the present one doubly pleasant. My spirits, which were rather low when I went in, from that constraint I was prepared for, rose in proportion to the pleasantry around me, and the perfect ease in which I found myself with this old officer, who had information, wit, sentiment, every thing I valued most, and every thing I least expected in a society selected by Delaserre. It was late before we parted; and at parting I received, not without pleasure, an invitation from the colonel to sup with him the evening after.

The company at his house I found enlivened by his sister, and a friend of her's, a widow, who, though not a perfect beauty, had a countenance that impressed one much more in her favour than mere beauty could. When silent, there was a certain softness in it infinitely bewitching; and when it was lightened up by the expression which her conversation gave, it was equally attractive. We happened to be placed next each other. Unused as I was to the little gallantries of fashionable life, I rather wished than hoped to make myself agreeable to her. She seemed, however, interested in my attentions and conversation; and in hers I

found myself flattered at the same time and delighted. We played, against the inclination of this lady and me; and we won rather more than I wished. Had I been as rich as Delaserre, I should have objected to the deepness of the stakes: but we were the only persons of the company that seemed uneasy at our success, and we parted with the most cordial good humour. *Madame de Trenville*, (that was the widow's name) smiling to the colonel, asked him to take his revenge at her house; and said, with an air of equal modesty and frankness, that as I had been the partner of her success, she hoped for the honour of my company, to take the chance of sharing a less favourable fortune.

At first my wife had expressed her satisfaction at my finding amusement in society, to relieve the duty of attending her. But when my absence grew very frequent, as indeed I was almost every day at Madame de Trenville's, though her words continued the same, she could not help expressing by her countenance her dissatisfaction at my absence. I perceived this at first with tenderness only, and next evening excused myself from keeping my engagement. But I found my wife's company not what it used to be: thoughtful, but afraid to trust one another with our thoughts, Emilia shewed her uneasiness in her looks; and I covered mine but ill with an assumed gaiety of appearance.

The day following Delaserre called, and saw Emilia for the first time. He rallied me gently for breaking my last night's appointment, and told me of another which he had made for me, which my wife insisted on my keeping. Her cousin applauded her conduct, and joked on the good government of wives. Before I went out in the evening, I came to wish Emilia good night. I thought I perceived a tear on her cheek, and would have staid, but

for the shame of not going. The company perceived my want of gaiety; and Delaserre was merry on the occasion. Even my friend the colonel threw in a little raillery on the subject of marriage. 'T was the first time I felt somewhat awkward at being the only married man of the party.

We played deeper and sat later than formerly; but I was to shew myself not afraid of my wife, and objected to neither. I lost considerably, and returned home mortified and chagrined. I saw Emilia next morning, whose spirits were not high. Methought her looks reproached my conduct; and I was enough in the wrong to be angry that they did so. Delaserre came to take me to his house to dinner. He observed as he went, that Emilia looked ill. 'Going to the country will re-establish her,' said I. 'Do you leave Paris?' said he.—'In a few 'days.'—'Had I such motives for remaining in it 'as you have.'—What motives?—'The attachment 'of such friends; but friendship is a cold word; 'the attachment of such a woman as de Trenville.' I know not how I looked; but he pressed the subject no further: perhaps I was less offended than I ought to have been.

We went to that lady's house after dinner. She was dressed most elegantly, and looked more beautiful than ever I had seen her. The party was more numerous than usual; and there was more vivacity in it. The conversation turned upon my intention of leaving Paris; the ridicule of country manners, of country opinions, of the insipidity of country enjoyments, was kept up with infinite spirit by Delaserre, and most of the younger members of the company. Madame de Trenville did not join in their mirth, and sometimes looked at me, as if the subject was too serious for her to be merry on. I was half ashamed and half sorry that I was going

to the country; less uneasy than vain at the preference that was shewn me.

I was a coward, however, in the wrong as well as in the right, and fell upon an expedient to screen myself from a discovery that might have saved me. I contrived to deceive my wife, and to conceal my visits to Madame de Trenville's, under the pretence of some perplexing incidents that had arisen in the management of those affairs with which I was intrusted. Her mind was too pure for suspicion or for jealousy. It was easy even for a novice in falsehood, like me, to deceive her. But I had an able assistant in Delaserre, who now resumed the ascendancy over me he had formerly possessed; but with an attraction more powerful, from the infatuated attachment which my vanity and weakness, as much as her art and beauty, had made me conceive for Madame de Trenville.

It happened, that just at this time a young man arrived from our province, and brought letters for Emilia from a female friend of hers in the neighbourhood of Santonges. He had been bred a miniature painter, and came to town for improvement in his art. Emilia, who doted on her little boy, proposed to him to draw his picture in the innocent attitude of his sleep. The young painter was pleased with the idea, provided she would allow him to paint the child in her arms. This was to be concealed from me, for the sake of surprising me with the picture when it should be finished. That she might have the better opportunity of effecting this little concealment, Emilia would often hear, with a sort of satisfaction, my engagements abroad, and encourage me to keep them, that the picture might advance in my absence.

She knew not what, during that absence, was my employment. The slave of vice and of profusion, I was violating my faith to her, in the arms of the

most artful and worthless of women, and losing the fortune that should have supported my child and hers, to a set of cheats and villains. Such was the snare that Delaserre and his associates had drawn around me. It was covered with the appearance of love and generosity. De Trenville had art enough to make me believe, that she was every way the victim of her affection for me. My first great losses at play she pretended to reimburse from her own private fortune, and then threw herself upon my honour, for relief from those distresses into which I had brought her. After having exhausted all the money I possessed, and all my credit could command, I would have stopped short of ruin: but when I thought of returning in disgrace and poverty to the place I had left respected and happy, I had not resolution enough to retreat. I took refuge in desperation, mortgaged the remains of my estate, and staked the produce to recover what I had lost, or to lose myself. The event was such as might have been expected.

After the dizzy horror of my situation had left me power to think, I hurried to Madame de Trenville's. She gave me such a reception as suited one who was no longer worth the deceiving. Conviction of her falsehood, and of that ruin to which she had been employed to lead me, flashed upon my mind. I left her with execrations, which she received with the coolness of hardened vice, of experienced seduction. I rushed from her house, I knew not whither. My steps involuntary led me home. At my own door I stopped, as if it had been death to enter. When I had shrunk back some paces, I turned again; twice did I attempt to knock, and could not; my heart throbbed with unspeakable horror, and my knees smote each other. It was night; and the street was dark and silent around me. I threw myself down before the door, and wished some ruffian's hand to

ease me of life and thought together. At last the recollection of Emilia, and of my infant boy, crossed my disordered mind; and a gush of tenderness burst from my eyes. I rose, and knocked at the door. When I was let in, I went up softly to my wife's chamber. She was asleep, with a night lamp burning by her, her child sleeping on her bosom, and its little hand grasping her neck. Think what I felt as I looked! She smiled through her sleep, and seemed to dream of happiness. My brain began to madden again; and as the misery to which she must wake crossed my imagination, the horrible idea rose within me,—I shudder yet to tell it!—to murder them as they lay, and next myself!—I stretched my hand towards my wife's throat!—The infant unclasped its little fingers, and laid hold of one of mine. The gentle pressure wrung my heart; its softness returned; I burst into tears; but I could not stay to tell her of our ruin. I rushed out of the room; and gaining an obscure hotel in a distant part of the town, wrote a few distracted lines, acquainting her of my folly and of my crimes; that I meant immediately to leave France, and not return till my penitence should wipe out my offences, and my industry repair that ruin in which I had involved her. I recommended her and my child to my mother's care, and to the protection of that Heaven which she had never offended. Having sent this, I left Paris on the instant, and had walked several miles from town before it was light. At sun-rise a stage coach overtook me. 'T was going on the road to Brest. I entered it without arranging any future plan, and sat in sullen and gloomy silence, in the corner of the carriage. That day and next night I went on mechanically, with several other passengers, regardless of food, and incapable of rest. But the second day I found my strengh fail; and when we stopped in the evening, I fell down in a faint in the passage of the inn. I was

put to bed, it seems, and lay for more than a week in the stupefaction of a low fever.

A charitable brother of that order to which I now belong, who happened to be in the inn, attended me with the greatest care and humanity; and when I began to recover, the good old man ministered to my soul, as he had done to my body, that assistance and consolation he easily discovered it to need. By his tender assiduities I was now so far recruited as to be able to breathe the fresh air at the window of a little parlour. As I sat there one morning, the same stage-coach in which I had arrived, stopped at the door of the inn, when I saw alight out of it the young painter who had been recommended to us at Paris. The sight overpowered my weakness, and I fell lifeless from my seat. The incident brought several people into the room, and among others the young man himself. When they had restored me to sense, I had recollection enough to desire him to remain with me alone. It was some time before he recognized me; when he did, with horror in his aspect, after much hesitation, and the most solemn intreaty from me, he told me the dreadful sequel of my misfortunes. My wife and child were no more. The shock which my letter gave, the state of weakness she was then in, had not strength to support. The effects were, a fever, delirium, and death. Her infant perished with her. In the interval of reason preceding her death, she called him to her bed-side; gave him the picture he had drawn; and with her last breath charged him, if ever he could find me out, to deliver that and her forgiveness to me. He put it into my hand. I know not how I survived. Perhaps it was owing to the outworn state in which my disease had left me. My heart was too weak to burst; and there was a sort of palsy on my mind that seemed insensible to its calamities. By that holy man who had once before saved me from death, I was placed here, where, ex-

cept one melancholy journey to that spot where they had laid my Emilia and her boy, I have ever since remained. My story is unknown; and they wonder at the severity of that life by which I endeavour to atone for my offences.—But it is not by suffering alone that Heaven is reconciled: I endeavour, by works of charity and beneficence, to make my being not hateful in his sight. Blessed be God! I have attained the consolation I wished.——Already, on my wasting days a beam of mercy sheds its celestial light. The visions of this flinty couch are changed to mildness. 'T was but last night my Emilia beckoned me in smiles; this little cherub was with her!'—His voice ceased,—he looked on the picture; then towards Heaven; and a faint glow crossed the paleness of his cheek. I stood awe-struck at the sight. The bell for vespers tolled—he took my hand—I kissed his; and my tears began to drop on it.—'My son,' said he, 'to feelings like yours it may not be unpleasing 'to recall my story:—If the world allure thee, if 'vice ensnare with its pleasures, or abash with its ri-'dicule, think of Father Nicholas—be virtuous and 'be happy.'

BRITISH MUSEUM 15 JUL 61

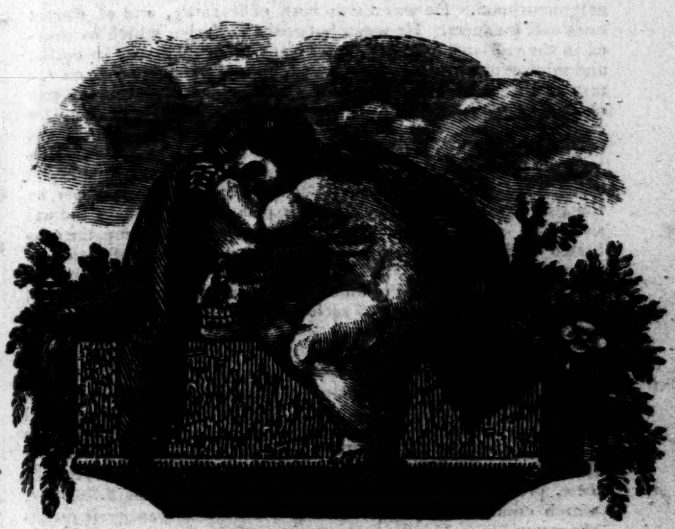
(19)

(8)

THE GRAVE.

BY ROBERT BLAIR.

The House appointed for all living. Job.



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Anno 1797.

ROBERT BLAIR

was the son of the Rev. David Blair, one of the ministers of Edinburgh, and chaplain to the king. He was born about the beginning of the 18th century; had a very liberal education in the university of Edinburgh; and was afterwards sent abroad by his father for improvement. He was ordained minister of Athelstaneford, in the county of East Lothian, January 5, 1751, where he passed the remainder of his life. As his fortune was easy, he lived very much in the style of a gentleman, and was greatly respected by Sir Francis Kinloch, baronet, of Gilmerton, and by all the gentlemen in that neighbourhood. He was a man both of learning, and of elegant taste and manners. He was a botanist and florist; which he shewed in the cultivation of his garden; and was conversant in optical and microscopical knowledge, on which subjects he carried on correspondence with some learned men in England. He was a man of sincere piety, and very assiduous in discharging the duties of his clerical function. As a preacher, he was serious and warm, and discovered the imagination of a poet. He married Isabella Law, daughter of Mr. Law, of Elvington, who survived him several years. He had five sons and one daughter. He died of a fever, on the 4th day of February, 1746, in the 47th year of his age; and was succeeded in his living at Athelstaneford, by John Home, the celebrated author of *Douglas*. This is all that is known of Blair; an accomplished scholar, and an elegant poet, whose genius and virtue, though celebrated by some of the most eminent of his poetical cotemporaries, have suffered such unmerited neglect, that his name is not to be found in any collection of literary biography. Of the personal history of Blair, few particulars are known, and those few are such as give little scope for amplification and embellishment. The life of a country clergyman, constantly engaged in the duties of his profession, the practice of the domestic virtues, and the occupations of literature, however respectable such a character may be, can afford but slender materials for biography. Besides the *Grave*, Blair wrote a *Poem dedicated to the Memory of Mr. Willian Law*, professor of philosophy in the university of Edinburgh; which contains an highly wrought adulatory panegyric on his character. Mr. Pinkerton, editor of Ancient Scottish Poems, &c. says "*The Grave* is worth a thousand common poems. The language is such as Shakespeare would have used; yet he no where imitates Shakespeare, or uses any expression of his. It is frugal and chaste; yet, upon occasion, highly poetical, without any appearance of research."

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15 61
JUL

THE GRAVE.

Whilst some affect the sun, and some the shade,
Some flee the city, some the hermitage;
Their aims as various as the roads they take
In journeying through life; the task be mine
To paint the gloomy horrors of the *tomb;*
Th' appointed place of rendezvous, where all
These trav'llers meet. Thy succours I implore,
Eternal King! whose potent arm sustains
The keys of hell and death. The Grave, dread thing!
Men shiver when thou 'rt nam'd: Nature appal'd
Shakes off her wonted firmness. Ah! how dark
Thy long-extended realms, and rueful wastes:
Where nought but silence reigns, and night, dark night,
Dark as was Chaos ere the infant sun
Was roll'd together, or had tried its beams
Athwart the gloom profound! The sickly taper
By glimm'ring thro' thy low-brow'd misty vaults,
Furr'd round with mouldy damps, and ropy slime,
Lets fall a supernumerary horror,
And only serves to make thy night more irksome.
Well do I know thee by thy trusty yew,
Cheerless, unsocial plant! that loves to dwell
'Midst sculls and coffins, epitaphs and worms;
Where light-heel'd ghosts, and visionary shades,
Beneath the wan cold moon (as fame reports)
Embodied thick perform their mystic rounds.
No other merriment, dull tree! is thine.
See yonder hallow'd fane! the pious work,
Of names once fam'd, now dubious or forgot,
And buried 'midst the wreck of things which were;
There lie interr'd the more illustrious dead.
The wind is up: hark! how it howls! methinks,
Till now, I never heard a sound so dreary.
Doors creak, and windows clap, and night's foul bird,

Rook'd in the spire, screams loud; the gloomy aisles
Black plaister'd, and hung round with shreds of scutch-
And tatter'd coats of arms, send back the sound [eons
Laden with heavier airs, from the low vaults,
The mansions of the dead. Rous'd from their slum-
In grim array the grizly spectres rise, [bers,
Grin horrible, and obstinately sullen
Pass and repass, hush'd as the foot of night.
Again! the screech owl shrieks: ungracious sound!
I'll hear no more; it makes one's blood run chill.

Quite round the pile, a row of rev'rend elms,
Coæval near with that all ragged shew,
Long lash'd by the rude winds: some rift half down
Their branchless trunks: others so thin a-top
That scarce two crows could lodge in the same tree.
Strange things, the neighbours say, have happen'd here:
Wild shrieks have issued from the hollow tombs;
Dead men have come again and walk'd about;
And the great bell has toll'd, unrung, untouch'd.
Such tales' their cheer, at wake or gossiping,
When it draws near to witching-time of night.

Oft' in the lone church-yard at night I 've seen,
By glimpse of moon-shine, chequ'ring thro' the trees,
The school-boy, with his satchel in his hand,
Whistling aloud to bear his courage up,
And lightly tripping o'er the long flat stones
(With nettles skirted, and with moss o'ergrown)
That tell in homely phrase who lie below;
Sudden he starts! and hears, or thinks he hears,
The sound of something purring at his heels;
Full fast he flies, and dares not look behind him,
Till out of breath he overtakes his fellows;
Who gather round, and wonder at the tale
Of horrid apparition, tall and ghastly,
That walks at dead of night, or takes his stand
O'er some new-open'd grave; and, strange to tell!
Evanishes at crowing of the cock.

The new-made widow too I've sometimes spied,

Sad sight! slow moving o'er the prostrate dead:
Listless she crawls along in doleful black,
While bursts of sorrow gush from either eye,
Fast falling down her now untasted cheek.
Prone on the lonely grave of the dear man
She drops; whilst busy meddling memory,
In barbarous succession, musters up
The past endearments of their softer hours,
Tenacious of its theme. Still, still she thinks
She sees him, and indulging the fond thought,
Clings yet more closely to the senseless turf,
Nor heeds the passenger who looks that way.
Invidious Grave! how dost thou rend in sunder
Whom love has knit, and sympathy made one!
A tie more stubborn far than nature's band.
Friendship! mysterious cement of the soul!
Sweet'ner of life! and solder of society!
I owe thee much. Thou hast deserv'd from me
Far, far beyond what I can ever pay.
Oft' have I prov'd the labours of thy love,
And the warm efforts of the gentle heart
Anxious to please. O! when my friend and I
In some thick wood have wander'd heedless on,
Hid from the vulgar eye; and sat us down
Upon the sloping cowslip-cover'd bank,
Where the pure limpid stream has slid along
In grateful errors through the under-wood [thrush
Sweet murm'ring; methought, the shrill-tongu'd
Mended his song of love; the sooty blackbird
Mellow'd his pipe, and soften'd ev'ry note;
The eglantine smell'd sweeter, and the rose
Assum'd a dye more deep; whilst ev'ry flower
Vied with its fellow-plant in luxury
Of dress. O! then the longest summer's day
Seem'd too, too much in haste; still the full heart
Had not imparted half: 't was happiness
Too exquisite to last. Of joys departed,
Not to return, how painful the remembrance!

Dull Grave! thou spoil'st the dance of youthful blood,
Strik'st out the dimple from the cheek of mirth,
And ev'ry smirking feature from the face;
Branding our laughter with the name of madness.
Where are the jesters now? the men of health
Complexionally pleasant? where the droll,
Whose ev'ry look and gesture was a joke
To clapping theatres and shouting crowds,
And made ev'n thick-lipp'd musing Melancholy
To gather up her face into a smile
Before she was aware? Ah! sullen now,
And dumb as the green turf that covers them!
Where are the mighty thunderbolts of war,
The Roman Cæsars and the Grecian chiefs,
The boast of story? Where the hot-brain'd youth,
Who the tiara at his pleasure tore
From kings of all the then discover'd globe;
And cried, forsooth, because his arm was hamper'd,
And had not room enough to do its work?
Alas! how slim! dishonourably slim!
And cramm'd into a space we blush to name.
Proud royalty! how alter'd in thy looks!
How blank thy features, and how wan thy hue!
Son of the morning! whither art thou gone?
Where hast thou hid thy many-spangled head,
And the majestic menace of thine eyes
Felt from afar? pliant and pow'rless now;
Like new-born infant bound up in his swathes,
Or victim tumbled flat upon his back,
That throbs beneath the sacrificer's knife;
Mute must thou bear the strife of little tongues,
And coward insults of the base-born crowd,
That grudge a privilege thou never hadst,
But only hop'd for in the peaceful Grave,
Of being unmolested and alone.
Arabia's gums and odoriferous drugs,
And honours by the heralds duly paid
In mode and form, ev'n to a very scruple;

O cruel irony! these come too late:
And only mock whom they were meant to honour.
Surely, there's not a dungeon-slave that's buried
In the high-way, unshrouded and uncoffin'd,
But lies as soft, and sleeps as sound as he.
Sorry pre-eminence of high descent
Above the baser born, to rot in state!
But see! the well-plum'd hearse comes nodding on
Stately and slow; and properly attended
By the whole sable tribe, that painful watch
The sick man's door, and live upon the dead,
By letting out their persons by the hour
To mimic sorrow, when the heart's not sad.
How rich the trappings, now they 're all unfurl'd
And glitt'ring in the sun! triumphant entries
Of conquerors and coronation pomps,
In glory scarce exceed. Great gluts of people
Retard th' unweildy show; whilst from the casements,
And houses tops, ranks behind ranks close wedg'd
Hang bellying o'er. But tell us, why this waste?
Why this ado in earthing up a carcase
That 's fall'n into disgrace, and in the nostril
Smells horrible? Ye Undertakers! tell us,
'Midst all the gorgeous figures you exhibit,
Why is the principal conceal'd, for which
You make this mighty stir? 'Tis wisely done;
What would offend the eye in a good picture,
The Painter casts discreetly into shades.
Proud lineage! now how little thou appears't!
Below the envy of the private man!
Honour, that meddlesome officious ill,
Pursues thee ev'n to death; nor there stops short.
Strange persecution! when the Grave itself
Is no protection from rude sufferance.
Absurd! to think to over-reach the Grave,
And from the wreck of names to rescue ours!
The best concerted schemes men lay for fame
Die fast away: only themselves die faster.

The far-fam'd sculptor, and the laurel'd bard,
These bold insurers of eternal fame,
Supply their little feeble aids in vain.
The tap'ring pyramid, th' Egyptian's pride,
And wonder of the world! whose spiky top
Has wounded the thick cloud, and long outliv'd
The angry shaking of the winter's storm;
Yet spent at last by th' injuries of heav'n,
Shatter'd with age, and furrow'd o'er with years,
The mystic cone with hieroglyphics crusted
Gives way. O lamentable sight! at once
The labour of whole ages lumbers down,
A hideous and mis-shapen length of ruins.
Sepulchral columns wrestle but in vain
With all-subduing Time: her cank'ring hand
With calm deliberate malice wasteth them:
Worn on the edge of days, the brass consumes,
The busto moulders, and the deep cut marble,
Unsteady to the steel, gives up its charge.
Ambition, half convicted of her folly,
Hangs down the head, and reddens at the tale.
Here all the mighty troublers of the earth,
Who swam to sov'reign rule thro' seas of blood;
Th' oppressive, sturdy, man-destroying villains,
Who ravag'd kingdoms, and laid empires waste,
And in a cruel wantonness of pow'r
Thinn'd states of half their people, and gave up
To want the rest; now, like a storm that 's spent,
Lie hush'd, and meanly sneak behind the co vert
Vain thought! to hide them from the gen'ral scorn,
That haunts and dogs them like an injur'd ghost
Implacable. Here too the petty tyrant,
Whose scant domains geographer ne'er notic'd,
And well for neighb'ring grounds of arm as short;
Who fix'd his iron talons on the poor,
And grip'd them like some lordly beast of prey,
Deaf to the forceful cries of gnawing hunger,
And piteous plaintive voice of misery

(As if a slave was not a shred of nature,
Of the same common nature with his lord);
Now tame and humble, like a child that's whipp'd,
Shakes hands with dust, & calls the worm his kinsman;
Nor pleads his rank and birthright. Under ground
Precedency's a jest; vassal and lord,
Grossly familiar, side by side consume.
When self-esteem, or others' adulation,
Would cunningly persuade us we were something
Above the common level of our kind;
The Grave gainsays the smooth-complexion'd flatt'ry,
And with blunt truth acquaints us what we are.
Beauty! thou pretty plaything! dear deceit!
That steals so softly o'er the stripling's heart,
And gives it a new pulse unknown before!
The Grave discredits thee: thy charms expung'd,
Thy roses faded and thy lilies soil'd,
What hast thou more to boast of? Will thy lovers
Flock round thee now, to gaze and do thee homage?
Methinks, I see thee with thy head low laid;
Whilst surfeited upon thy damask cheek,
The high-fed worm, in lazy volumes roll'd,
Riots unscar'd. For this was all thy caution?
For this thy painful labours at thy glass,
T' improve those charms, and keep them in repair,
For which the spoiler thanks thee not? Foul feeder!
Coarse fare and carrion please thee full as well,
And leave as keen a relish on the sense.
Look, how the fair-one weeps! the conscious tears
Stand thick as dew drops on the bells of flow'rs:
Honest effusion! the swoln heart in vain
Works hard to put a gloss on its distress.
Strength too! thou surly, and less gentle boast
Of those that laugh loud at the village ring!
A fit of common sickness pulls thee down
With greater ease than e'er thou didst the stripling
That rashly dar'd thee to th' unequal fight.
What groan was that I heard? deep groan indeed!

With anguish heavy laden! let me trace it:
From yonder bed it comes, where the strong man
By stronger arm belabour'd, gasps for breath
Like a hard hunted beast. How his great heart
Beats thick! his roomy chest by far too scant
To give the lungs full play! what now avail [ers?
The strong-built sinewy limbs, & well spread should-
See, how he tugs for life, and lays about him,
Mad with his pain! eager he catches hold
Of what comes next to hand, and grasps it hard,
Just like a creature drowning! hideous sight!
O how his eyes stand out, and stare full ghastly!
Whilst the distemper's rank and deadly venom
Shoots like a burning arrow cross his bowels,
And drinks his marrow up. Heard you that groan?
It was his last. See how the great Goliath,
Just like a child that brawl'd itself to rest,
Lies still. What mean'st thou then, O mighty boaster!
To vaunt of nerves of thine? What means the bull,
Unconscious of his strength, to play the coward,
And flee before a feeble thing like man;
That knowing well the slackness of his arm,
Trusts only in the well-invented knife!
With study pale, and midnight vigils spent,
The star-surveying sage close to his eye
Applies the sight-invigorating tube;
And trav'ling thro' the boundless length of space
Marks well the courses of the far-seen orbs,
That roll with regular confusion there,
In ecstacy of thought. But ah! proud man!
Great heights are hazardous to the weak head:
Soon, very soon thy firmest footing fails!
And down thou dropp'st into that darksome place,
Where nor device nor knowledge ever came.
Here the tongue-warrior lies! disabled now,
Disarm'd, dishonour'd, like a wretch that's gagg'd,
And cannot tell his ail to passers-by.
Great man of language! whence this mighty change,

This dumb despair, and drooping of the head?
Though strong Persuasion hung upon thy lip,
And sly Insinuation's softer arts
In ambush lay about thy flowing tongue;
Alas! how chop-fall'n now! thick mists and silence
Rest, like a weary cloud, upon thy breast
Unceasing. Ah! where is the lifted arm,
The strength of action, and the force of words,
The well-turn'd period, and the well-tun'd voice,
With all the lesser ornaments of phrase?
Ah! fled for ever, as they ne'er had been!
Raz'd from the book of fame: or, more provoking,
Perhaps some hackney hunger-bitten scribbler
Insults thy memory, and blots thy tomb
With long flat narrative, or duller rhimes,
With heavy halting pace that drawl along;
Enough to rouze a dead man into rage,
And warm, with red resentment, the wan cheek.
Here the great masters of the healing art,
These mighty mock defrauders of the tomb!
Spite of their juleps and catholicons,
Resign to fate. Proud Æsculapius' son,
Where are thy boasted implements of art,
And all thy well-cramm'd magazines of health?
Nor hill, nor vale, as far as ship could go,
Nor margin of the gravel-bottom'd brook,
Escap'd thy rifling hand! from stubborn shrubs
Thou wrung'st their shy retiring virtues out,
And vex'd them in the fire; nor fly, nor insect,
Nor writhy snake, escap'd thy deep research.
But why this apparatus? why this cost?
Tell us, thou doughty keeper from the grave!
Where are thy recipes and cordials now,
With the long list of vouchers for thy cures?
Alas! thou speak'st not. The bold impostor
Looks not more silly, when the cheat's found out.
Here the lank-sided miser, worst of felons!
Who meanly stole, discreditable shift!

From back and belly too their proper cheer;
Eas'd of a tax it irk'd the wretch to pay
To his own carcase, now lies cheaply lodg'd,
By clam'rous appetites no longer teaz'd,
Nor tedious bills of charges and repairs.
But, ah! where are his rents, his comings in?
Aye! now you 've made the rich man poor indeed:
Robb'd of his gods, what has he left behind?
O cursed lust of gold! when for thy sake
The fool throws up his int'rest in both worlds,
First starv'd in this, then damn'd in that to come.
How shocking must thy summons be, O Death!
To him that is at ease in his possessions!
Who, counting on long years of pleasure here,
Is quite unfurnish'd for that world to come!
In that dread moment, how the frantic soul
Raves round the walls of her clay tenement,
Runs to each avenue, and shrieks for help,
But shrieks in vain! how wishfully she looks
On all she 's leaving, now no longer hers!
A little longer, yet a little longer,
O might she stay to wash away her stains,
And fit her for her passage! mournful sight!
Her very eyes weep blood; and ev'ry groan
She heaves is big with horror: but the foe,
Like a staunch murd'rer steady to his purpose,
Pursues her close through ev'ry lane of life,
Nor misses once the track, but presses on;
Till, forc'd at last to the tremendous verge,
At once she sinks to everlasting ruin.
Sure 't is a serious thing to die! my soul!
What a strange moment must it be, when near
Thy journey's end, thou hast the gulph in view!
That awful gulph no mortal e'er repass'd
To tell what 's doing on the other side!
Nature runs back and shudders at the sight,
And ev'ry life-string bleeds at thoughts of parting!
For part they must: body and soul must part;

Fond couple! link'd more close than wedded pair.
This wings its way to its Almighty Source,
The witness of its actions, now its judge;
That drops into the dark and noisome grave,
Like a disabled pitcher of no use.
If death were nothing, and nought after death;
If, when men died, at once they ceas'd to be,
Returning to the barren womb of nothing
Whence first they sprung; then might the debauchee
Untrembling mouth the heav'ns; then might the drunkard
Reel over his full bowl, and when 't is drain'd
Fill up another to the brim, and laugh
At the poor bug-bear Death; then might the wretch
That's weary of the world, and tir'd of life,
At once give each inquietude the slip,
By stealing out of being when he pleas'd,
And by what way, whether by hemp or steel:
Death's thousand doors stand open. Who could force
The ill-pleas'd guest to sit out his full time,
Or blame him if he goes? Sure he does well
That helps himself as timely as he can,
When able. But if there 's an *hereafter*,
And that there is, conscience, uninfluenc'd
And suffer'd to speak out, tells ev'ry man,
Then must it be an awful thing to die;
More horrid yet to die by one's own hand.
Self-murder! name it not; our island's shame;
That makes her the reproach of neighb'ring states.
Shall nature, swerving from her earliest dictate,
Self-preservation, fall by her own act?
Forbid it, Heav'n! let not upon disgust
The shameless hand be foully crimson'd o'er
With blood of its own lord. Dreadful attempt!
Just reeking from self-slaughter, in a rage
To rush into the presence of our Judge!
As if we challenge him to do his worst,
And matter'd not his wrath. Unheard-of tortures
Must be reserv'd for such: these herd together;

The common damn'd shun their society,
And look upon themselves as fiends less foul.
Our time is fix'd! and all our days are number'd!
How long, how short, we know not: this we know,
Duty requires we calmly wait the summons,
Nor dare to stir till Heav'n shall give permission:
Like centries that must keep their destin'd stand,
And wait th' appointed hour till they 're reliev'd.
Those only are the brave who keep their ground,
And keep it to the last. To run away
Is but a coward's trick: to run away
From this world's ills, that at the very worst
Will soon blow o'er, thinking to mend ourselves
By boldly vent'ring on a world unknown,
And plunging headlong in the dark! 't is mad:
No frenzy half so desperate as this.
Tell us, ye dead! will none of you in pity
To those you left behind disclose the secret?
O! that some courteous ghost would blab it out,
What 't is you are, and we must shortly be.
I 've heard, that souls departed have sometimes
Forewarn'd men of their death: 't was kindly done
To knock and give th' alarum. But what means
This stinted charity? 't is but lame kindness
That does its work by halves. Why might you not
Tell us what 't is to die? Do the strict laws
Of your society forbid your speaking
Upon a point so nice? I 'll ask no more;
Sullen, like lamps in sepulchres, your shine
Enlightens but yourselves: well— 't is no matter:
A very little time will clear up all,
And make us learn'd as you are, and as close.
Death's shafts fly thick! Here falls the village swain,
And there his pamper'd lord! The cup goes round,
And who so artful as to put it by?
'T is long since death had the majority;
Yet strange! the living lay it not to heart.
See yonder maker of the dead man's bed,

The sexton, hoary-headed chronicle!
Of hard unmeaning face, down which ne'er stole
A gentle tear; with mattock in his hand
Digs thro' whole rows of kindred and acquaintance
By far his juniors! scarce a scull's cast up,
But well he knew its owner, and can tell
Some passage of his life. Thus hand in hand
The sot has walk'd with Death twice twenty years;
And yet ne'er younker on the green laughs louder,
Or clubs a smuttier tale; when drunkards meet,
None sings a merrier catch, or lends a hand
More willing to his cup. Poor wretch! he minds not,
That soon some trusty brother of the trade
Shall do for him what he has done for thousands.
On this side, and on that, men see their friends
Drop off, like leaves in Autumn; yet launch out
Into fantastic schemes, which the long livers
In the world's hale and undegenerate days
Could scarce have leisure for; fools that we are!
Never to think of Death and of ourselves
At the same time! as if to learn to die
Were no concern of ours. O more than sottish!
For creatures of a day, in gamesome mood
To frolic on eternity's dread brink,
Unapprehensive; when for aught we know
The very first swoln surge shall sweep us in.
Think we, or think we not, time hurries on
With a resistless unremitting stream,
Yet treads more soft than e'er did midnight thief,
That slides his hand under the miser's pillow,
And carries off his prize. What is this world?
What but a spacious burial-field unwall'd,
Strew'd with death's spoils, the spoils of animals
Savage and tame, and full of dead men's bones?
The very turf on which we tread once liv'd;
And we that live must lend our carcases
To cover our own offspring: in their turns
They too must cover theirs. 'T is here all meet!

The shiv'ring Icelander, and sun-burnt Moor;
Men of all climes, that never met before,
And of all creeds, the Jew, the Turk, the Christian.
Here the proud prince, and favourite yet prouder,
His sovereign's keeper, and the people's scourge,
Are huddled out of sight. Here lie abash'd
The great negociators of the earth,
And celebrated masters of the balance,
Deep read in stratagems, and wiles of courts:
Now vain their treaty-skill! Death scorns to treat.
Here the o'erloaded slave flings down his burden
From his gall'd shoulders; and when the cruel tyrant,
With all his guards and tools of pow'r about him,
Is meditating new unheard-of hardships,
Mocks his short arm, and quick as thoughts escapes,
Where tyrants vex not, and the weary rest.
Here the warm lover, leaving the cool shade,
The tell-tale echo, and the babbling stream,
Time out of mind the fav'rite seats of love,
Fast by his gentle mistress lays him down
Unblasted by foul tongue. Here friends and foes
Lie close, unmindful of their former feuds.
The lawn-rob'd prelate, and plain presbyter,
Ere while that stood aloof, as shy to meet,
Familiar mingle here, like sister-streams
That some rude interposing rock had split.
Here is the large-limb'd peasant; here the child
Of a span long, that never saw the sun,
Nor press'd the nipple, strangled in life's porch:
Here is the mother with her sons and daughters;
The barren wife; the long demurring maid
Whose lonely unappropriated sweets
Smil'd like yon knot of cowslips on the cliff,
Not to be come at by the willing hand.
Here are the prude severe, and gay coquette,
The sober widow, and the young green virgin,
Cropp'd like a rose before 't is fully blown,
Or half its worth disclos'd. Strange medley here!

Here garrulous old age winds up his tale;
And jovial youth of lightsome vacant heart,
Whose ev'ry day was made of melody,
Hears not the voice of mirth: the shrill-tongu'd shrew,
Meek as the turtle-dove, forgets her chiding.
Here are the wise, the gen'rous, and the brave;
The just, the good, the worthless, the profane,
The dowright clown, and perfectly well-bred;
The fool, the churl, the scoundrel, and the mean;
The supple statesman, and the patriot stern;
The wrecks of nations and the spoils of time,
With all the lumber of six thousand years.
Poor man! how happy once in thy first state!
When yet but warm from thy great Maker's hand,
He stamp'd thee with his image, and well pleas'd
Smil'd on his last fair work! Then all was well.
Sound was the body, and the soul serene;
Like two sweet instruments, ne'er out of tune,
That play their several parts. Nor head nor heart,
Offer'd to ache; nor was there cause they should,
For all was pure within: no fell remorse,
Nor anxious castings up of what might be,
Alarm'd his peaceful bosom: summer seas [winds,
Shew not more smooth, when kiss'd by southern
Just ready to expire. Scarce importun'd,
The gen'rous soil with a luxuriant hand
Offer'd the various produce of the year
And ev'ry thing most perfect in its kind.
Blessed, thrice blessed days! but ah, how short!
Bless'd as the pleasing dreams of holy men,
But fugitive, like those, and quickly gone.
O slipp'ry state of things! What sudden turns,
What strange vicissitudes, in the first leaf
Of man's sad history! to-day most happy,
And ere to-morrow's sun has set, most abject!
How scant the space between these vast extremes!
Thus far'd it with our Sire: Not long h' enjoy'd
His Paradise! scarce had the happy tenant

Of the fair spot due time to prove its sweets,
Or sum them up, when straight he must be gone,
Ne'er to return again. And must he go?
Can nought compound for the first dire offence
Of erring man? Like one that is condemn'd,
Fain would he trifle time with idle talk,
And parley with his fate. But 't is in vain.
Not all the lavish odours of the place,
Offer'd in incense, can procure his pardon,
Or mitigate his doom. A mighty angel
With flaming sword forbids his longer stay,
And drives the loit'rer forth; nor must he take
One last and farewell round. At once he lost
His glory and his God. If mortal now,
And sorely maim'd, no wonder! Man has sinn'd.
Sick of his bliss, and bent on new adventures,
Evil he would needs try: nor tried in vain.
Dreadful experiment! destructive measure!
Where the worst thing could happen, is success.
Alas! too well he sped: the good he scorn'd
Stalk'd off reluctant, like an ill-us'd ghost,
Not to return; or if it did, its visits
Like those of angels short, and far between:
Whilst the black dæmon, with his hell scap'd train,
Admitted once into its better room,
Grew loud and mutinous, nor would be gone;
Lording it o'er the man, who now too late
Saw the rash error which he could not mend;
An error fatal not to him alone,
But to his future sons, his fortune's heirs.
Inglorious bondage! human nature groans
Beneath a vassalage so vile and cruel,
And its vast body bleeds through ev'ry vein.
What havoc hast thou made, foul monster, sin!
Greatest and first of ills! the fruitful parent
Of woes of all dimensions! but for thee
Sorrow had never been. All noxious things
Of vilest nature, other sorts of evils,

Are kindly circumscrib'd, and have their bounds.
The fierce volcano, from its burning entrails
That belches molten stone and globes of fire,
Involv'd in pitchy clouds of smoke and stench,
Mars the adjacent fields for some leagues round,
And there it stops. The big swoln inundation,
Of mischief more diffusive, raving loud,
Buries whole tracts of country, threat'ning more;
But that too has its shore it cannot pass.
More dreadful far than these, sin has laid waste,
Not here and there a country, but a world;
Dispatching at a wide extended blow
Entire mankind, and for their sakes defacing
A whole creation's beauty with rude hands;
Blasting the foodful grain, the loaded branches,
And marking all along its way with ruin.
Accursed thing! O where shall fancy find
A proper name to call thee by, expressive
Of all thy horrors? pregnant womb of ills!
Of temper so transcendently malign,
That toads and serpents of most deadly kind
Compar'd to thee are harmless. Sicknesses
Of ev'ry size and symptom, racking pains,
And bluest plagues are thine! See how the fiend
Profusely scatters the contagion round! [heels,
Whilst deep-mouth'd slaughter, bellowing at her
Wades deep in blood new spilt; yet for to-morrow
Shapes out new work of great uncommon daring,
And inly pines till the dread blow is struck.
But hold! I've gone too far; too much discover'd
My father's nakedness and nature's shame.
Here let me pause! and drop an honest tear,
One burst of filial duty, and condolence,
O'er all those ample deserts Death hath spread,
This chaos of mankind. O great man-eater!
Whose ev'ry day is carnival not sated yet!
Unheard-of epicure, without a fellow!
The veriest gluttons do not always cram;

Some intervals of abstinence are sought
To edge the appetite; thou seekest none.
Methinks the countless swarms thou hast devour'd,
And thousands that each hour thou gobblest up,
This, less than this, might gorge thee to the full.
But ah! rapacious still, thou gap'st for more;
Like one, whole days defrauded of his meals,
On whom lank hunger lays his skinny hand,
And whets to keenest eagerness his cravings:
As if Diseases, Massacres, and Poison,
Famine and War, were not thy caterers!
But know that thou must render up the dead,
And with high interest too! they are not thine;
But only in thy keeping for a season,
Till the great promis'd day of restitution;
When loud diffusive sound from brazen trump
Of strong lung'd cherub shall alarm thy captives,
And rouse the long, long sleepers into life,
Day-light, and liberty.—
Then must thy gates fly open, and reveal the minds
That lay long forming under ground,
In their dark cells immur'd; but now full ripe,
And pure as silver from the crucible,
That twice has stood the torture of the fire,
And inquisition of the forge. We know,
Th' Illustrious Deliverer of mankind,
The Son of God, thee foil'd. Him in thy pow'r
Thou could'st not hold; self-vigorous he rose,
And, shaking off thy fetters, soon retook
Those spoils his voluntary yielding lent.
(Sure pledge of our releasement from thy thrall!)
Twice twenty days he sojourn'd here on earth,
And shew'd himself alive to chosen witnesses,
By proofs so strong, that the most slow assenting
Had not a scruple left. This having done,
He mounted up to heav'n. Methinks I see him
Climb the aërial heights, and glide along
Athwart the severing clouds; but the faint eye

Flung backwards in the chace, soon drops its hold,
Disabled quite, and jaded with pursuing.
Heav'n's portals wide expand to let him in;
Nor are his friends shut out: as some great prince
Not for himself alone procures admission,
But for his train; it was his royal will,
That where he is, there should his followers be.
Death only lies between, a gloomy path!
Made yet more gloomy by our coward fears!
But nor untrod, nor tedious; the fatigue
Will soon go off. Besides, there 's no bye-road
To bliss. Then why, like ill-condition'd children,
Start we at transient hardships in the way
That leads to purer air and softer skies,
And a ne'er setting sun? Fools that we are!
We wish to be where sweets unwith'ring bloom;
But straight our wish revoke, and will not go.
So have I seen, upon a summer's even,
Fast by the riv'let's brink, a youngster play;
How wishfully he looks to stem the tide!
This moment resolute, next unresolv'd,
At last he dips his foot; but, as he dips,
His fears redouble, and he runs away
From th' inoffensive stream, unmindful now
Of all the flow'rs that paint the further bank,
And smil'd so sweet of late. Thrice welcome Death!
That, after many a painful bleeding step,
Conducts us to our home, and lands us safe
On the long-wish'd-for shore. Prodigious change!
Our bane turn'd to a blessing! Death disarm'd
Loses its fellness quite; all thanks to him
Who scourg'd the venom out! Sure the last end
Of the good man is peace. How calm his exit!
Night-dews fall not more gently to the ground,
Nor weary worn-out winds expire so soft.
Behold him in the ev'ning-tide of life,
A life well spent, whose early care it was,
His riper years should not upbraid his green:

By unperceiv'd degrees he wears away;
Yet like the sun seems larger at his setting!
High in his faith and hopes, look how he reaches
After the prize in view! and, like a bird
That's hamper'd, struggles hard to get away!
Whilst the glad gates of sight are wide expanded
To let new glories in, the first fair fruits
Of the fast-coming harvest! Then! O then!
Each earth-born joy grows vile, or disappears,
Shrunk to a thing of nought. O how he longs
To have his passport sign'd, and be dismiss'd!
'T is done, and now he's happy! The glad soul
Has not a wish uncrown'd. Ev'n the lag flesh
Rests too in hope of meeting once again
Its better half, never to sunder more.
Nor shall it hope in vain: the time draws on
When not a single spot of burial-earth,
Whether on land or in the spacious sea,
But must give back its long committed dust
Inviolate: and faithfully shall these
Make up the full account; not the least atom
Embezzled, or mislaid, of the whole tale.
Each soul shall have a body ready furnish'd;
And each shall have his own. Hence ye profane!
Ask not, how this can be? Sure the same pow'r
That rear'd the piece at first, and took it down,
Can re-assemble the loose scatter'd parts,
And put them as they were. Almighty God
Has done much more; nor is his arm impair'd
Thro' length of days; and what he can he will:
His faithfulness stands bound to see it done.
When the dread trumpet sounds, the slumb'ring dust,
Not unattentive to the call, shall wake;
And ev'ry joint possess its proper place,
With a new elegance of form unknown
To its first state. Nor shall the conscious soul
Mistake its partner; but amidst the crowd
Singling its other half, into its arms

Shall rush, with all th' impatience of a man
That's new come home, who having long been absent,
With haste runs over every diff'rent room,
In pain to see the whole. Thrice happy meeting!
Nor time, nor death, shall ever part them more.
'Tis but a night, a long and moonless night,
We make the grave our bed, and then are gone.
Thus at the shut of even, the weary bird
Leaves the wide air, and in some lonely brake
Cow'rs down, and dozes till the dawn of day,
Then claps his well-fledg'd wings, and bears away.

BRITISH MUSEUM
15
61
JUL

SELECT POEMS

from the Works of

THOMAS GRAY:

viz.

An Ode on Spring.
Ode on the Death of a favourite Cat.
Ode on a distant Prospect of Eton College.
Ode to Adversity.
Progress of Poetry.
The Bard.
Epitaph on Mrs. Clarke.
Elegy written in a Country Church Yard.

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BRITISH MUSEUM
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ODE ON THE SPRING.

Lo! where the rosy-bosom'd hours
Fair VENUS' train, appear,
Disclose the long-expected flowers,
And wake the purple year!
The Attic warbler pours her throat,
Responsive to the cuckow's note,
The untaught harmony of spring:
While, whisp'ring pleasure as they fly,
Cool Zephyrs thro' the clear blue sky
Their gather'd fragrance fling.

Where-e'er the oak's thick branches stretch
A broader browner shade;
Where-e'er the rude and moss-grown beech
O'er-canopies the glade;
Beside some water's rushy brink
With me the Muse shall sit, and think
(At ease reclin'd in rustic state),
How vain the ardour of the crowd,
How low, how little are the proud,
How indigent the great!

Still is the toiling hand of Care;
The panting herds repose:
Yet hark, how thro' the peopled air
The busy murmur glows!

The insect youth are on the wing,
Eager to taste the honied spring,
And float amid the liquid noon:
Some lightly o'er the current skim,
Some shew their gaily-gilded trim
Quick-glancing to the sun.

To Contemplation's sober eye
Such is the race of man:
And they that creep, and they that fly
Shall end where they began.
Alike the busy and the gay
But flutter thro' life's little day,
In Fortune's varying colours drest:
Brush'd by the hand of rough Mischance,
Or chill'd by Age, their airy dance
They leave in dust to rest.

Methinks I hear, in accents low,
The sportive kind reply;
Poor Moralist! and what art thou?
A solitary fly!
Thy joys no glitt'ring female meets,
No hive hast thou of hoarded sweets,
No painted plumage to display:
On hasty wings thy youth is flown;
Thy sun is set, thy spring is gone—
We frolic while 'tis May.

ODE ON THE DEATH OF A FAVOURITE CAT.

DROWNED IN A TUB OF GOLD FISHES.

'Twas on a lofty vase's side,
Where China's gayest art had dy'd
  The azure flowers, that blow;
Demurest of the tabby kind,
The pensive Selima reclin'd,
  Gaz'd on the lake below.

Her conscious tail her joy declar'd;
The fair round face, the snowy beard,
  The velvet of her paws;
Her coat, that with the tortoise vies,
Her ears of jet, and emerald eyes,
  She saw; and purr'd applause.

Still had she gaz'd; but 'midst the tide
Two angel forms were seen to glide,
  The Genii of the stream:
Their scaly armour's Tyrian hue,
Thro' richest purple to the view
  Betray'd a golden gleam.

The hapless nymph with wonder saw:
A whisker first, and then a claw,
  With many an ardent wish,
She stretch'd, in vain, to reach the prize.
What female heart can gold despise?
  What cat's averse to fish?

Presumptuous maid! with looks intent
Again she stretch'd, again she bent,
Nor knew the gulph between:
(Malignant Fate sat by, and smil'd)
The slipp'ry verge her feet beguil'd,
She tumbled headlong in.

Eight times emerging from the flood
She mew'd to ev'ry wat'ry God,
Some speedy aid to send.
No Dolphin came, no Nereid stirr'd.
Nor cruel Tom, nor Susan heard,
A fav'rite has no friend!

From hence, ye beauties, undeceiv'd,
Know, one false step is ne'er retriev'd,
And be with caution bold.
Nor all that tempts your wand'ring eyes,
And heedless hearts, is lawful prize;
Nor all that glisters, gold.

ODE ON A DISTANT PROSPECT OF ETON COLLEGE.

Ανθρωπῳ ικανη προφασις εις το δυσυχειν.

MENANDER.

Ye distant spires, ye antique towers,
That crown the wat'ry glade,
Where grateful Science still adores
Her HENRY'S holy shade;
And ye, that from the stately brow
Of WINDSOR'S heights th' expanse below
Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey,
Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers among
Wanders the hoary Thames along
His silver-winding way.

Ah happy hills! ah pleasing shade!
Ah fields belov'd in vain!
Where once my careless childhood stray'd,
A stranger yet to pain!
I feel, the gales that from ye blow,
A momentary bliss bestow
As waving fresh their gladsome wing,
My weary soul they seem to sooth,
And, redolent of joy and youth,
To breathe a second spring.

Say, Father THAMES, for thou hast seen
Full many a sprightly race
Disporting on thy margent green
The paths of pleasure trace;
Who foremost now delight to cleave,
With pliant arms, thy glassy wave?
The captive linnet, which enthral?
What idle progeny succeed
To chase the rolling circle's speed,
Or urge the flying ball?

While some on earnest business bent
Their murm'ring labours ply
'Gainst graver hours, that bring constraint
To sweeten liberty:
Some bold adventurers disdain
The limits of their little reign,
And unknown regions dare descry:
Still as they run they look behind,
They hear a voice in every wind,
And snatch a fearful joy.

Gay hope is theirs by fancy fed,
Less pleasing when possest;
The tear forgot as soon as shed,
The sunshine of the breast:
Theirs buxom Health, of rosy hue,
Wild wit, Invention ever-new,
And lively Cheer of Vigour born;
The thoughtless day, the easy night,
The spirits pure, the slumbers light,
That fly the approach of morn.

Alas! regardless of their doom,
The little victims play!
No sense have they of ills to come,
Nor care beyond to-day:

THE PROGRESS OF POESY.

A PINDARIC ODE.

ADVERTISEMENT.

When the author first published this and the following ode, he was advised, even by his friends, to subjoin some few explanatory notes; but he had too much respect for the understanding of his readers to take that liberty.

Φωνανλα συνετοισιν· εϛ
Δε το παν ερμηνεων
Χατιζει. ————

PINDAR, *Olymph.* II.

I. 1.

Awake, Æolian lyre, awake,
And give to rapture all thy trembling strings.
From Helicon's harmonious springs
A thousand rills their mazy progress take:
The laughing flowers, that round them blow,
Drink life and fragrance as they flow.
Now the rich stream of music winds along,
Deep, majestic, smooth and strong,
Thro' verdant vales, and Ceres' golden reign:
Now rolling down the steep amain,
Headlong, impetuous, see it pour:
The rocks and nodding groves rebellow to the roar.

II. 2.

Oh! Sovereign of the willing soul,
Parent of sweet and solemn-breathing airs,
Enchanting shell! the sullen Cares,
And frantic Passions, hear thy soft controul.
On Thracia's hills the Lord of War
Has curb'd the fury of his car,
And drop'd his thirsty lance at thy command.
Perching on the sceptred hand
Of Jove, thy magic lulls the feather'd king
With ruffled plumes, and flagging wing:

Quench'd in dark clouds of slumber lie
The terror of his beak, and light'nings of his eye.

I. 3

Thee the voice, the dance obey,
Temper'd to thy warbled lay.
O'er Idalia's velvet-green
The rosy-crowned loves are seen
On Cytherea's day
With antic Sports, and blue-ey'd Pleasures,
Frisking light in frolic measures;
Now pursuing, now retreating,
Now in circling troops they meet:
To brisk notes in cadence beating,
Glance their many-twinkling feet.
Slow melting strains their Queen's approach declare:
Where-e'er she turns the Graces homage pay.
With arms sublime, that float upon the air,
In gilding state she wins her easy way:
O'er her warm cheek, and rising bosom, move
The bloom of young desire, and purple light of Love.

II. 1.

Man's feeble race what ills await!
Labour, and Penury, the racks of Pain,
Disease, and Sorrow's weeping train,
And Death, sad refuge from the storms of Fate!
The fond complaint, my song! disprove,
And justify the laws of Jove.
Say, has he given in vain the heaven'nly Muse?
Night and all her sickly dews,
Her spectres wan, and birds of boding cry,
He gives to range the dreary sky:
Till down the eastern cliffs afar
Hyperion's march they spy, and glitt'ring shafts of war.

II. 2.

In climes beyond the solar road,
Where shaggy forms o'er ice-built mountains roam,

The Muse has broke the twilight gloom,
To cheer the shiv'ring native's dull abode.
And oft beneath the od'rous shade
Of Chili's boundless forests laid,
She deigns to hear the savage youth repeat
In loose numbers wildly sweet
Their feather-cinctur'd chiefs, and dusky loves.
Her track, where-e'er the Goddess roves,
Glory pursue, and gen'rous Shame,
Th' unconquerable mind, and Freedom's holy flame.

II. 3.

Woods that wave o'er Delphi's steep,
Isles, that crown the Egean deep,
Fields, that cool Ilissus laves,
Or where Mæander's amber waves
In lingering lab'rinths creep,
How do your tuneful echoes languish,
Mute, but to the voice of Anguish?
Where each old poetic mountain
Inspiration breath'd around;
Ev'ry shade and hallow'd fountain
Murmur'd deep a solemn sound:
Till the sad Nine, in Greece's evil hour,
Left their Parnassus for the Latian plains.
Alike they scorn the pomp of tyrant Power,
And coward Vice, that revels in her chains.
When Latium had her lofty spirit lost,
They sought, oh Albion! next thy sea-encircled coast.

III. 1.

Far from the sun and summer gale,
In thy green lap has Nature's darling laid,
What time, where lucid Avon stray'd,
To him the mighty mother did unveil
Her awful face: the dauntless child
Stretch'd forth his little arms, and smil'd.

This pencil take (she said) whose colours clear
Richly paint the vernal year:
Thine too these golden keys, immortal boy!
This can unlock the gates of Joy;
Of Horror that, and thrilling Fears,
Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic Tears.

III. 2.

Nor second he, that rode sublime
Upon the seraph-wings of Ecstasy,
The secrets of th' abyss to spy.
He pass'd the flaming bounds of Place and Time:
The living throne, the sapphire blaze,
Where angels tremble, while they gaze,
He saw; but, blasted with excess of light,
Clos'd his eyes in endless nlght.
Behold, where Dryden's less presumptuous car,
Wide o'er the fields of glory bear
Two courses of ethereal race, [pace.
With necks in thunder cloth'd, and long-resounding

III. 3.

Hark! his hands, the lyre explore!
Bright-eyed Fancy, hov'ring o'er,
Scatters from her pictur'd urn
Thoughts that breathe and words that burn.
But ah! 'tis heard no more—
Oh, Lyre divine! what daring spirit
Wakes thee now? tho' he inherit
Nor the pride, nor ample pinion,
That the Theban Eagle bear,
Sailing with supreme dominion
Thro' the azure deep of air:
Yet oft before his infant eyes would run
Such forms as glitter in the Muse's ray,
With orient hues, unborrow'd of the sun:
Yet shall he mount, and keep his distant way
Beyond the limits of a vulgar fate,
Beneath the Good how far—but far above the Great.

Yet see, how all around 'em wait
The ministers of human fate,
And black Misfortune's baleful train!
Ah, show them where in ambush stand,
To seize their prey, the murderous band!
Ah, tell them they are men!

These shall the fury passions tear,
The vultures of the mind,
Disdainful Anger, palid Fear,
And Shame that skulks behind;
Or pining Love shall waste their youth,
Or Jealousy, with rankling tooth,
That inly gnaws the secret heart:
And Envy wan, and faded Care,
Grim-visag'd comfortless Despair,
And Sorrow's piercing dart.

Ambition this shall tempt to rise,
Then whirl the wretch from high,
To bitter scorn a sacrifice,
And grinning Infamy.
The stings of Falsehood those shall try,
And hard Unkindness' alter'd eye,
That mocks the tear it forc'd to flow;
And keen Remorse with blood defil'd,
And moody Madness laughing wild
Amid severest woe.

Lo, in the Vale of Years beneath,
A grisly troop are seen,
The painful family of Death,
More hideous than their queen:
This racks the joints, this fires the veins,
That every labouring sinew strains,
Those in the deeper vitals rage:
Lo, Poverty, to fill the band,
That numbs the soul with icy hand,
And slow-consuming Age.

To each his suff'rings: all are men,
Condemn'd alike to groan;
The tender for another's pain;
Th' unfeeling for his own.
Yet ah! why should they know their fate?
Since sorrow never comes too late,
And happiness too swiftly flies.
Thought would destroy their paradise.
No more—where ignorance is bliss,
'Tis folly to be wise.

ODE TO ADVERSITY.

Ζηνα
Τον φρονειν βροτους οδως
Σανλα, τω παθει μαθαν
Θενλα κυριως εχειν.
ÆSCHYLUS, *in Agamemnone.*

Daughter of Jove, relentless power,
Thou tamer of the human breast,
Whose iron scourge, and tort'ring hour,
The bad affright, afflict the best!
Bound in thy adamantine chain,
The proud are taught to taste of pain,
And purple tyrants vainly groan
With pangs unfelt before, unpitied and alone.

When first thy Sire to send on earth
Virtue, his darling child, design'd,
To thee he gave the heav'nly birth,
And bade to form her infant mind.
Stern rugged nurse! thy rigid lore
With patience many a year she bore:
What sorrow was, thou bad'st her know,
And from her own she learn'd to melt at others' woe.

Scar'd at thy frown terrific, fly
Self-pleasing Folly's idle brood,
Wild Laughter, Noise, and thoughtless Joy,
And leave us leisure to be good.
Light they disperse; and with them go
The summer-friend, the flatt'ring foe;
By vain Prosperity receiv'd,
To her they vow their truth, and are again believ'd.

Wisdom in sable garb array'd,
Immers'd in rapt'rous thought profound,
And Melancholy, silent maid,
With leaden eye, that loves the ground,
Still, on thy solemn steps attend:
Warm Charity, the general friend,
With Justice to herself severe,
And Pity, dropping soft the sadly-pleasing tear.

Oh, gently on thy suppliant's head,
Dread Goddess, lay thy chast'ning hand!
Not in thy Gorgon terrors clad,
Nor circled with the vengeful band
(As by the impious thou art seen)
With thund'ring voice, and threat'ning mien,
With screaming Horror's funeral cry,
Despair, and fell Disease, and ghastly Poverty.

Thy form benign, oh Goddess, wear,
Thy milder influence impart,
Thy philosophic train be there
To soften, not to wound my heart.
The gen'rous spark extinct revive,
Teach me to love, and to forgive,
Exact my own defects to scan,
What others are to feel; and know myself a man.

THE BARD.

A PINDARIC ODE.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The following Ode is founded on a Tradition current in Wales, that Edward the First, when he completed the conquest of that country, ordered all the Bards that fell into his hands to be put to death.

I. 1.

'Ruin seize thee, ruthless King!
'Confusion on thy banners wait;
'Tho' fann'd by Conquest's crimson wing,
'They mock the air with idle state!
'Helm, nor Hauberk's twisted mail,
'Nor even thy virtues, Tyrant, shall avail
'To save thy secret soul from nightly fears,
'From Cambria's curse, from Cambria's tears!'
Such were the sounds that o'er the crested pride
Of the first Edward scatter'd wild dismay,
As down the steep of Snowdon's shaggy side
He wound with toilsome march his long array.
Stout Glo'ster stood aghast in speechless trance! [lance.
To arms! cried Mortimer, and couch'd his quiv'ring

I. 2.

On a rock, whose haughty brow
Frowns o'er old Conway's foaming flood,
Robed in the sable garb of woe,
With haggard eyes the Poet stood;
(Loose his beard, and hoary hair
Stream'd, like a meteor, to the troubled air;)
And with a master's hand, and prophet's fire,
Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre.
'Hark, how each giant-oak, and desert-cave,
'Sigh to the torrent's awful voice beneath!
'O'er thee, oh King! their hundred arms they wave
'Revenge on thee in hoarser murmurs breathe;

'Vocal no more, since Cambria's fatal day,
'To high-born Hoel's harp, or soft Llewellyn's lay.

I. 3.

'Cold is Cadwallo's tongue,
'That hush'd the stormy main:
'Brave Urien sleeps upon his craggy bed:
'Mountains! ye mourn in vain
'Modred, whose magic song
'Made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-top'd head.
'On dreary Arvon's shore they lie,
'Smear'd with gore, and ghastly pale:
'Far, far aloof th' affrighted ravens sail;
'The famish'd eagle screams, and passes by.
'Dear lost companions of my tuneful art,
'Dear as the light that visits these sad eyes,
'Dear as the ruddy drops that warm my heart,
'Ye died amidst your dying country's cries—
'No more I weep. They do not sleep.
'On yonder cliffs, a grisly band,
'I see them sit, they linger yet,
'Avengers of their native land:
'With me in dreadful harmony they join,
'And weave with bloody hands the tissue of thy line.'

II. 1.

"Weave the warp, and weave the woof,
"The winding-sheet of Edward's race,
"Give ample room, and verge enough
"The characters of hell to trace.
"Mark the year, and mark the night,
"When Severn shall re-echo with affright
"The shrieks of death, thro' Berkley's roofs that ring,
"Shrieks of an agonizing King!
"She-wolf of France, with unrelenting fangs,
"That tear'st the bowels of thy mangled mate,
"From thee be born, who o'er thy country hangs
"The scourge of Heav'n. What terrors round him wait!

" Amazement in his van, with slight combin'd,
" And Sorrow's faded form, and Solitude behind.

II. 2.

" Mighty Victor, mighty Lord,
" Low on his funeral couch he lies!
" No pitying heart, no eye, afford
" A tear to grace his obsequies.
" Is the sable warrior fled?
" Thy son is gone. He rests among the dead.
" The swarm that in thy noon-tide beam were born?
" Gone to salute the rising Morn.
" Fair laughs the Morn, and soft the zephyr blows,
" While proudly riding o'er the azure realm
" In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes;
" Youth on the prow, and pleasure at the helm;
" Regardless of the sweeping Whirlwind's sway,
" That, hush'd in grim repose, expects his evening-prey.

II. 3.

" Fill high the sparkling bowl,
" The rich repast prepare,
" Reft of a crown, he yet may share the feast;
" Close by the regal chair
" Fell thirst and famine scowl
" A baleful smile upon their baffled guest.
" Heard ye the din of battle bray,
" Lance to lance, and horse to horse?
" Long years of havoc urge their destin'd course,
" And thro' the kindred squadrons mow their way.
" Ye tow'rs of Julius, London's lasting shame,
" With many a foul and midnight murder fed,
" Revere his consort's faith, his father's fame,
" And spare the meek usurper's holy head.
" Above, below, the rose of snow,
" Twin'd with her blushing foe we spread!
" The bristled boar in infant gore
" Wallows beneath the thorny shade.

" Now, Brothers, bending o'er th' accursed loom
" Stamp we our vengeance deep, and ratify his doom.

III. 1.

" Edward, lo! to sudden fate
" (Weave we the woof. The thread is spun,)
" Half of thy heart we consecrate,
" (The web is wove. The work is done.)"
' Stay, oh stay! nor thus forlorn,
' Leave me unbless'd, unpity'd, here to mourn:
' In yon bright track, that fires the western skies,
' They melt, they vanish from my eyes.
' But oh! what solemn scenes on Snowdon's height
' Descending slow their glitt'ring skirts unroll?
' Visions of glory! spare my aching sight,
' Ye unborn ages, crowd not on my soul!
' No more our long-lost Arthur we bewail,
' All-hail, ye genuine Kings, Britannia's issue, hail!

III. 2.

' Girt with many a Baron bold
' Sublime their starry fronts they rear;
' And gorgeous Dames, and Statesmen old
' In bearded majesty, appear.
' In the midst a form divine!
' Her eye proclaims her of the Briton-line;
' Her lion-port, her awe-commanding face,
' Attempered sweet to virgin-grace.
' What strings symphonious tremble in the air!
' What strains of vocal transport round her play!
' Hear from the grave, great Taliessin, hear;
' They breathe a soul to animate thy clay.
' Bright Rapture calls, and soaring as she sings,
' Waves in the eye of Heaven her many-colour'd wings.

III. 3.

' The verse adorn again
' Fierce War, and faithful Love,

'And Truth severe, by fairy Fiction drest,
'In buskin'd measures move
'Pale Grief, and pleasing Pain,
'With Horror, tyrant of the throbbing breast.
'A voice, as of the cherub-choir,
'Gales from blooming Eden bear;
'And distant warblings lessen on my ear,
'That lost in long futurity expire.
'Fond impious man, thinkst thou yon sanguine cloud,
'Rais'd by thy breath, has quench'd the orb of day?
'To-morrow he repairs the golden flood,
'And warms the nations with redoubled ray.
'Enough for me: with joy I see
'The different doom our fates assign.
'Be thine Despair, and scepter'd Care;
'To triumph, and to die, are mine.'
He spoke, and headlong, from the mountain's height,
Deep in the roaring tide he plung'd to endless night.

EPITAPH ON MRS. CLARKE.

Lo! where this silent marble weeps,
A Friend, a Wife, a Mother sleeps;
A Heart, within whose sacred cell
The peaceful Virtues lov'd to dwell.
Affection warm, and Faith sincere,
And soft Humanity were there.
In agony, in death resign'd,
She felt the wound she left behind.
Her infant image, here below,
Sits smiling on a father's woe:
Whom what awaits, while yet he strays
Along the lonely vale of days?
A pang to secret sorrow dear;
A sigh; an unavailing tear;
Till time shall ev'ry grief remove,
With Life, with Memory, and with Love.

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

The Curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea,
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness, and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds;

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such, as wand'ring near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldring heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing Morn,
The swallow twitt'ring from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening-care;
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke:
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldy, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike th' inevitable hour:
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where thro' the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault,
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn or animated bust,
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or flattery sooth the dull cold ear of Death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
Or wak'd to ecstasy the living lyre.

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page
Rich with the spoils of Time did ne'er unroll;
Chill Penury repress'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathom'd caves of Ocean bear:
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village-Hampden, that with dauntless breast,
The little tyrant of his fields withstood,
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

Th' applause of list'ning senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their hist'ry in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade: nor circumscrib'd alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd;
Forbade to wade thro' slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy to mankind.

The struggling pangs of conscious Truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous Shame,
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
With incense kindled at the Muses flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray;
Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenour of their way.

Yet ev'n these bones from insult to protect
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by th' unletter'd Muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply;
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb Forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing ling'ring look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
Ev'n from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
Ev'n in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who mindful of th' unhonour'd Dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;
If chance, by lonely Contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
'Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn,
'Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
'To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

'There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
'That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
'His listless length at noon-tide would he stretch,
'And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

'Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
'Mutt'ring his wayward fancies he would rove:
'Now drooping, woeful wan, like one forlorn,
'Or craz'd with care, or cross'd in hopeless love.

'One morn I miss'd him on the custom'd hill,
'Along the heath and near his favourite tree;
'Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
'Nor up the lawn, not at the wood was he:

'The next, with dirges due, in sad array
'Slow thro' the church-way path we saw him borne,
'Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay
'Grav'd on the stone beneath yon aged thorn.'

THE EPITAPH.

Here rests his head upon the lap of Earth
A Youth, to Fortune and to Fame unknown:
Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
Heav'n did a recompense as largely send:
He gave to Mis'ry all he had, a tear,
He gain'd from Heav'n, 'twas all he wish'd, a Friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repose,)
The bosom of his Father and his God.

(10)

A

MONODY

on

THE DEATH OF HIS LADY.

BY

JOHN LORD LYTTELTON.

PRINTED AND SOLD BY G. NICHOLSON AND CO.
Palace-street, Manchester;
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BRITISH MUSEUM
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JUL

LYTTELTON'S MONODY.

'Ipse cava solans ægrum testudine amorem,
'Te dulcis conjux, te solo in littore secum,
'Te veniente die, te decedente canebat.'

At length escap'd from every human eye,
From every duty, every care,
That in my mournful thoughts might claim a share,
Or force my tears their flowing stream to dry;
Beneath the gloom of this embowering shade,
This lone retreat, for tender sorrow made,
I now may give my burden'd heart relief,
And pour forth all my stores of grief;
Of grief surpassing every other woe,
Far as the purest bliss, the happiest love
Can on th' ennobled mind bestow
Exceeds the vulgar joys that move
Our gross desires, inelegant and low.

Ye tufted groves, ye gently-falling rills,
Ye high o'ershadowing hills,
Ye lawns, gay-smiling with eternal green,
Oft' have you my Lucy seen!
But never shall you now behold her more:
Nor will she now with fond delight,
And taste refin'd, your rural charms explore.
Clos'd are those beauteous eyes in endless night,
Those beauteous eyes, where beaming us'd to shine
Reason's pure light, and Virtue's spark divine.

Oft' would the Dryads of these woods rejoice,
To hear her heav'nly voice;
For her despising, when she deign'd to sing,
The sweetest songsters of the spring:
The woodlark and the linnet pleas'd no more;
The nightingale was mute,
And every shepherd's flute
Was cast in silent scorn away,
While all attended to her sweeter lay.
Ye larks and linnets, now resume your song:
And thou, melodious Philomel,
Again thy plaintive story tell;
For death has stopp'd that tuneful tongue,
Whose music could alone your warbling notes excel.

In vain I look around
O'er all the well-known ground,
My Lucy's wonted footsteps to descry;
Where oft' we us'd to walk;
Where oft' in tender talk
We saw the summer sun go down the sky;
Nor by yon' fountain's side,
Nor where its waters glide
Along the valley, can she now be found:
In all the wide-stretch'd prospect's ample bound
No more my mournful eye
Can aught of her espy,
But the sad sacred earth where her dear relicks lie.

O shades of Hagley! where is now your boast?
Your bright inhabitant is lost.
You she preferr'd to all the gay resorts
Where female vanity might wish to shine,
The pomp of cities, and the pride of courts.
Her modest beauties shunn'd the public eye:
To your sequester'd dales
And flower-embroider'd vales,
From an admiring world she chose to fly.

With Nature there retir'd, and Nature's God,
The silent paths of wisdom trod,
And banish'd every passion from her breast;
But those, the gentlest and the best,
Whose holy flames with energy divine
The virtuous heart enliven and improve,
The conjugal and the maternal love.

Sweet babes! who, like the little playful fawns,
Were wont to trip along these verdant lawns,
By your delighted mother's side,
Who now your infant steps shall guide?
Ah! where is now the hand, whose tender care
To every virtue would have form'd your youth,
And strew'd with flowers the thorny ways of truth?
O loss beyond repair!
O wretched father! left alone,
To weep their dire misfortune, and thy own!
How shall thy weaken'd mind, oppress'd with woe,
And, drooping o'er thy Lucy's grave,
Perform the duties that you doubly owe!
Now she, alas! is gone,
From folly and from vice their helpless age to save?

Where were ye, Muses, when relentless Fate
From these fond arms you fair disciple tore;
From these fond arms that vainly strove,
With hapless, ineffectual love,
To guard her bosom from the mortal blow?
Could not your favouring power, Aönian maids,
Could not, alas! your power prolong her date;
For whom so oft', in these inspiring shades,
Or under Camden's moss-clad mountains hoar,
You open'd all your sacred store;
Whate'er your ancient sages taught,
Your ancient bards sublimely thought,

And bade her raptur'd breast with all your spirit glow?

Nor then did Pindus or Castalia's plain,
Or Aganippe's fount, your steps detain,
Nor in the Thespian vallies did you play;
Nor then on Mincio's bank *
Beset with osiers dank,
Nor where Clitumnus † rolls his gentle stream,
Nor where, through hanging woods,
Steep Anio ‡ pours his floods,
Nor yet where Meles ‖ or Ilissus § stray.
Ill does it now beseem,
That, of your guardian care bereft,
To dire disease and death your darling should be left.

Now what avails it, that in early bloom,
When light fantastic toys
Are all her sex's joys, [Rome;
With you she search'd the wit of Greece and
And all that in her latter days,
To emulate her ancient praise,
Italia's happy genius could produce;
Or what the Gallic fire
Bright sparkling could inspire,
By all the Graces temper'd and refin'd;
Or what, in Britain's isle,
Most favour'd with your smile,
The powers of Reason and of Fancy join'd
To full perfection have conspir'd to raise?

* The Mincio runs by Mantua, the birth-place of Virgil.
† The Clitumnus is a river of Umbria, the residence of Propertius.
‡ The Anio runs through Tibur or Tivoli, where Horace had a villa.
‖ The Meles is a river of Ionia, from whence Homer, supposed to be born on its banks, is called Melesigenes.
§ The Ilissus is a river at Athens.

Ah! what is now the use
Of all these treasures that enrich'd her mind,
To black Oblivion's gloom for ever now consign'd!

At least, ye Nine, her spotless name
'T is yours from death to save,
And in the temple of immortal Fame
With golden characters her worth engrave.
Come, then, ye virgin sisters, come,
And strew with choicest flowers her hallow'd tomb;
But foremost thou, in sable vestment clad,
With accents sweet and sad,
Thou plaintive Muse, whom o'er his Laura's urn
Unhappy Petrarch call'd to mourn;
O come! and to this fairer Laura pay
A more impassion'd tear, a more pathetic lay!

Tell how each beauty of her mind and face
Was brighten'd by some sweet peculiar grace!
How eloquent in every look
Thro' her expressive eyes her soul distinctly spoke!
Tell how her manners, by the world refin'd,
Left all the taint of modish vice behind,
And made each charm of polish'd courts agree
With candid Truth's simplicity,
And uncorrupted Innocence!
Tell how to more than manly sense
She join'd the softening influence
Of more than female tenderness!
How, in the thoughtless days of wealth and joy,
Which oft' the care of others' good destroy,
Her kindly-melting heart,
To every want, and every woe,
To guilt itself, when in distress,
The balm of pity would impart,

And all relief that bounty could bestow!
E'en for the kid or lamb, that pour'd its life
Beneath the bloody knife,
Her gentle tears would fall;
Tears, from sweet Virtue's source, benevolent to all!

Not only good and kind,
But strong and elevated was her mind;
A spirit that with noble pride
Could look superior down
On Fortune's smile or frown;
That could, without regret or pain,
To Virtue's lowest duty sacrifice
Or Interest or Ambition's highest prize;
That, injur'd or offended, never tried
It's dignity, by vengeance, to maintain,
But by magnanimous disdain.
A wit that, temperately bright,
With inoffensive light
All pleasing shone; nor ever past
The decent bounds that Wisdom's sober hand,
And sweet Benevolence's mild command,
And bashful Modesty, before it cast.
A prudence undeceiving, undeceiv'd,
That nor too little nor too much believ'd;
That scorn'd unjust Suspicion's coward fear,
And, without weakness, knew to be sincere.
Such Lucy was, when, in her fairest days,
Amidst th' acclaim of universal praise.
In life's and glory's freshest bloom,
Death came remorseless on, and sunk her to the tomb.

So, where the silent streams of Liris glide,
In the soft bosom of Campania's vale,
When now the wintry tempests all are fled,
And genial summer breathes her gentle gale,
The verdant orange lifts its beauteous head;
From every branch the balmy flowret's rise,

On every bough the golden fruits are seen;
With odours sweet it fills the smiling skies,
The wood-nymphs tend it, and th' Idalian queen:
But, in the midst of all it's blooming pride,
A sudden blast from Apenninus blows,
Cold with perpetual snows;
The tender-blighted plant shrinks up its leaves, and dies.

Arise, O Petrarch! from th' Elysian bowers,
With never-fading myrtles twin'd,
And fragrant with ambrosial flowers,
Where to thy Laura thou again art join'd;
Arise, and hither bring the silver lyre,
Tun'd by thy skilful hand,
To the soft notes of elegant desire,
With which o'er many a land
Was spread the fame of thy disastrous love;
To me resign the vocal shell,
And teach my sorrows to relate
Their melancholy tale so well,
As may e'en things inanimate, [move.
Rough mountain oaks, and desert rocks, to pity

What were, alas! thy woes, compar'd to mine?
To thee thy mistress in the blissful band
Of Hymen never gave her hand;
The joys of wedded love were never thine.
In thy domestic care
She never bore a share,
Nor with endearing art
Would heal thy wounded heart
Of every secret grief that fester'd there:
Nor did her fond affection on the bed
Of sickness watch thee, and thy languid head
Whole nights on her unweary'd arm sustain,
And charm away the sense of pain:

Nor did she crown your mutual flame
With pledges dear, and with a father's tender name.

O best of wives! O dearer far to me
Than when thy virgin charms
Were yielded to my arms;
How can my soul endure the loss of thee?
How in the world, to me a desert grown,
Abandon'd and alone,
Without my sweet companion can I live?
Without thy lovely smile,
The dear reward of every virtuous toil,
What pleasures now can pall'd Ambition give?
E'en the delightful sense of well-earn'd praise,
Unshar'd by thee, no more my lifeless thoughts could raise.

For my distracted mind
What succour can I find?
On whom for consolation shall I call?
Support me, every friend;
Your kind assistance lend,
To bear the weight of this oppressive woe.
Alas! each friend of mine,
My dear departed love, so much was thine,
That none has any comfort to bestow.
My books, the best relief
In every other grief,
Are now with your idea sadden'd all:
Each favourite author we together read
My tortur'd memory wounds, and speaks of Lucy dead.

We were the happiest pair of human kind:
The rolling year its varying course perform'd,
And back return'd again;
Another, and another, smiling came,

And saw our happiness unchang'd remain.
Still in her golden chain
Harmonious Concord did our wishes bind:
Our studies, pleasures, taste, the same.
O fatal, fatal stroke!
That all this pleasing fabric Love had rais'd
Of rare felicity,
On which ev'n wanton Vice with envy gaz'd,
And every scheme of bliss our hearts had form'd,
With soothing hope for many a future day,
In one sad moment broke!
Yet, O my soul! thy rising murmurs stay;
Nor dare th' all-wise Disposer to arraign,
Or against his supreme decree
With impious grief complain.
That all thy full-blown joys at once should fade,
Was his most righteous will—and be that will obey'd.

Would thy fond love his grace to her controul;
And, in these low abodes of sin and pain,
Her pure exalted soul,
Unjustly, for thy partial good, detain?
No—rather strive thy grov'ling mind to raise
Up to that unclouded blaze,
That heavenly radiance of eternal light,
In which enthron'd she now with pity sees
How frail, how insecure, how slight,
Is every mortal bliss;
E'en Love itself, if rising by degrees
Beyond the bounds of this imperfect state,
Whose fleeting joys so soon must end,
It does not to its sovereign good ascend.
Rise, then, my soul, with hope elate,
And seek those regions of serene delight,
Whose peaceful path, and ever-open gate,
No feet but those of harden'd Guilt shall miss:
There death himself thy Lucy shall restore;
There yield up all his pow'r e'er to divide you more.

FINIS.

BRITISH MUSEUM
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61
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THE

DESERTED VILLAGE.

A POEM.

BY DR. GOLDSMITH.

PRINTED BY G. NICHOLSON AND CO.
Palace-street, Manchester.
Sold by T. KNOTT, No. 47, Lombard-street;
and CHAMPANTE & WHITROW, Jewry-street, London.
1793.

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THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

Sweet Auburn! loveliest village of the plain,
Where health and plenty cheer'd the lab'ring swain,
Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting summer's ling'ring blooms delay'd.
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
Seats of my youth, when every sport could please,
How often have I loiter'd o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endear'd each scene!
How often have I paus'd on ev'ry charm,
The shelter'd cot, the cultivated farm,
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church, that topt the neighb'ring hill,
The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whisp'ring lovers made!
How often have I blest the coming day,
When toil remitting lent its turn to play,
And all the village train, from labour free,
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree,
While many a pastime circled in the shade,
The young contending as the old survey'd;
And many a gambol frolick'd o'er the ground,
And sleights of art and feats of strength went round.
And still as each repeated pleasure tir'd,
Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspir'd;
The dancing pair that simply sought renown,
By holding out, to tire each other down;

The swain mistrustless of his smutted face,
While secret laughter titter'd round the place;
The bashful virgin's side-long looks of love,
The matron's glance that would those looks reprove.
These were thy charms, sweet village! sports like these,
With sweet succession, taught ev'n toil to please;
These round thy bow'rs their cheerful influence shed,
These were thy charms—But all these charms are fled.

Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn,
Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn;
Amidst thy bow'rs the tyrant's hand is seen,
And desolation saddens all thy green:
One only master grasps the whole domain,
And half a tillage stints thy smiling plain;
No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,
But, choak'd with sedges, works it weedy way;
Along thy glades, a solitary guest,
The hollow sounding bittern guards its nest;
Amidst thy desert walks the lapwing flies,
And tires their echoes with unvary'd cries.
Sunk are thy bow'rs in shapeless ruin all,
And the long grass o'ertops the mould'ring wall,
And, trembling, shrinking, from the spoiler's hand,
Far, far away thy children leave the land.

Ill fares the land, to hast'ning ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay;
Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade;
A breath can make them, as a breath has made:
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroy'd, can never be supply'd.

A time there was, ere England's griefs began,
When every rood of ground maintain'd its man;
For him light labour spread her wholesome store,
Just gave what life requir'd, but gave no more:
His best companions, innocence and health;
And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.

But times are alter'd; trade's unfeeling train
Usurp the land, and dispossess the swain;

Along the lawn, where scatter'd hamlets rose,
Unwieldy wealth, and cumb'rous pomp repose;
And every want to luxury ally'd,
And every pang that folly pays to pride.
These gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom,
Those calm desires that ask'd but little room,
Those healthful sports that grac'd the peaceful scene,
Liv'd in each look, and brighten'd all the green;
These, far departing, seek a kinder shore,
And rural mirth and manners are no more.

Sweet Auburn! parent of the blissful hour,
Thy glades forlorn confess the tyrant's power.
Here, as I take my solitary rounds,
Amidst thy tangling walks and ruin'd grounds,
And, many a year elaps'd, return'd to view
Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn grew,
Remembrance wakes, with all her busy train,
Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.

In all my wand'rings round this world of care,
In all my griefs—and God has giv'n my share—
I still had hopes, my latest hours to crown,
Amidst these humble bowers to lay me down;
To husband out life's taper at the close,
And keep the flame from wasting by repose:
I still had hopes, for pride attends us still,
Amidst the swains to shew my book-learn'd skill,
Around my fire an ev'ning group to draw,
And tell of all I felt, and all I saw;
And, as an hare whom hounds and horns pursue,
Pants to the place from whence at first he flew,
I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
Here to return—and die at home at last.

O blest retirement! friend to life's decline,
Retreats from care, that never must be mine,
How blest is he who crowns, in shades like these,
A youth of labour with an age of ease;
Who quits a world where strong temptations try,
And, since 't is hard to combat, learns to fly!

For him no wretches, born to work and weep,
Explore the mine, or tempt the dang'rous deep;
No surly porter stands in guilty state,
To spurn imploring famine from the gate;
But on he moves to meet his latter end,
Angels around befriending virtue's friend;
Sinks to the grave with unperceiv'd decay,
While resignation gently slopes the way;
And, all his prospects bright'ning to the last,
His heaven commences ere the world be past!

Sweet was the sound, when oft', at ev'nings close,
Up yonder hill the village murmur rose;
There, as I past with careless steps and slow,
The mingling notes came soften'd from below;
The swain responsive as the milk-maid sung,
The sober herd that low'd to meet their young;
The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,
The playful children just let loose from school,
The watch-dog's voice that bay'd the whisp'ring wind,
And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind;
These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,
And fill'd each pause the nightingale had made.
But now the sounds of population fail,
No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale,
No busy steps the grass-grown foot-way tread,
But all the bloomy flush of life is fled.
All but yon' widow'd, solitary thing,
That feebly bends beside the plashy spring;
She, wretched matron, forc'd, in age, for bread,
To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread,
To pick her wintry faggot from the thorn,
To seek her nightly shed, and weep till morn;
She only left of all the harmless train,
The sad historian of the pensive plain.

Near yonder copse, where once the garden smil'd,
And still where many a garden flower grows wild;
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.

A man he was, to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year;
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had chang'd, nor wish'd to change his place;
Unskilful he to fawn, or seek for pow'r,
By doctrines fashion'd to the varying hour;
Far other aims his heart had learn'd to prize,
More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant train,
He chid their wand'rings, but reliev'd their pain.
The long-remember'd beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast;
The ruin'd spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claim'd kindred there, and had his claims allow'd;
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sate by his fire, and talk'd the night away;
Wept o'er his wounds, or tales of sorrow done, [won.
Shoulder'd his crutch, and shew'd how fields were
Pleas'd with his guests the good man learn'd to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe;
Careless their merits, or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And even his failings lean'd to Virtue's side;
But in his duty prompt at every call,
He watch'd and wept, he pray'd and felt, for all.
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries,
To tempt its new-fledg'd offspring to the skies;
He tried each art, reprov'd each dull delay,
Allur'd to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismay'd,
The rev'rend champion stood. At his controul,
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last fault'ring accents whisper'd praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorn'd the venerable place;

Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remain'd to pray.
The service past, around the pious man,
With ready zeal, each honest rustic ran;
Ev'n children follow'd with endearing wile,
And pluck'd his gown, to share the good man's smile.
His ready smile a parent's warmth exprest,
Their welfare pleas'd him, and their cares distrest;
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

Beside yon' straggling fence that skirts the way,
With blossom'd furze unprofitably gay,
There, in his noisy mansion, skill'd to rule,
The village master taught his little school;
A man severe he was, and stern to view,
I knew him well, and every truant knew;
Well had the boding tremblers learn'd to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face;
Full well they laugh'd with counterfeited glee
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;
Full well the busy whisper circling round,
Convey'd the dismal tidings when he frown'd;
Yet he was kind, or if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault;
The village all declar'd how much he knew;
'T was certain he could write, and cypher too;
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
And ev'n the story ran that he could gauge:
In arguing too, the parson own'd his skill,
For ev'n though vanquish'd, he could argue still;
While words of learned length, and thund'ring sound,
Amaz'd the gazing rustics rang'd around,
And still they gaz'd, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew.

But past is all his fame. The very spot
Where many a time he triumph'd, is forgot.
Near yonder thorn, that lifts its head on high,
Where once the sign-post caught the passing eye,
Low lies that house where nut-brown draughts inspir'd,
Where grey-beard mirth, and smiling toil retir'd,
Where village statesmen talk'd with looks profound,
And news much older than their ale went round.
Imagination fondly stoops to trace
The parlour splendors of that festive place;
The white-wash'd wall, the nicely sanded floor,
The varnish'd clock that click'd behind the door;
The chest contriv'd a double debt to pay,
A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day;
The pictures plac'd for ornament and use,
The twelve good rules, the royal game of goose;
The hearth, except when winter chill'd the day,
With aspin boughs, and flowers and fennel gay,
While broken tea-cups, wisely kept for show,
Rang'd o'er the chimney, glisten'd in a row.
Vain transitory splendor! could not all
Reprieve the tott'ring mansion from it's fall!
Obscure it sinks, nor shall it more impart
An hour's importance to the poor man's heart;
Thither no more the peasant shall repair,
To sweet oblivion of his daily care;
No more the farmer's news, the barber's tale,
No more the wood-man's ballad shall prevail;
No more the smith his dusky brow shall clear,
Relax his pond'rous strength, and lean to hear;
The host himself no longer shall be found
Careful to see the mantling bliss go round;
Nor the coy maid, half willing to be prest,
Shall kiss the cup to pass it to the rest.
Yes! let the rich deride, the proud disdain,
These simple blessings of the lowly train,
To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm, than all the gloss of art;

Spontaneous joys, where Nature has its play,
The soul adopts, and owns their first-born sway:
Lightly they frolic o'er the vacant mind,
Unenvy'd, unmolested, unconfin'd.
But the long pomp, the midnight masquerade,
With all the freaks of wanton wealth array'd,
In these, ere triflers half their wish obtain,
The toiling pleasure sickens into pain;
And, ev'n while fashion's brightest arts decoy,
The heart distrusting asks, if this be joy?

Ye friends to truth, ye statesmen who survey
The rich man's joys encrease, the poor's decay,
'T is yours to judge, how wide the limits stand
Between a splendid and a happy land.
Proud swells the tide with loads of freighted ore,
And shouting Folly hails them from her shore;
Hoards, ev'n beyond the miser's wish, abound,
And rich men flock from all the world around.
Yet count our gains. This wealth is but a name
That leaves our useful product still the same.
Not so the loss. The man of wealth and pride
Takes up a space that many poor supply'd;
Space for his lake, his park's extended bounds,
Space for his horses, equipage and hounds;
The robe that wraps his limbs in silken sloth
Has robb'd the neighbouring fields of half their growth;
His seat, where solitary sports are seen,
Indignant spurns the cottage from the green;
Around the world each needful product flies,
For all the luxuries the world supplies.
While thus the land adorn'd for pleasure all
In barren splendor feebly waits the fall.

As some fair female unadorn'd and plain,
Secure to please while youth confirms her reign,
Slights every borrow'd charm that dress supplies,
Nor shares with art the triumph of her eyes:
But when those charms are past, for charms are frail,
When time advances, and when lovers fail,

She then shines forth, solicitous to bless,
In all the glaring impotence of dress.
Thus fares the land, by luxury betray'd,
In nature's simplest charms at first array'd,
But verging to decline, its splendors rise,
Its vistas strike, its palaces surprise;
While, scourg'd by famine from the smiling land,
The mournful peasant leads his humble band;
And while he sinks, without one arm to save,
The country blooms—a garden, and a grave.

Where then, ah! where shall poverty reside,
To 'scape the pressure of contiguous pride?
If to some common's fenceless limits stray'd,
He drives his flock to pick the scanty blade,
Those fenceless fields the sons of wealth divide,
And ev'n the bare-worn common is deny'd.

If to the city sped—What waits him there?
To see profusion that he must not share;
To see ten thousand baneful arts combin'd
To pamper luxury, and thin mankind;
To see each joy the sons of pleasure know,
Extorted from his fellow-creature's woe.
Here, while the courtier glitters in brocade,
There the pale artist plies the sickly trade;
Here, while the proud their long-drawn pomps display,
There the black gibbet glooms beside the way.
The dome where Pleasure holds her midnight reign,
Here, richly deckt, admits the gorgeous train;
Tumultuous grandeur crouds the blazing square,
The rattling chariots clash, the torches glare.
Sure scenes like these no troubles e'er annoy!
Sure these denote one universal joy!
Are these thy serious thoughts?—Ah, turn thine eyes
Where the poor houseless shiv'ring female lies.
She, once, perhaps, in village plenty blest,
Has wept at tales of innocence distrest;
Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,
Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn;

Now lost to all; her friends, her virtue fled,
Near her betrayer's door she lays her head,
And, pinch'd with cold, and shrinking from the show'r,
With heavy heart deplores that luckless hour,
When idly first, ambitious of the town,
She left her wheel and robes of country brown.
Do thine, sweet Auburn, thine the loveliest train,
Do thy fair tribes participate her pain?
Ev'n now, perhaps, by cold and hunger led,
At proud men's doors they ask a little bread!
Ah, no. To distant climes, a dreary scene,
Where half the convex world intrudes between,
Through torrid tracts with fainting steps they go,
Where wild Altama murmurs to their woe.
Far different there from all that charm'd before,
The various terrors of that horrid shore;
Those blazing suns that dart a downward ray,
And fiercely shed intolerable day;
Those matted woods where birds forget to sing,
But silent bats in drowsy clusters cling;
Those pois'nous fields with rank luxuriance crown'd,
Where the dark scorpion gathers death around;
Where at each step the stranger fears to wake
The rattling terrors of the vengeful snake;
Where crouching tigers wait their hapless prey,
And savage men more murd'rous still than they;
While oft' in whirls the mad tornado flies,
Mingling the ravag'd landscape with the skies.
Far different these from every former scene,
The cooling brook, the grassy-vested green,
The breezy covert of the warbling grove,
That only shelter'd thefts of harmless love.
Good Heaven! what sorrows gloom'd that parting day,
That call'd them from their native walks away;
When the poor exiles, every pleasure past,
Hung round the bowers, and fondly look'd their last,
And took a long farewel, and wish'd in vain
For seats like these beyond the western main;

And shudd'ring still to face the distant deep,
Return'd and wept, and still return'd to weep.
The good old sire, the first prepar'd to go
To new-found worlds, and wept for other's woe;
But for himself, in conscious virtue brave,
He only wish'd for worlds beyond the grave.
His lovely daughter, lovelier in her tears,
The fond companion of his he pless years,
Silent went next, neglectful of her charms,
And left a lover's for a father's arms.
With louder plaints the mother spoke her woes,
And blest the cot where every pleasure rose;
And kist her thoughtless babes with many a tear,
And claspt them close, in sorrow doubly dear;
Whilst her fond husband strove to lend relief
In all the silent manliness of grief.

O, luxury! thou curst by Heaven's decree,
How ill exchang'd are things like these for thee!
How do thy potions, with insidious joy,
Diffuse their pleasures only to destroy!
Kingdoms by thee, to sickly greatness grown,
Boast of a florid vigour not their own.
At every draught more large and large they grow,
A bloated mass of rank unwieldy woe;
Till sapp'd their strength, and every part unsound,
Down, down they sink, and spread a ruin round.

Even now the devastation is begun,
And half the business of destruction done;
Even now, methinks, as pond'ring here I stand,
I see the rural virtues leave the land.
Down where yon' anchoring vessel spreads the sail
That idly waiting flaps with every gale,
Downward they move, a melancholy band,
Pass from the shore, and darken all the strand.
Contented toil, and hospitable care,
And kind connubial tenderness, are there;
And piety with wishes plac'd above,
And steady loyalty, and faithful love.

And thou, sweet Poetry, thou loveliest maid,
Still first to fly where sensual joys invade;
Unfit, in these degen'rate times of shame,
To catch the heart, or strike for honest fame;
Dear charming nymph, neglected and decry'd,
My shame in crouds, my solitary pride.
Thou source of all my bliss, and all my woe,
That found'st me poor at first, and keep'st me so;
Thou guide, by which the nobler arts excel,
Thou nurse of every virtue, fare thee well;
Farewell, and O! where'er thy voice be try'd,
On Torno's cliffs, or Pambamarca's side,
Whether where equinoctial fervours glow,
Or winter wraps the polar world in snow,
Still let thy voice, prevailing over time,
Redress the rigours of th' inclement clime;
Aid slighted truth, with thy persuasive strain;
Teach erring man to spurn the rage of gain;
Teach him, that states of native strength possest,
Though very poor, may still be very blest;
That trade's proud empire hastes to swift decay,
As ocean sweeps the labour'd mole away;
While self-dependent power can time defy,
As rocks resist the billows and the sky.

END OF THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

(12)

THE HERMIT.

BY DR. THOMAS PARNELL.

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and CHAMPANTE & WHITROW, Jewry-street, London.
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BRITISH MUSEUM
15 61
JUL

THE HERMIT.

Far in a wild, unknown to public view,
From youth to age a reverend Hermit grew;
The moss his bed, the cave his humble cell,
His food the fruits, his drink the crystal well:
Remote from man, with God he pass'd his days,
Pray'r all his business, all his pleasure praise.

A life so sacred, such serene repose,
Seem'd heav'n itself, till one suggestion rose—
That vice should triumph, virtue vice obey;
This sprung some doubt of Providence's sway:
His hopes no more a certain prospect boast,
And all the tenour of his soul is lost.
So when a smooth expanse receives imprest
Calm nature's image on its wat'ry breast,
Down bend the banks, the trees depending grow,
And skies beneath with answering colours glow:
But if a stone the gentle sea divide,
Swift ruffling circles curl on every side,
And glimm'ring fragments of a broken sun;
Banks, trees, and skies, in thick disorder run.

To clear this doubt, to know the world by sight,
To find if books or swains report it right
(For yet by swains alone the world he knew,
Whose feet came wand'ring o'er the nightly dew)
He quits his cell; the pilgrim-staff he bore,
And fix'd the scallop in his hat before;

Then with the sun a rising journey went,
Sedate to think, and watching each event.
The morn was wasted in the pathless grass,
And long and lonesome was the wild to pass;
But when the southern sun had warm'd the day,
A youth came posting o'er a crossing way;
His raiment decent, his complexion fair,
And soft in graceful ringlets wav'd his hair:
Then near approaching, Father, hail! he cried;
And hail, my son! the rev'rend sire replied;
Words follow'd words, from question answer flow'd,
And talk of various kind deceiv'd the road;
Till each with other pleas'd, and loth to part,
While in their age they differ, join in heart.
Thus stands an aged elm in ivy bound,
Thus youthful ivy clasps an elm around.
Now sunk the sun; the closing hour of day
Came onward, mantled o'er with sober grey;
Nature in silence bid the world repose:
When near the road a stately palace rose.
There by the moon through ranks of trees they pass,
Whose verdure crown'd their sloping sides of grass.
It chanc'd the noble master of the dome
Still made his house the wand'ring stranger's home;
Yet still the kindness, from a thirst of praise,
Prov'd the vain flourish of expensive ease.
The pair arrive: the liveried servants wait;
Their lord receives them at the pompous gate.
The table groans with costly piles of food,
And all is more than hospitably good.
Then, led to rest, the day's long toil they drown,
Deep sunk in sleep, and silk, and heaps of down.
At length 't is morn, and at the dawn of day
Along the wide canals the Zephyrs play;
Fresh o'er the gay parterres the breezes creep,
And shake the neighbouring wood to banish sleep.
Up rise the guests obedient to the call;
An early banquet deck'd the splendid hall;

Rich luscious wine a golden goblet grac'd,
Which the kind master forc'd the guests to taste.
Then pleas'd and thankful, from the porch they go;
And, but the landlord, none had cause of woe:
His cup was vanish'd; for in secret guise
The younger guest purloin'd the glitt'ring prize.
As one who spies a serpent in his way,
Glist'ning and basking in the summer ray,
Disorder'd stops, to shun the danger near,
Then walks with faintness on, and looks with fear;
So seem'd the sire when far upon the road,
The shining spoil his wiley partner show'd.
He stopp'd with silence, walk'd with trembling heart,
And much he wish'd, but durst not ask, to part:
Murm'ring he lifts his eyes, and thinks it hard
That gen'rous actions meet a base reward.
While thus they pass, the sun his glory shrouds,
The changing skies hang out their sable clouds;
A sound in air presag'd approaching rain,
And beasts to covert scud across the plain.
Warn'd by the signs, the wand'ring pair retreat
To seek for shelter at a neighb'ring seat:
'T was built with turrets on a rising ground,
And strong, and large, and unimprov'd around;
Its owner's temper, tim'rous and severe,
Unkind and griping, caus'd a desert there.
As near the Miser's heavy doors they drew,
Fierce rising gusts with sudden fury blew;
The nimble lightning mix'd with show'rs began,
And o'er their heads loud rolling thunder ran.
Here long they knock, but knock or call in vain,
Driv'n by the wind, and batter'd by the rain.
At length some pity warm'd the master's breast
('T was then his threshold first receiv'd a guest):
Slow creaking turns the door with jealous care,
And half he welcomes in the shiv'ring pair;
One frugal faggot lights the naked walls,
And nature's fervour through their limbs recals:

Bread of the coarsest sort, with meagre wine,
(Each hardly granted) serv'd them both to dine;
And when the tempest first appear'd to cease,
A ready warning bid them part in peace.
With still remark the pond'ring Hermit view'd,
In one so rich, a life so poor and rude;
And why should such (within himself he cried)
Lock the lost wealth a thousand want beside?
But what new marks of wonder soon take place
In ev'ry settling feature of his face,
When from his vest the young companion bore,
That cup the gen'rous landlord own'd before,
And paid profusely with the precious bowl
The stinted kindness of this churlish soul.

But now the clouds in airy tumult fly;
The sun emerging opes an azure sky;
A fresher green the smelling leaves display,
And, glitt'ring as they tremble, cheer the day:
The weather courts them from the poor retreat,
And the glad master bolts the wary gate.

While hence they walk, the Pilgrim's bosom wrought
With all the travel of uncertain thought;
His partner's acts without their cause appear,
'T was there a vice, and seem'd a madness here:
Detesting that, and pitying this, he goes,
Lost and confounded with the various shows.

Now night's dim shades again involve the sky;
Again the wand'rers want a place to lie;
Again they search, and find a lodging nigh.
The soil improv'd around, the mansion neat,
And neither poorly low nor idly great;
It seem'd to speak its master's turn of mind,
Content, and not for praise but virtue kind.

Hither the walkers turn with weary feet,
Then bless the mansion, and the master greet:
Their greeting fair, bestow'd with modest guise,
The courteous master hears, and thus replies:

Without a vain, without a grudging heart,
To him who gives us all I yield a part;
From him you come, for him accept it here,
A frank and sober, more than costly cheer.
He spoke, and bade the welcome table spread,
Then talk'd of virtue till the time of bed;
When the grave household round his hall repair
Warn'd by a bell, and close the hours with pray'r.
At length the world renew'd by calm repose
Was strong for toil, the dappled morn arose;
Before the pilgrim's part, the younger crept
Near the clos'd cradle, where an infant slept,
And writh'd his neck: the landlord's little pride,
O strange return! grew black, and gasp'd and died.
Horror of horrors! what! his only son!
How look'd our Hermit when the fact was done?
Not hell, tho' hell's black jaws in sunder part,
And breathe blue fire, could more assault his heart.
Confus'd and struck with silence at the deed,
He flies, but trembling fails to fly with speed.
His steps the youth pursues; the country lay
Perplex'd with roads, a servant show'd the way:
A river cross'd the path; the passage o'er
Was nice to find; the servant trod before;
Long arms of oaks an open bridge supplied,
And deep the waves beneath the bending glide.
The youth, who seem'd to watch a time to sin,
Approach'd the careless guide, and thrust him in;
Plunging he falls, and rising lifts his head,
Then flashing turns, and sinks among the dead.
Wild sparkling rage inflames the father's eyes,
He bursts the bands of fear, and madly cries,
Detested wretch!—But scarce his speech began,
When the strange partner seem'd no longer man:
His youthful face grew more serenely sweet;
His robe turn'd white, and flow'd upon his feet;
Fair rounds of radiant points invest his hair;
Celestial odours breathe through purpled air;

And wings, whose colours glitter'd on the day,
Wide at his back their gradual plumes display.
The form ethereal bursts upon his sight,
And moves in all the majesty of light.

Tho' loud at first the Pilgrim's passion grew,
Sudden he gaz'd, and wist not what to do;
Surprise in secret chains his words suspends,
And in a calm his settling temper ends.
But silence here the beauteous angel broke
(The voice of music ravish'd as he spoke).

Thy pray'r, thy praise, thy life to vice unknown,
In sweet memorial rise before the throne:
These charms success in our bright region find,
And force an angel down to calm thy mind;
For this commission'd, I forsook the sky:
Nay, cease to kneel—thy fellow servant I.

Then know the truth of government divine,
And let these scruples be no longer thine.

The Maker justly claims that world he made,
In this the right of Providence is laid;
Its sacred majesty through all depends
On using second means to work his ends:
'T is thus, withdrawn in state from human eye,
The Pow'r exerts his attributes on high,
Your actions uses, nor controuls your will,
And bids the doubting sons of men be still.

What strange events can strike with more surprise,
Than those which lately struck thy wond'ring eyes:
Yet, taught by these, confess th' Almighty just,
And where you can't unriddle learn to trust.

The great, vain man, who far'd on costly food,
Whose life was too luxurious to be good;
Who made his iv'ry stands with goblets shine,
And forc'd his guests to morning draughts of wine;
Has, with the cup, the graceless custom lost,
And still he welcomes, but with less of cost.

The mean suspicious wretch, whose bolted door
Ne'er mov'd in pity to the wand'ring poor,

With him I left the cup, to teach his mind
That heav'n can bless, if mortals will be kind.
Conscious of wanting worth, he views the bowl,
And feels compassion touch his grateful soul.
Thus artists melt the sullen ore of lead,
With heaping coals of fire upon its head;
In the kind warmth the metal learns to glow,
And, loose from dross, the silver runs below.
Long had our pious friend in virtue trod
But now the child half wean'd his heart from God;
(Child of his age) for him he liv'd in pain,
And measur'd back his steps to earth again.
To what excesses had his dotage run!
But God, to save the father, took the son.
To all but thee in fits he seem'd to go;
And 't was my ministry to deal the blow.
The poor fond parent, humbled in the dust,
Now owns in tears the punishment was just.
But how had all his fortunes felt a wrack,
Had that false servant sped in safety back!
This night his treasur'd heaps he meant to steal,
And what a fund of charity would fail!
Thus Heav'n instructs thy mind: this trial o'er,
Depart in peace, resign, and sin no more.
On sounding pinions here the youth withdrew,
The sage stood wond'ring as the seraph flew.
Thus look'd Elisha, when to mount on high
His master took the chariot of the sky:
The fiery pomp ascending left the view;
The prophet gaz'd, and wish'd to follow too.
The bending Hermit here a pray'r begun:
Lord! as in heav'n, on earth thy will be done!
Then gladly turning, sought his ancient place,
And pass'd a life of piety and peace.

END OF PARNELL'S HERMIT.

BRITISH MUSEUM
15
61
JUL

THE

TRAVELLER;

OR,

A PROSPECT OF SOCIETY.

BY DR. GOLDSMITH.

PRINTED BY C. NICHOLSON AND CO.
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1793.

BRITISH MUSEUM
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JUL

THE TRAVELLER.

Inscribed to the Rev. Mr. H. Goldsmith.

Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow,
Or by the lazy Scheld, or wand'ring Po;
Or onward, where the rude Carinthian boor
Against the houseless stranger shuts the door;
Or where Campania's plain forsaken lies,
A weary waste expanding to the skies;
Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
My heart, untravell'd, fondly turns to thee:
Still to my brother turns with ceaseless pain,
And drags, at each remove, a lengthen'd chain.
Eternal blessings crown my earliest friend,
And round his dwelling guardian saints attend;
Bless'd be that spot, where cheerful guests retire,
To pause from toil, and trim their evening fire;
Bless'd that abode, where want and pain repair,
And ev'ry stranger finds a ready chair:
Bless'd be those feasts, with simple plenty crown'd,
Where all the ruddy family around
Laugh at the jests or pranks that never fail,
Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale:
Or press the bashful stranger to his food,
And learn the luxury of doing good!
But me, not destin'd such delights to share,
My prime of life in wand'ring spent, and care:

Impell'd, with steps unceasing, to pursue
Some fleeting good, that mocks me with the view;
That, like the circle, bounding earth and skies,
Allures from far, yet, as I follow, flies;
My fortune leads to traverse realms alone,
And find no spot of all the world my own.

E'en now, where Alpine solitudes ascend,
I sit me down a pensive hour to spend;
And plac'd on high, above the storm's career,
Look downward where an hundred realms appear;
Lakes, forests, cities, plains, extending wide,
The pomp of kings, the shepherd's humbler pride.

When thus Creation's charms around combine,
Amidst the store should thankless pride repine?
Say, should the philosophic mind disdain
That good which makes each humbler bosom vain?
Let school-taught pride dissemble all it can,
These little things are great to little man;
And wiser he, whose sympathetic mind
Exults in all the good of all mankind.
Ye glitt'ring towns, with wealth and splendor crown'd;
Ye fields, where summer spreads profusion round;
Ye lakes, whose vessels catch the busy gale;
Ye bending swains, that dress the flow'ry vale;
For me your tributary stores combine:
Creation's heir! the world, the world is mine!

As some lone miser, visiting his store,
Bends at his treasure, counts, recounts it o'er;
Hoards after hoards his rising raptures fill,
Yet still he sighs, for hoards are wanting still:
Thus to my breast alternate passions rise,
Pleas'd with each good that Heav'n to man supplies;
Yet oft a sigh prevails, and sorrows fall,
To see the hoard of human bliss so small;
And oft I wish, amidst the scene, to find
Some spot to real happiness consign'd,
Where my worn soul, each wand'ring hope at rest,
May gather bliss to see my fellows bless'd.

But where to find that happiest spot below,
Who can direct, when all pretend to know?
The shudd'ring tenant of the frigid zone
Boldly proclaims that happiest spot his own;
Extols the treasures of his stormy seas,
And his long nights of revelry and ease:
The naked negro, panting at the line,
Boasts of his golden sands and palmy wine;
Basks in the glare, or stems the tepid wave,
And thanks his gods for all the good they gave.
Such is the patriot's boast, where'er we roam;
His first, best country, ever is at home.
And yet, perhaps, if countries we compare,
And estimate the blessings which they share,
Though patriots flatter, still shall wisdom find
An equal portion dealt to all mankind;
As different good, by art or nature given,
To different nations, makes their blessings even.
Nature, a mother kind alike to all,
Still grants her bliss at labour's earnest call;
With food as well the peasant is supply'd
On Idra's cliffs as Arno's shelvy side;
And tho' the rocky-crested summits frown,
These rocks by custom turn to beds of down.
From art more various are the blessings sent;
Wealth, commerce, honour, liberty, content.
Yet these each other's pow'r so strong contest,
That either seems destructive of the rest.
Where wealth and freedom reign, contentment fails;
And honour sinks where commerce long prevails.
Hence ev'ry state, to one lov'd blessing prone,
Conforms and models life to that alone.
Each to the fav'rite happiness attends,
And spurns the plan that aims at other ends;
Till carried to excess in each domain,
This fav'rite good begets peculiar pain.
But let us try these truths with closer eyes,
And trace them through the prospect as it lies:

Here for a while, my proper cares resign'd,
Here let me sit in sorrow for mankind;
Like yon neglected shrub at random cast,
That shades the steep, and sighs at ev'ry blast.
Far to the right, where Apennine ascends,
Bright as the summer, Italy extends;
It's uplands sloping, deck the mountain's side,
Woods over woods in gay theatric pride;
While oft some temple's mould'ring tops between,
With venerable grandeur mark the scene.
Could Nature's bounty satisfy the breast,
The sons of Italy were surely bless'd.
Whatever fruits in different climes are found,
That proudly rise, or humbly court the ground;
Whatever blooms in torrid tracts appear,
Whose bright succession decks the varied year;
Whatever sweets salute the northern sky
With vernal lives, that blossom but to die:
These, here disporting, own the kindred soil,
Nor ask luxuriance from the planter's toil;
While sea-born gales their gelid wings expand,
To winnow fragrance round the smiling land.
But small the bliss that sense alone bestows,
And sensual bliss is all the nation knows.
In florid beauty groves and fields appear,
Man seems the only growth that dwindles here.
Contrasted faults through all his manners reign:
Though poor, luxurious; though submissive, vain;
Though grave, yet trifling; zealous, yet untrue;
And e'en in penance planning sins anew.
All evils here contaminate the mind,
That opulence departed leaves behind;
For wealth was theirs, not far remov'd the date,
When commerce proudly flourish'd through the state:
At her command the palace learn'd to rise,
Again the long-fall'n column sought the skies;
The canvas glow'd beyond e'en Nature warm,
The pregnant quarry teem'd with human form.

Till, more unsteady than the southern gale,
Commerce on other shores display'd her sail;
While nought remain'd of all that riches gave,
But towns unmann'd, and lords without a slave:
And late the nation found with fruitless skill
Its former strength was but plethoric ill.

Yet still the loss of wealth is here supply'd
By arts, the splendid wrecks of former pride;
From these the feeble heart and long-fall'n mind
An easy compensation seem to find.
Here may be seen, in bloodless pomp array'd,
The pasteboard triumph and the cavalcade;
Processions form'd for piety and love,
A mistress or a saint in ev'ry grove.
By sports like these are all their cares beguil'd,
The sports of children satisfy the child;
Each nobler aim, repress'd by long controul,
Now sinks at last, or feebly mans the soul;
While low delights, succeeding fast behind,
In happier meanness occupy the mind:
As in those domes, where Cæsars once bore sway,
Defac'd by time, and tott'ring in decay,
There in the ruin, heedless of the dead,
The shelter-seeking peasant builds his shed;
And, wondering man could want the larger pile,
Exults, and owns his cottage with a smile.

My soul, turn from them—turn we to survey
Where rougher climes a nobler race display;
Where the bleak Swiss their stormy mansion tread,
And force a churlish soil for scanty bread:
No product here the barren hills afford,
But man and steel, the soldier and his sword.
No vernal blooms their torpid rocks array,
But winter ling'ring chills the lap of May;
No zephyr fondly sues the mountain's breast,
But meteors glare, and stormy glooms invest.

Yet still, e'en here, Content can spread a charm,
Redress the clime, and all its rage disarm.

Though poor the peasant's hut, his feasts though small,
He sees his little lot the lot of all;
Sees no contiguous palace rear its head,
To shame the meanness of his humble shed;
No costly lord the sumptuous banquet deal,
To make him loath his vegetable meal;
But calm, and bred in ignorance and toil,
Each wish contracting, fits him to the soil.
Cheerful at morn, he wakes from short repose,
Breathes the keen air, and carols as he goes;
With patient angle trolls the finny deep,
Or drives his vent'rous plough-share to the steep;
Or seeks the den where snow-tracks mark the way,
And drags the struggling savage into day.
At night returning, ev'ry labour sped,
He sits him down, the monarch of a shed;
Smiles by his cheerful fire, and round surveys
His children's looks, that brighten at the blaze;
While his lov'd partner, boastful of her hoard,
Displays her cleanly platter on the board;
And haply too some pilgrim, thither led,
With many a tale repays the nightly bed.
Thus ev'ry good his native wilds impart
Imprints the patriot passion on his heart;
And e'en those ills, that round his mansion rise,
Enhance the bliss his scanty fund supplies.
Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms,
And dear that hill which lifts him to the storms;
And as a child, when scaring sounds molest,
Clings close and closer to the mother's breast,
So the loud torrent, and the whirlwind's roar,
But binds him to his native mountains more.
Such are the charms to barren states assign'd:
Their wants but few, their wishes all confin'd.
Yet let them only share the praises due;
If few their wants, their pleasures are but few:
For ev'ry want that stimulates the breast,
Becomes a source of pleasure when redress'd.

Whence from such lands each pleasing science flies,
That first excites desire, and then supplies;
Unknown to them, when sensual pleasures cloy,
To fill the languid pause with finer joy;
Unknown those pow'rs that raise the soul to flame,
Catch ev'ry nerve, and vibrate through the frame.
Their level life is but a mould'ring fire,
Unquench'd by want, unfann'd by strong desire;
Unfit for raptures; or, if raptures cheer,
On some high festival of once a year,
In wild excess the vulgar breast takes fire,
Till, buried in debauch, the bliss expire.

But not their joys alone thus coarsely flow;
Their morals, like their pleasures, are but low:
For, as refinement stops, from sire to son,
Unalter'd, unimprov'd, the manners run;
And love's and friendship's finely-pointed dart
Fall blunted from each indurated heart.
Some sterner virtues o'er the mountain's breast
May sit, like falcons cowering on the nest;
But all the gentler morals, such as play [way,
Through life's more cultur'd walks, and charm the
These far dispers'd, on tim'rous pinions fly,
To sport and flutter in a kinder sky.

To kinder skies, where gentler manners reign,
I turn—and France displays her bright domain.
Gay sprightly land of mirth and social ease,
Pleas'd with thyself, whom all the world can please,
How often have I led thy sportive choir,
With tuneless pipe, beside the murm'ring Loire!
Where shading elms along the margin grew,
And, freshen'd from the wave, the zephyr flew;
And haply, though my harsh touch falt'ring still,
But mock'd all tune, and marr'd the dancer's skill,
Yet would the village praise my wond'rous pow'r,
And dance, forgetful of the noon-tide hour!
Alike all ages. Dames of ancient days
Have led their children through the mirthful maze;

And the gay grandsire, skill'd in gestic lore,
Has frisk'd beneath the burden of threescore.
So bless'd a life these thoughtless realms display,
Thus idly busy rolls their world away:
Theirs are those arts that mind to mind endear,
For honour forms the social temper here.
Honour, that praise which real merit gains,
Or e'en imaginary worth obtains,
Here passes current; paid from hand to hand,
It shifts in splendid traffic round the land:
From courts to camps, to cottages it strays,
And all are taught an avarice of praise;
They please, are pleas'd, they give to get esteem,
Till, seeming bless'd, they grow to what they seem.
But while this softer art their bliss supplies,
It gives their follies also room to rise;
For praise too dearly lov'd, or warmly sought,
Enfeebles all internal strength of thought;
And the weak soul, within itself unbless'd,
Leans for all pleasure on another's breast.
Hence ostentation here, with tawdry art,
Pants for the vulgar praise which fools impart;
Here vanity assumes her pert grimace,
And trims her robes of frize with copper lace;
Here beggar-pride defrauds her daily cheer,
To boast one splendid banquet once a year;
The mind still turns where shifting fashion draws,
Nor weighs the solid worth of self-applause.
To men of other minds my fancy flies,
Embosom'd in the deep where Holland lies.
Methinks her patient sons before me stand,
Where the broad ocean leans against the land;
And, sedulous to stop the coming tide,
Lift the tall rampire's artificial pride.
Onward methinks, and diligently slow,
The firm connected bulwark seems to grow;
Spreads it's long arms amidst the wat'ry roar,
Scoops out an empire, and usurps the shore,

While the pent ocean, rising o'er the pile,
Sees an amphibious world beneath him smile;
The slow canal, the yellow-blossom'd vale,
The willow-tufted bank, the gliding sail,
The crowded mart, the cultivated plain,
A new creation, rescu'd from his reign.
Thus, while around the wave-subjected soil
Impels the native to repeated toil,
Industrious habits in each bosom reign,
And industry begets a love of gain.
Hence all the good from opulence that springs,
With all those ills superfluous treasure brings,
Are here display'd. Their much-lov'd wealth imparts
Convenience, plenty, elegance, and arts;
But view them closer, craft and fraud appear,
E'en liberty itself is barter'd here.
At gold's superior charms all freedom flies,
The needy sell it, and the rich man buys;
A land of tyrants, and a den of slaves,
Here wretches seek dishonourable graves,
And calmly bent, to servitude conform,
Dull as their lakes that slumber in the storm.
Heavens! how unlike their Belgic sires of old!
Rough, poor, content, ungovernably bold;
War in each breast, and freedom on each brow;
How much unlike the sons of Britain now!
Fir'd at the sound, my Genius spreads her wing,
And flies where Britain courts the western spring;
Where lawns extend that scorn Arcadian pride,
And brighter streams than fam'd Hydaspis glide.
There all around the gentlest breezes stray,
There gentle music melts on ev'ry spray;
Creation's mildest charms are there combin'd;
Extremes are only in the master's mind!
Stern o'er each bosom Reason holds her state,
With daring aims irregularly great:
Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,
I see the lords of human-kind pass by;

Intent on high designs, a thoughtful band,
By forms unfashion'd fresh from nature's hand;
Fierce in their native hardiness of soul,
True to imagin'd right, above controul,
While e'en the peasant boasts these rights to scan,
And learns to venerate himself as man.
Thine, Freedom, thine the blessings pictur'd here,
Thine are those charms that dazzle and endear;
Too bless'd indeed were such without alloy,
But foster'd e'en by Freedom ills annoy;
That independance Britons prize too high,
Keeps man from man, and breaks the social tie;
The self-dependant lordlings stand alone,
All claims that bind and sweeten life unknown;
Here, by the bonds of Nature feebly held,
Minds combat minds, repelling and repell'd.
Ferments arise, imprison'd factions roar,
Repress'd ambition struggles round her shore,
Till, over-wrought, the general system feels
Its motions stop, or phrenzy fire the wheels.
Nor this the worst. As Nature's ties decay,
As duty, love, and honour fail to sway,
Fictitious bonds, the bonds of wealth and law,
Still gather strength, and force unwilling awe.
Hence all obedience bows to these alone,
And talent sinks, and merit weeps unknown;
Till time may come, when, stripp'd of all her charms,
The land of scholars, and the nurse of arms,
Where noble stems transmit the patriot flame,
Where kings have toil'd, and poets wrote for fame,
One sink of level avarice shall lie,
And scholars, soldiers, kings, unhonour'd die.
Yet think not, thus when Freedom's ills I state,
I mean to flatter kings, or court the great:
Ye powers of truth, that bid my soul aspire,
Far from my bosom drive the low desire!
And thou, fair Freedom, taught alike to feel
The rabble's rage, and tyrant's angry steel;

Thou transitory flower, alike undone
By proud Contempt, or Favour's fostering sun,
Still may thy blooms the changeful clime endure,
I only would repress them to secure:
For just experience tells, in ev'ry soil,
That those who think must govern those that toil;
And all that Freedom's highest aims can reach,
Is but to lay proportion'd loads on each.
Hence, should one order disproportion'd grow,
Its double weight must ruin all below.

O, then, how blind to all that truth requires,
Who think it freedom when a part aspires!
Calm is my soul, nor apt to rise in arms,
Except when fast-approaching danger warms:
But when contending chiefs blockade the throne,
Contracting regal power to stretch their own,
When I behold a factious band agree
To call it freedom when themselves are free;
Each wanton judge new penal statutes draw,
Laws grind the poor, and rich men rule the law;
The wealth of climes, where savage nations roam,
Pillag'd from slaves, to purchase slaves at home;
Fear, pity, justice, indignation start,
Tear off reserve, and bare my swelling heart;
Till, half a patriot, half a coward grown,
I fly from petty tyrants to the throne.

Yes, brother, curse with me that baleful hour,
When first ambition struck at regal power;
And thus polluting honour in its source,
Gave wealth to sway the mind with double force.
Have we not seen, round Britain's peopled shore,
Her useful sons exchang'd for useless ore?
Seen all her triumphs but destruction haste,
Like flaring tapers, bright'ning as they waste;
Seen Opulence, her grandeur to maintain,
Lead stern Depopulation in her train,
And over fields, where scatter'd hamlets rose,
In barren, solitary pomp repose?

Have we not seen, at Pleasure's lordly call,
The smiling long-frequented village fall?
Beheld the duteous son, the sire decay'd,
The modest matron, and the blushing maid,
Forc'd from their homes, a melancholy train,
To traverse climes beyond the western main;
Where wild Oswega spreads her swamps around,
And Niagara stuns with thund'ring sound?

E'en now, perhaps, as there some pilgrim strays,
Thro' tangled forests, and thro' dang'rous ways;
Where beasts with man divided empire claim,
And the brown Indian marks with murd'rous aim;
There, while above the giddy tempest flies,
And all around distressful yells arise,
The pensive exile, bending with his woe,
To stop too fearful, and too faint to go,
Casts a long look where England's glories shine,
And bids his bosom sympathize with mine.

Vain, very vain, my weary search, to find
That bliss which only centers in the mind!
Why have I stray'd from pleasure and repose,
To seek a good each government bestows?
In ev'ry government, though terrors reign,
Though tyrant kings, or tyrant laws restrain,
How small, of all that human hearts endure,
That part which laws or kings can cause or cure.
Still to ourselves in ev'ry place consign'd,
Our own felicity we make or find:
With secret course, which no loud storms annoy,
Glides the smooth current of domestic joy.
The lifted axe, the agonizing wheel,
Luke's iron crown, and Damien's bed of steel,
To men remote from power but rarely known,
Leave reason, faith, and conscience, all our own.

END OF THE TRAVELLER.

BRITISH MUSEUM 15 61 JUL

THE

SHEPHERD'S WEEK.

BY JOHN GAY.

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BRITISH MUSEUM
15
61
JUL

THE SHEPHERD'S WEEK.

MONDAY:

or,

THE SQABBLE.

Lobbin Clout.

Thy younglings, Cuddy, are but just awake,
No thrustles shrill the bramble-bush forsake,
No chirping lark the welkin sheen invokes,
No damsel yet the swelling udder strokes;
O'er yonder hill does scant the dawn appear,
Then why does Cuddy leave his cot so rear?

Cuddy. Ah! Lobbin Clout, I ween my plight is guest,
For he that loves, a stranger is to rest;
If swains belye not thou hast prov'd the smart,
And Blouzelinda's mistress of thy heart.
This rising rear betokeneth well thy mind;
Those arms are folded for thy Blouzelind:
And well, I trow, our piteous plights agree,
Thee Blouzelinda smites, Buxoma me.

Lob. Clout. Ah! Blouzelind, I love thee more by half,
Than does their fawns or cows the new-fall'n calf:
Woe worth the tongue, may blisters sore it gall,
That names Buxoma, Blouzelind withal.

Cud. Hold, witless Lobbin Clout, I thee advise,
Lest blisters sore on thy own tongue arise.
Lo, yonder, Cloddipole, the blithsome swain,
The wisest lout of all the neighb'ring plain!
From Cloddipole we learnt to read the skies,
To know when hail will fall or winds arise:
He taught us erst the heifer's tail to view,
When stuck aloft, that show'rs would straight ensue:
He first that useful secret did explain,
That pricking corns foretold the gathering rain:
When swallows fleet soar high and sport in air,
He told us that the welkin would be clear.
Let Cloddipole then hear us twain rehearse,
And praise his sweetheart, in alternate verse:
I 'll wager this same oaken staff with thee,
That Cloddipole shall give the prize to me.

Lob. Clout. See this tobacco pouch that 's lin'd with [hair,
Made of the skin of sleekest fallow-deer;
This pouch, that 's ty'd with tape of reddest hue,
I 'll wager, that the prize shall be my due.

Cud. Begin thy carols, then, thou vaunting slouch,
Be thine the oaken staff, or mine the pouch.

Lob. Clout. My Blouzelinda is the blithest lass,
Than primrose sweeter, or the clover-grass,
Fair is the king-cup that in meadow blows,
Fair is the daisie that beside her grows;
Fair is the gilliflow'r, of gardens sweet,
Fair is the mary-gold, for pottage meet;
But Blouzelind's than gilliflow'r more fair,
Than daisie, mary-gold, or king-cup rare.

Cud. My brown Buxoma is the featest maid
That e'er at wake delightsome gambol play'd;
Clean as young lambkins or the goose's down,
And like the goldfinch in her Sunday gown.
The witless lamb may sport upon the plain,
The frisking kid delight the gaping swain,
The wanton calf may skip with many a bound,
And my cur Tray play deftest feats around;

But neither lamb, nor kid, nor calf, nor Tray,
Dance like Buxoma on the first of May.

Lob. Clout. Sweet is my toil when Blouzelind is near,
Of her bereft, 't is winter all the year.
With her no sultry summer's heat I know;
In winter, when she 's nigh, with love I glow.
Come, Blouzelinda! ease thy swain's desire,
My summer's shadow, and my winter's fire!

Cud. As with Buxoma once I work'd at hay,
Ev'n noon-tide labour seem'd an holiday;
And holidays, if happily she were gone,
Like worky-days I wish'd would soon be done.
Eftsoons, O sweetheart kind! my love repay,
And all the year shall then be holiday.

Lob. Clout. As Blouzelinda in a gamesome mood,
Behind a haycock loudly laughing stood,
I slyly ran, and snatch'd a hasty kiss,
She wip'd her lips, nor took it much amiss.
Believe me, Cuddy, while I 'm bold to say,
Her breath was sweeter than the ripen'd hay.

Cud. As my Buxoma, in a morning fair,
With gentle finger strok'd her milky care,
I quaintly stole a kiss; at first, 't is true,
She frown'd, yet after granted one or two.
Lobbin, I swear, believe who will my vows,
Her breath by far excell'd the breathing cow's.

Lob. Clout. Leek to the Welch, to Dutchmen butter's dear,
Of Irish swains potatoe is the cheer;
Oats for their feasts the Scottish shepherds grind,
Sweet turnips are the food of Blouzelind:
While she loves turnips, butter I 'll despise,
Nor leeks, nor oatmeal, nor potatoe prize.

Cud. In good roast beef my landlord sticks his knife,
The capon fat delights his dainty wife;
Pudding our parson eats, the squire loves hare,
But white-pot thick is my Buxoma's fare.
While she loves white-pot, capon ne'er shall be,
Nor hare, nor beef, nor pudding, food for me.

Lob.Clout. As once I play'd at Blindman's-buff, it hapt
About my eyes the towel thick was wrapt:
I miss'd the swains, and seiz'd on Blouzelind.
True speaks the ancient proverb, "Love is blind."
Cud. As at Hot-cockels once I laid me down,
And felt the weighty hand of many a clown,
Buxoma gave a gentle tap, and I
Quick rose, and read soft mischief in her eye.
Lob.Clout. On two near elms the slacken'd cord I hung;
Now high, now low, my Blouzelinda swung.
With the rude wind her rumpled garment rose,
And show'd her taper leg and scarlet hose.
Cud. Across the fallen oak the plank I laid,
And myself pois'd against the tott'ring maid:
High leapt the plank; adown Buxoma fell;
I spy'd—but faithful sweathearts never tell.
Lob.Clout. This riddle, Cuddy, if thou canst, explain,
This wily riddle puzzles every swain;
What flower is that which bears the Virgin's name*,
The richest metal joined with the same?
Cud. Answer, thou carle, and judge this riddle right,
I 'll frankly own thee for a cunning wight;
What flower is that which royal honour craves,
Adjoin the Virgin †, and 't is strown on graves?
Clodd'pole. Forbear, contending louts, give o'er your strains;
An oaken staff each merits for his pains.
But see the sun-beams bright to labour warn,
And gild the thatch of Goodman Hodges' barn.
Your herds for want of water stand adry,
They 're weary of your songs——and so am I.

* Marygold. † Rosemary.

TUESDAY:

or,

THE DITTY.

Marian.

Young Colin Clout, a lad of peerless meed,
Full well could dance, and deftly tune the reed;
In ev'ry wood his carols sweet were known,
At ev'ry wake his nimble feats were shown.
When in the ring the rustic routs he threw,
The damsels' pleasures with his conquests grew;
Or when aslant the cudgel threats his head,
His danger smites the breast of ev'ry maid,
But chief of Marian. Marian lov'd the swain,
The parson's maid, and neatest of the plain.
Marian, that soft could stroke the udder'd cow,
Or lessen with her sieve the barley-mow:
Marbled with sage the hard'ning cheese she press'd,
And yellow butter Marian's skill confess'd;
But Marian now, devoid of country cares,
Nor yellow butter nor sage-cheese prepares;
For yearning love the witless maid employs,
And love, say swains, all busy heed destroys.
Colin makes mock at all her piteous smart,
A lass that Cic'ly hight had won his heart,
Cic'ly, the western lass, that tends the kee,
The rival of the parson's maid was she,
In dreary shade now Marian lies along,
And mixt with sighs thus wails in plaining song:
Ah! woful day! ah woful noon and morn!
When first by thee my younglings white were shorn;

Then first, I ween, I cast a lover's eye,
My sheep were silly, but more silly I.
Beneath the shears they felt no lasting smart;
They lost but fleeces, while I lost a heart.
Ah! Colin! canst thou leave thy sweetheart true;
What I have done for thee will Cic'ly do?
Will she thy linen wash or hosen darn,
And knit thee gloves made of her own spun yarn?
Will she with housewife's hand provide thy meat,
And ev'ry Sunday morn thy neckcloth plait?
Which o'er thy kersey doublet spreading wide,
In service-time drew Cic'ly's eyes aside.
Where'er I gad I cannot hide my care,
My new disasters in my look appear.
White as the curd my ruddy cheek is grown,
So thin my features that I 'm hardly known;
Our neighbours tell me oft', in joking talk,
Of ashes, leather, oatmeal, bran, and chalk;
Unwittingly of Marian they divine,
And wist not that with thoughtful love I pine:
Yet Colin Clout, untoward shepherd swain,
Walks whistling blithe, while pitiful I plain.
Whilom with thee 't was Marian's dear delight
To moil all day, and merry-make at night.
If in the soil you guide the crooked share,
Your early breakfast is my constant care;
And when with even hand you strow the grain,
I fright the thievish rooks from off the plain.
In misling days when I my thresher heard,
With nappy beer I to the barn repair'd;
Lost in the music of the whirling flail,
To gaze on thee I left the smoking pail:
In harvest, when the sun was mounted high,
My leathern bottle did thy drought supply;
Whene'er you mow'd I follow'd with the rake,
And have full oft' been sun-burnt for thy sake;
When in the welkin gathering show'rs were seen,
I lagg'd the last with Colin on the green;

And when at eve returning with thy carr,
Awaiting heard the gingling bells from far;
Straight on the fire the sooty pot I plac'd,
To warm thy broth I burnt my hands for haste.
When hungry thou stood staring, like an oaf,
I slic'd the luncheon from the barley loaf,
With crumbled bread I thicken'd well thy mess.
Ah! love me more, or love thy pottage less!

Last Friday's eve, when as the sun was set,
I, near yon' stile, three sallow gypsies met:
Upon my hand they cast a poring look,
Bid me beware, and thrice their heads they shook;
They said that many crosses I must prove,
Some in my worldly gain, but most in love.
Next morn I miss'd three hens and our old cock,
And off the hedge two pinners and a smock.
I bore these losses with a Christian mind,
And no mishaps could feel whilst thou wert kind:
But since, alas! I grew my Colin's scorn,
I 've known no pleasure night, or noon, or morn.
Help me, ye gypsies! bring him home again,
And to a constant lass give back her swain.

Have not I sate with thee full many a night,
When dying embers were our only light,
When ev'ry creature did in slumbers lie,
Besides our cat, my Colin Clout, and I?
No troublous thoughts the cat or Colin move,
While I alone am kept awake by love.

Remember, Colin, when at last year's wake
I bought the costly present for thy sake,
Couldst thou spell o'er the poesie on thy knife,
And with another change thy state of life?
If thou forgett'st, I wot, I can repeat,
My memory can tell the verse so sweet.
As this is grav'd upon this knife of thine,
So is thy image on this heart of mine.
But woe is me! such presents luckless prove,
For knives, they tell me, always sever love.

WEDNESDAY:

or,

THE DUMPS.

Sparabellá.

The wailings of a maiden I recite,
A maiden fair, that Sparabella hight.
Such strains ne'er warble in the linnet's throat,
Nor the gay goldfinch chaunts so sweet a note.
No magpye chatter'd, nor the painted jay,
No ox was heard to low, nor ass to bray;
No rustling breezes play'd the leaves among,
While thus her madrigal the damsel sung.

A while, O D'Urfey! lend an ear or twain,
Nor, tho' in homely guise, my verse disdain;
Whether thou seek'st new kingdoms in the sun,
Whether thy Muse does at Newmarket run,
Or does with gossips at a feast regale,
And heighten her conceits with sack and ale,
Or else at wakes with Joan and Hodge rejoice,
Where D'Urfey's lyrics swell in ev'ry voice;
Yet suffer me, thou bard of wond'rous meed,
Amid thy bays to weave this rural weed.

Now the sun drove adown the western road,
And oxen laid at rest forget the goad;
The clown fatigu'd trudg'd homeward with his spade,
Across the meadows stretch'd the lengthen'd shade;
When Sparabella, pensive and forlorn,
Alike with yearning love and labour worn,
Lean'd on her rake, and straight with doleful guise
Did this sad plaint in moanful notes devise.

Come night as dark as pitch, surround my head,
From Sparabella Bumkinet is fled;
The ribbon that his val'rous cudgel won,
Last Sunday happier Clumsilis put on:
Sure if he had eyes (but Love they say has none),
I whilom by that ribbon had been known.
Ah! well-a-day! I 'm shent with baneful smart,
For with the ribbon he bestow'd his heart.
My plaint, ye Lasses! with this burthen aid,
'T is hard so true a damsel dies a maid.

Shall heavy Clumsilis with me compare?
View this, ye Lovers! and like me despair.
Her blubber'd lip by smutty pipes is worn,
And in her breath tobacco whiffs are borne;
The cleanly cheese-press she could never turn,
Her awkward fist did ne'er employ the churn;
If e'er she brew'd, the drink would strait go sour,
Before it ever felt the thunder's pow'r:
No huswifery the dowdy creature knew;
To sum up all, her tongue confess'd the shrew.
My plaint, ye Lasses! with this burthen aid,
'T is hard so true a damsel dies a maid.

I 've often seen my visage in yon' lake,
Nor are my features of the homeliest make.
Tho' Clumsilis may boast a whiter dye,
Yet the black sloe turns in my rolling eye;
And fairest blossoms drop with every blast,
But the brown beauty will like hollies last.
Her wan complexion 's like the wither'd leek,
While Katherine pears adorn my ruddy cheek.
Yet she, alas! the witless lout hath won,
And by her gain poor Sparabell's undone!
Let hares and hounds in coupling straps unite,
The clucking hen make friendship with the kite;
Let the fox simply wear the nuptial noose,
And join in wedlock with the waddling goose,
For Love hath brought a stranger thing to pass,
The fairest shepherd weds the foulest lass.

My plaint, ye Lasses! with this burthen aid,
'T is hard so true a damsel dies a maid.
Sooner shall cats disport in waters clear,
And speckled mackerels graze the meadows fair;
Sooner shall screech-owls bask in sunny day,
And the slow ass on trees, like squirrels, play;
Sooner shall snails on insect pinions rove,
Than I forget my shepherd's wonted love.
My plaint, ye Lasses! with this burthen aid,
'T is hard so true a damsel dies a maid.
Ah! didst thou know what proffers I withstood,
When late I met the 'Squire in yonder wood!
To me he sped, regardless of his game,
While all my cheek was glowing red with shame;
My lip he kiss'd and prais'd my healthful look,
Then from a purse of silk a guinea took;
Into my hand he forc'd the tempting gold,
While I with modest struggling broke his hold.
He swore that Dick in liv'ry strip'd with lace,
Should wed me soon to keep me from disgrace;
But I nor footman priz'd nor golden fee,
For what is lace or gold compar'd to thee?
My plaint, ye Lasses! with this burthen aid,
'T is hard so true a damsel dies a maid.
Now plain I ken whence love his rise begun;
Sure he was born some bloody butcher's son,
Bred up in shambles, where our younglings slain,
Erst taught him mischief and to sport with pain.
The father only silly sheep annoys,
The son the sillier shepherdess destroys.
Does son or father greater mischief do?
The sire is cruel, so the son is too.
My plaint, ye Lasses! with this burthen aid,
'T is hard so true a damsel dies a maid.
Farewell, ye Woods! ye Meads! ye Streams! that flow;
A sudden death shall rid me of my wo.
This penknife keen my windpipe shall divide.
What shall I fall as squeaking pigs have dy'd!

No—To some tree this carcase I 'll suspend:
But worrying curs find such untimely end!
I 'll speed me to the pond, where the high stool
On the long plank hangs o'er the muddy pool,
That stool, the dread of ev'ry scolding quean;
Yet sure a lover should not die so mean!
There plac'd aloft, I 'll rave and rail by fits,
Tho' all the parish say I 've lost my wits;
And thence, if courage holds, myself I 'll throw,
And quench my passion in the lake below.
Ye Lasses! cease you burthen, cease to moan,
And, by my case forewarn'd, go mind your own.
The sun was set; the night came on apace,
And falling dews bewet around the place,
The bat takes airy rounds on leathern wings,
And the hoarse owl his woful dirges sings;
The prudent maiden deems it now too late,
And till to-morrow comes defers her fate.

THURSDAY:

or,

THE SPELL.

Hobnelia.

Hobnelia, seated in a dreary vale,
In pensive mood rehears'd her piteous tale,
Her piteous tale the winds in sighs bemoan,
And pining echo answers groan for groan.
I rue the day, a rueful day I trow,
The woful day, a day indeed of woe!
When Lubberkin to town his cattle drove,
A maiden fine bedight he hapt to love;
The maiden fine bedight his love retains,
And for the village he forsakes the plains.
Return, my Lubberkin! these ditties hear,
Spells will I try, and spells shall ease my care.
With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.
When first the year I heard the cuckoo sing,
And call with welcome note the budding spring,
I straightway set a running with such haste,
Deb'rah that won the smock scarce ran so fast;
Till spent for lack of breath, quite weary grown,
Upon a rising bank I sat adown,
Then doff'd my shoe, and, by my troth, I swear,
Therein I spy'd this yellow frizzled hair,
As like to Lubberkin's in curl and hue,
As if upon his comely pate it grew.
With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.

At eve last Midsummer no sleep I sought,
But to the field a bag of hemp-seed brought;
I scatter'd round the seed on every side,
And three times in a trembling accent cry'd,
This hemp-seed with my virgin hand I sow,
Who shall my true-love be the crop shall mow.
I straight look'd back, and if my eyes speak truth,
With his keen scythe behind me came the youth.
With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.

Last Valentine, the day when birds of kind
Their paramours with mutual chirpings find,
I rearly rose, just at the break of day,
Before the sun had chas'd the stars away;
A-field I went, amid the morning dew,
To milk my kine (for so should huswives do)
Thee first I spy'd; and the first swain we see,
In spite of fortune, shall our true-love be.
See, Lubberkin! each bird his partner take,
And canst thou then thy sweetheart dear forsake?
With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.

Last May-day fair I search'd to find a snail,
That might my secret lover's name reveal;
Upon a gooseberry-bush a snail I found,
For always snails near sweetest fruit abound.
I seiz'd the vermine, home I quickly sped,
And on the hearth the milk-white embers spread:
Slow crawl'd the snail, and if I right can spell,
In the soft ashes mark'd a curious *L:*
Oh! may this wondrous omen lucky prove!
For *L* is found in Lubberkin and Love.
With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.

Two hazel-nuts I threw into the flame,
And to each nut I gave a sweetheart's name:
This with the loudest bounce me sore amaz'd,
That in a flame of brightest colour blaz'd.

As blaz'd the nut so may thy passion grow,
For 't was thy nut that did so brightly glow.
With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.
As peasecods once I pluck'd, I chanc'd to see
One that was closely fill'd with three times three,
Which when I cropp'd, I safely home convey'd,
And o'er the door the spell in secret laid;
My wheel I turn'd, and sung a ballad new,
While from the spindle I the fleeces drew;
The latch mov'd up, when who should first come in,
But, in his proper person,—Lubberkin.
I broke my yarn, surpris'd the sight to see,
Sure sign that he would break his word with me.
Eftsoons I join'd it with my wonted slight;
So may again his love with mine unite!
With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.
This lady-fly I take from off the grass,
Whose spotted back might scarlet red surpass.
Fly, lady-bird, north, south, or east, or west,
Fly where the man is found that I love best.
He leaves my hand; see to the west he 's flown,
To call my true-love from the faithless town.
With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.
This mellow pippin which I pare around,
My shepherd's name shall flourish on the ground:
I fling th' unbroken paring o'er my head,
Upon the grass a perfect *L* is read;
Yet on my heart a fairer *L* is seen
Than what the paring marks upon the green.
With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.
This pippin shall another trial make;
See from the core two kernels brown I take;
This on my cheek for Lubberkin is worn,
And Boobyclod on t' other side is borne:

But Boobyclod soon drops upon the ground,
A certain token that his love's unsound,
While Lubberkin sticks firmly to the last;
Oh! were his lips to mine but join'd so fast!
With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.

As Lubberkin once slept beneath a tree,
I twitch'd his dangling garter from his knee;
He wist not when the hempen string I drew;
Now mine I quickly doff of inkle blue;
Together fast I tye the garters twain,
And while I knit the knot repeat this strain;
Three times a true-love's knot I tie secure,
Firm be the knot, firm may his love endure!
With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.

As I was wont, I trudg'd last market-day
To town, with new-laid eggs preserv'd in hay;
I made my market long before 't was night,
My purse grew heavy, and my basket light.
Straight to the 'pothecary's shop I went,
And in love-powder all my money spent;
Behap what will, next Sunday after prayers,
When to the alehouse Lubberkin repairs,
These golden flies into his mug I 'll throw,
And soon the swain with fervent love shall glow.
With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.

But hold—our Lightfoot barks, and cocks his ears,
O'er yonder stile see Lubberkin appears.
He comes! he comes! Hobnelia 's not bewray'd,
Nor shall she, crown'd with willow, die a maid.
He vows, he swears, he 'll give me a green gown;
Oh dear! I fall adown, adown, adown!

FRIDAY:

or,

THE DIRGE.

Bumkinet.

Why, Grubbinol, dost thou so wistful seem?
There 's sorrow in thy look, if right I deem.
'T is true, yon' oaks with yellow tops appear,
And chilly blasts begin to nip the year.
From the tall elm a shower of leaves is borne,
And their lost beauty riven beeches mourn;
Yet even this season pleasance blithe affords;
Now the squeez'd press foams with our apple hoards.
Come, let us hie, and quaff a cheery bowl,
Let cyder new wash sorrow from thy soul.

Grub. Ah! Bumkinet! since thou from hence wert [gone,
From these sad plains all merriment is flown;
Should I reveal my grief, 't would spoil thy cheer,
And make thine eye o'erflow with many a tear.

Bumk. Hang sorrow! let 's to yonder hut repair,
And with trim sonnets cast away our care.
Gillian of Croydon well thy pipe can play,
Thou sing'st most sweet "O'er hills and far away."
Of Patient Grissel I devise to sing,
And catches quaint shall make the vallies ring.
Come, Grubbinol! beneath this shelter come,
From hence we view our flocks securely roam.

Grub. Yes, blithesome lad, a tale I mean to sing,
But with my woe shall distant vallies ring;
The tale shall make our kidlings droop their head,
For woe is me!—our Blouzelind is dead.

Bumk. Is Blouzelinda dead? farewell, my glee!
No happiness is now reserv'd for me.
As the wood pigeon coos without his mate,
So shall my doleful dirge bewail her fate.
Of Blouzelinda fair I mean to tell,
The peerless maid that did all maids excel.
Henceforth the morn shall dewy sorrow shed,
And ev'ning tears upon the grass be spread;
The rolling streams with wat'ry grief shall flow,
And winds shall moan aloud—when loud they blow.
Henceforth, as oft' as autumn shall return,
The dropping trees, whene'er it rains, shall mourn:
This season quite shall strip the country's pride,
For 't was in autumn Blouzelinda dy'd.
Where'er I gad, I Blouzelind shall view,
Woods, dairy, barn, and mows, our passion knew.
When I direct my eyes to yonder wood,
Fresh rising sorrow curdles in my blood.
Thither I 've often been the damsel's guide,
When rotten sticks our fuel have supply'd;
There I remember how her faggots large
Were frequently these happy shoulders' charge.
Sometimes this crook drew hazel boughs adown,
And stuff'd her apron wide with nuts so brown;
Or when her feeding hogs had miss'd their way,
Or wallowing 'mid a feast of acorns lay,
Th' untoward creatures to the stye I drove,
And whistled all the way—or told my love.
If by the dairy's hatch I chance to hie,
I shall her goodly countenance espy,
For there her goodly countenance I 've seen,
Set off with kerchief starch'd and pinners clean.
Sometimes, like wax, she rolls the butter round,
Or with the wooden lily prints the pound.
Whilom I 've seen her skim the clouded cream,
And press from spongy curds the milky stream.
But now, alas! these ears shall hear no more
The whining swine surround the dairy door:

No more her care shall fill the hollow tray,
To fat the guzzling hogs with floods of whey.
Lament, ye swine! in grunting spend your grief,
For you, like me, have lost your sole relief.
When in the barn the sounding flail I ply,
Where from her sieve the chaff was wont to fly,
The poultry there will seem around to stand,
Waiting upon her charitable hand:
No succour meet the poultry now can find,
For they, like me, have lost their Blouzelind.
Whenever by yon' barley-mow I pass,
Before my eyes will trip the tidy lass.
I pitch the sheaves (oh! could I do so now)
Which she in rows pil'd on the growing mow.
There every deale my heart by love was gain'd,
There the sweet kiss my courtship has explain'd:
Ah! Blouzelind! that mow I ne'er shall see,
But thy memorial will revive in me.
Lament, ye fields! and rueful symptoms show,
Henceforth let not the smelling primrose grow;
Let weeds intsead of butter-flowers appear,
And meads instead of daisies hemlock bear;
For cowslips sweet let dandelions spread,
For Blouzelinda, blithesome maid! is dead.
Lament, ye swains! and o'er her grave bemoan,
And spell ye right this verse upon her stone;
"Here Blouzelinda lies—alas, alas!
"Weep shepherds!—and remember flesh is grass."
Grub. Albeit thy songs are sweeter to mine ear
Than to the thirsty cattle rivers clear,
Or winter porridge to the lab'ring youth,
Or buns and sugar to the damsel's tooth;
Yet Blouzelinda's name shall tune my lay;
Of her I 'll sing for ever and for aye.
When Blouzelind expir'd, the wether's bell
Before the drooping flock toll'd forth her knell;
The solemn death-watch click'd the hour she dy'd,
And shrilling crickets in the chimney cry'd;

The boding raven on her cottage sate,
And with hoarse croaking warn'd us of her fate;
The lambkin, which her wonted tendence bred,
Dropp'd on the plains that fatal instant dead;
Swarm'd on a rotten stick the bees I spy'd,
Which erst I saw when Goody Dobson dy'd.
How shall I, void of tears, her death relate?
While on her darling's bed her mother sate,
These words the dying Blouzelinda spoke,
And of the dead let none the will revoke:
Mother, quoth she, let not the poultry need,
And give the goose wherewith to raise her breed;
Be these my sister's care—and ev'ry morn
Amid the ducklings let her scatter corn;
The sickly calf that's hous'd, be sure to tend,
Feed him with milk, and from bleak colds defend.
Yet, ere I die—see, mother, yonder shelf,
There secretly I 've hid my worldly pelf.
Twenty good shillings in a rag I laid,
Be ten the parson's for my sermon paid:
The rest is your's—my spinning-wheel and rake
Let Susan keep for her dear sister's sake;
My new straw hat, that 's trimly lin'd with green,
Let Peggy wear, for she 's a damsel clean:
My leathern bottle, long in harvests try'd,
Be Grubbinol's—this silver ring beside:
Three silver pennies and a nine-pence bent,
A token kind, to Bumkinet be sent.
Thus spoke the maiden, while the mother cry'd,
And peaceful, like the harmless lamb, she dy'd.
To show their love, the neighbours far and near
Follow'd, with wistful look, the damsel's bier.
Sprigg'd rosemary the lads and lasses bore,
While dismally the parson walk'd before.
Upon her grave the rosemary they threw,
The daisy, butter-flow'r, and endive blue.
After the good man warn'd us from his text,
That none could tell whose turn would be the next,

He said that Heaven would take her soul, no doubt,
And spoke the hour-glass in her praise—quite out.
To her sweet mem'ry flow'ry garlands strung,
O'er her now empty seat aloft were hung;
With wicker rods we fenc'd her tomb around,
To ward from man and beast the hallow'd ground,
Lest her new grave the parson's cattle raze,
For both his horse and cow the church-yard graze.
Now we trudg'd homeward to her mother's farm,
To drink new cyder mull'd, with ginger warm;
For Gaffer Treadwell told us by the bye,
Excessive sorrow is exceeding dry.
While bulls bear horns upon their curled brow,
Or lasses with soft stroaking milk the cow;
While paddling ducks the standing lake desire,
Or batt'ning hogs roll in the sinking mire;
While moles the crumbled earth in hillocks raise,
So long shall swains tell Blouzelinda's praise.
Thus wail'd the louts in melancholy strain,
Till bonny Susan sped across the plain:
They seiz'd the lass, in apron clean array'd,
And to the alehouse forc'd the willing maid.
In ale and kisses they forget their cares,
And Susan Blouzelinda's loss repairs.

SATURDAY:

or,

THE FLIGHTS.

Bowzybeus.

Sublimer strains, O rustic muse! prepare;
Forget a-while the barn and dairy's care;
Thy homely voice to loftier numbers raise,
The drunkard's flights require sonorous lays;
With Bowzybeus' songs exalt thy verse,
While rocks and woods the various notes rehearse.
'T was in the season when the reapers' toil
Of the ripe harvest 'gan to rid the soil;
Wide thro' the field was seen a goodly rout,
Clean damsels bound the gather'd sheaves about;
The lads with sharpen'd hook and sweating brow
Cut down the labours of the winter-plough.
To the near hedge young Susan steps aside,
She feign'd her coat or garter was unty'd;
Whate'er she did, she stoop'd adown unseen,
And merry reapers what they list will ween.
Soon she rose up, and cry'd with voice so shrill,
That echo answer'd from the distant hill;
The youths and damsels ran to Susan's aid,
Who thought some adder had the lass dismay'd.
When fast asleep they Bowzybeus spy'd,
His hat and oaken staff lay close beside;
That Bowzybeus who could sweetly sing,
Or with the rosin'd bow torment the string;
That Bowzybeus who with fingers' speed
Could call soft warblings from the breathing reed;

That Bowzybeus who with jocund tongue,
Ballads, and roundelays, and catches sung.
They loudly laugh to see the damsel's fright,
And in disport surround the drunken wight.
Ah! Bowzybee, why didst thou stay so long?
The mugs were large, the drink was wondrous strong!
Thou shouldst have left the fair before 't was night,
But thou sat'st toping till the morning light.
Cic'ly, brisk maid, steps forth before the rout,
And kiss'd, with smacking lip, the snoaring lout;
For custom says, whoe'er this venture proves,
For such a kiss demands a pair of gloves.
By her example Dorcas bolder grows,
And plays a tickling straw within his nose.
He rubs his nostril, and in wonted joke
The sneering swains with stammering speech bespoke.
To you, my lads, I 'll sing my carols o'er;
As for the maids—I 've something else in store.
No sooner 'gan he raise his tuneful song,
But lads and lasses round about him throng.
Not ballad-singer plac'd above the crowd
Sings with a note so shrilling sweet and loud;
Nor parish-clerk who calls the psalm so clear,
Like Bowzybeus sooths th' attentive ear.
Of nature's laws his carols first began,
Why the grave owl can never face the sun;
For owls, as swains observe, detest the light,
And only sing and seek their prey by night:
How turnips hide their swelling heads below,
And how the closing coleworts upward grow;
How Will-a-wisp misleads night-faring clowns
O'er hills, and sinking bogs, and pathless downs:
Of stars he told, that shoot with shining trail,
And of the glow-worm's light that gilds his tail:
He sung where woodcocks in the summer feed,
And in what climates they renew their breed:
Some think to northern coasts their flight they tend,
Or to the moon in midnight hours ascend:

Where swallows in the winter's season keep,
And how the drowsy bat and dormouse sleep:
How nature does the puppy's eyelid close,
Till the bright sun has nine times set and rose:
For huntsmen, by their long experience, find,
That puppies still nine rolling suns are blind.
Now he goes on, and sings of fairs and shows,
For still new fairs before his eyes arose:
How pedlars' stalls with glittering toys are laid,
The various fairings of the country maid:
Long silken laces hang upon the twine,
And rows of pins and amber bracelets shine:
How the tight lass, knives, combs, and scissars spies,
And looks on thimbles with desiring eyes:
Of lott'ries next with tuneful note he told,
Where silver spoons are won and rings of gold:
The lads and lasses trudge the street along,
And all the fair is crowded in his song:
The mountebank now treads the stage, and sells
His pills, his balsams, and his ague-spells;
Now o'er and o'er the nimble tumbler springs,
And on the rope the vent'rous maiden swings;
Jack-Pudding, in his party-colour'd jacket,
Tosses the glove, and jokes at every packet:
Of raree-shows he sung, and Punch's feats,
Of pockets pick'd in crowds, and various cheats.
Then sad he sung The Children in the Wood;
Ah! barb'rous uncle, stain'd with infant blood!
How blackberries they pluck'd in desarts wild,
And fearless at the glitt'ring faulchion smil'd:
Their little corpse the robin-red-breasts found,
And strow'd with pious bill the leaves around.
Ah! gentle-birds! if this verse lasts so long,
Your names shall live for ever in my song.
For buxom Joan he sung the doubtful strife,
How the sly sailor made the maid a wife.
To louder strains he rais'd his voice, to tell
What woful wars in Chevy-chace befell,

When Piercy drove the deer with hound and horn,
Wars to be wept by children yet unborn!
Ah! With'rington! more years thy life had crown'd,
If thou hadst never heard the horn or hound!
Yet shall the Squire who fought on bloody stumps,
By future bards be wail'd in doleful dumps.
All in the land of Essex next he chaunts,
How to sleek mares starch Quakers turn gallants;
How the grave brother stood on bank so green;
Happy for him if mares had never been!
Then he was seiz'd with a religious qualm,
And on a sudden sung the hundredth psalm.
He sung of Taffey Welch, and Sawney Scot,
Lilly-bullero, and the Irish Trot.
Why should I tell of Bateman or of Shore,
Or Wantley's dragon slain by valiant Moore;
The bower of Rosamond, or Robin Hood,
And how the grass now grows where Troy town stood?
His carols ceas'd; the list'ning maids and swains
Seem still to hear some soft imperfect strains.
Sudden he rose, and as he reels along,
Swears kisses sweet should well reward his song.
The damsels laughing fly; the giddy clown
Again upon a wheatsheaf drops adown;
The pow'r that guards the drunk his sleep attends,
Till ruddy, like his face, the sun descends.

END OF THE SHEPHERD'S WEEK.

(15)

PASTORALS.

BY ALEXANDER POPE.

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BRITISH MUSEUM
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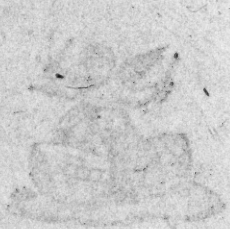

PASTORALS.

I.

SPRING: OR, DAMON.

TO SIR WILLLIAM TRUMBALL.

First in these fields I try the sylvan strains,
Nor blush to sport on Windsor's blissful plains:
Fair Thames! flow gently from thy sacred spring,
While on thy banks Sicilian muses sing;
Let vernal airs through trembling osiers play,
And Albion's cliffs resound the rural lay.
You, that too wise for pride, too good for pow'r,
Enjoy the glory to be great no more,
And carrying with you all the world can boast,
To all the world illustriously are lost!
O let my Muse her slender reed inspire,
Till in your native shades you tune the lyre:
So when the nightingale to rest removes,
The thrush may chant to the forsaken groves,
But charm'd to silence, listens while she sings,
And all th' aërial audience clap their wings.
Soon as the flocks shook off the nightly dews,
Two swains, whom love kept wakeful, and the muse,
Pour'd o'er the whitening vale their fleecy care,
Fresh as the morn, and as the season fair:
The dawn now blushing on the mountain's side,
Thus Daphnis spoke, and Strephon thus reply'd.
Daph. Hear how the birds on every blooming spray
With joyous music wake the dawning day!
Why sit we mute, when early linnets sing,
When warbling Philomel salutes the spring?

Why sit we sad, when Phosphor shines so slear,
And lavish Nature paints the purple year?
Streph. Sing then, and Damon shall attend the strain.
While yon' slow oxen turn'd the furrow'd plain.
Here the bright crocus and blue vi'let glow;
Here western winds on breathing roses blow.
I 'll stake yon' lamb, that near the fountain plays,
And from the brink his dancing shade surveys.
Daph. And I this bowl, where wanton ivy twines,
And swelling clusters bend the curling vines:
Four figures rising from the work appear,
The various seasons of the rolling year;
And what is that, which binds the radiant sky,
Where twelve fair signs in beauteous order ly?
Dam. Then sing by turns, by turns the Muses sing,
Now hawthorns blossom, now the daisies spring;
Now leaves the trees, and flow'rs adorn the ground;
Begin, the vales shall ev'ry note rebound.
Streph. Inspire me, Phœbus! in my Delia's praise,
With Waller's strains, or Granville's moving lays:
A milk-white bull shall at your altars stand,
That threats a fight, and spurns the rising sand.
Daph: O Love! for Sylvia let me gain the prize,
And make my tongue victorious as her eyes:
No lambs or sheep for victims I 'll impart,
Thy victim, Love, shall be the shepherd's heart.
Streph. Me gentle Delia beckons from the plain,
Then, hid in shades, eludes her eager swain;
But feigns a laugh, to see me search around,
And by that laugh the willing fair is found.
Daph. The sprightly Sylvia trips along the green;
She runs, but hopes she does not run unseen;
While a kind glance at her pursuer flies,
How much at variance are her feet and eyes!
Streph. O'er golden sands let rich Pactolus flow,
And trees weep amber on the banks of Po;
Blest Thames s shores the brightest beauties yield,
Feed here my lambs, I 'll seek no distant field.

Daph. Celestial Venus haunts Idalia's groves;
Diana Cynthus, Ceres Hybla loves:
If Windsor shades delights the matchless maid,
Cynthus and Hybla yield to Windsor shade.

Streph. All Nature mourns, the skies relent in show'rs,
Hush'd are the birds, and clos'd the drooping flow'rs;
If Delia smile the flow'rs begin to spring,
The skies to brighten, and the birds to sing.

Daph. All Nature laughs, the groves are fresh and fair,
The sun's mild lustre warms the vital air;
If Sylvia smiles, new glories gild the shore,
And vanquish'd Nature seems to charm no more.

Streph. In spring the fields, in autumn hills I love,
At morn the plains, at noon the shady grove,
But Delia always; absent from her sight,
Nor plains at morn, nor groves at noon delight.

Daph. Sylvia 's like autumn ripe, yet mild as May,
More bright than noon, yet fresh as early day:
E'en spring displeases, when she shines not here;
But bless'd with her, 't is spring throughout the year.

Streph. Say, Daphnis, say, in what glad soil appears,
A wond'rous tree, that sacred Monarchs bears?
Tell me but this, and I 'll disclaim the prize,
And give the conquest to thy Sylvia's eyes.

Daph. Nay, tell me first, in what more happy fields
The thistle springs, to which the lily yields:
And then a nobler prize I will resign;
For Sylvia, charming Sylvia, shall be thine.

Dam. Cease to contend; for, Daphnis, I decree
The bowl to Strephon, and the lamb to thee.
Blest swains, whose nymphs in ev'ry grace excel;
Blest nymphs, whose swains those graces sing so well!
Now rise, and haste to yonder woodbine bow'rs,
A soft retreat from sudden vernal show'rs;
The turf with rural dainties shall be crown'd,
While op'ning blooms diffuse their sweets around.
For see! the gathering flocks to shelter tend,
And from the Pleiads fruitful show'rs descend.

II.

SUMMER: OR, ALEXIS.

TO DR. GARTH.

A shepherd's boy (he seeks no better name)
Led forth his flocks along the silver Thame,
Where dancing sun-beams on the waters play'd,
And verdant alders form'd a quiv'ring shade.
Soft as he mourn'd, the streams forgot to flow,
The flocks around a dumb compassion show,
The Naïads wept in ev'ry wat'ry bow'r,
And Jove consented in a silent show'r.
Accept, O Garth, the Muse's early lays,
That adds this wreath of ivy to thy bays;
Hear what from love unpractis'd hearts endure,
From love, the sole disease thou canst not cure.
Ye shady Beeches, and ye cooling Streams,
Defence from Phœbus', not from Cupid's beams,
To you I mourn; nor to the deaf I sing,
The woods shall answer, and their echo ring.
The hills and rocks attend my doleful lay,
Why art thou prouder and more hard than they?
The bleating sheep with my complaints agree,
They parch'd with heat, and I inflam'd by thee.
The sultry Sirius burns the thirsty plains,
While in thy heart eternal Winter reigns.
Where stray, ye Muses! in what lawn or grove,
While your Alexis pines in hopeless love?
In those fair fields where sacred Isis glides,
Or else where Cam his winding vales divides?

As in the crystal spring I view my face,
Fresh rising blushes paint the wat'ry glass;
But since those graces please thy eyes no more,
I shun the fountains which I sought before.
Once I was skill'd in ev'ry herb that grew,
And ev'ry plant that drinks the morning dew;
Ah, wretched shepherd, what avails thy art,
To cure thy lambs, but not to heal thy heart!
Let other swains attend the rural care,
Feed fairer flocks, or richer fleeces sheer:
But nigh yon' mountain let me tune my lays,
Embrace my love, and bind my brows with bays.
That flute is mine which Colin's tuneful breath
Inspir'd when living, and bequeath'd in death:
He said, Alexis, take this pipe, the same
That taught the groves my Rosalinda's name:
But now the reeds shall hang on yonder tree,
For ever silent, since despis'd by thee.
Oh! were I made by some transforming power
The captive bird that sings within thy bow'r!
Then might my voice thy list'ning ears employ
And I those kisses he receives enjoy.
And yet my numbers please the rural throng,
Rough satyrs dance, and Pan applauds the song:
The nymphs, forsaking every cave and spring,
Their early fruit, and milk-white turtles bring!
Each am'rous nymph prefers her gifts in vain,
On you their gifts are all bestow'd again.
For you the swains the fairest flow'rs design,
And in one garland all their beauties join;
Accept the wreath which you deserve alone,
In whom all beauties are compriz'd in one.
See what delights in sylvan scenes appear!
Descending gods have found Elysium here.
In woods bright Venus with Adonis stray'd,
And chaste Diana haunts the forest-shade.
Come, lovely nymph, and bless the silent hours,
When swains from sheering seek their nightly bow'rs;

When weary reapers quit the sultry field,
And, crown'd with corn, their thanks to Ceres yield.
This harmless grove no lurking viper hides,
But in my breast the serpent Love abides.
Here bees from blossoms sip the rosy dew,
But your Alexis knows no sweets but you.
Oh deign to visit our forsaken seats,
The mossy fountains, and the green retreats!
Where'er you walk, cool gales shall fan the glade,
Trees, where you sit, shall croud into a shade:
Where'er you tread, the blushing flow'rs shall rise,
And all things flourish where you turn your eyes.
Oh! how I long with you to pass my days,
Invoke the Muses, and resound your praise!
Your praise the birds shall chant in ev'ry grove,
And winds shall waft it to the pow'rs above.
But would you sing, and rival Orpheus' strain,
The wond'ring forests soon should dance again,
The moving mountains hear the pow'rful call,
And headlong streams hang list'ning in their fall!
But see the shepherds shun the noon-day heat,
The lowing herds to murm'ring brooks retreat,
To closer shades the panting flocks remove;
Ye Gods! and is there no relief for love?
But soon the sun with milder rays descends
To the cool ocean, where his journey ends:
On me Love's fiercer flames for ever prey,
By night he scorches, as he burns by day.

III.

AUTUMN: OR, HYLAS AND ÆGON.

TO MR. WYCHERLEY.

Beneath the shade a spreading beech displays,
Hylas and Ægon sung their rural lays;
This mourn'd a faithless, that an absent love,
And Delia's name and Doris' fill'd the grove.
Ye Mantuan Nymphs, your sacred succour bring,
Hylas and Ægon's rural lays I sing.

Thou, whom the Nine, with Plautus' wit inspire,
The art of Terence, and Menander's fire;
Whose sense instructs us, and whose humour charms,
Whose judgment sways us, and whose spirit warms,
Oh, skill'd in Nature! see the hearts of swains,
Their artless passions, and their tender pains.

Now setting Phœbus shone serenely bright,
And fleecy clouds were streak'd with purple light;
When tuneful Hylas, with melodious moan,
Taught rocks to weep, and made the mountains groan.

Go, gentle Gales, and bear my sighs away!
To Delia's ear the tender notes convey.
As some sad turtle his lost love deplores,
And with deep murmurs fills the sounding shores;
Thus, far from Delia, to the winds I mourn,
Alike unheard, unpity'd, and forlorn.

Go, gentle Gales, and bear my sighs along!
For her, the feather'd quires neglect their song;
For her, the limes their pleasing shades deny;
For her, the lilies hang their heads and die.

Ye Flow'rs that droop, forsaken by the spring,
Ye Birds, that left by summer, cease to sing,
Ye Trees, that fade when autumn-heats remove,
Say, is not absence death to those who love?
Go, gentle Gales, and bear my sighs away!
Curs'd be the fields that cause my Delia's stay:
Fade ev'ry blossom, wither ev'ry tree,
Die ev'ry flow'r, and perish all but she.
What have I said? Where'er my Delia flies,
Let spring attend, and sudden flow'rs arise!
Let op'ning roses knotted oaks adorn,
And liquid amber drop from ev'ry thorn.
Go, gentle Gales, and bear my sighs along!
The birds shall cease to tune their ev'ning song,
The winds to breathe, the waving woods to move,
And streams to murmur, ere I cease to love.
Not bubbling fountains to the thirsty swain,
Not balmy sleep to lab'rers faint with pain,
Not show'rs to larks, or sunshine to the bee,
Are half so charming as thy sight to me.
Go, gentle Gales, and bear my sighs away!
Come, Delia, come; ah, why this long delay?
Through rocks and caves the name of Delia sounds,
Delia, each cave and echoing rock rebounds.
Ye Pow'rs, what pleasing frenzy soothes my mind!
Do lovers dream, or is my Delia kind?
She comes, my Delia comes!—Now cease my lay,
And cease, ye Gales, to bear my sighs away!
Next Ægon sung, while Windsor groves admir'd;
Rehearse, ye Muses, what yourselves inspir'd.
Resound, ye Hills, resound my mournful strain!
Of perjur'd Doris, dying I complain:
Here where the mountains, less'ning as they rise,
Lose the low vales, and steal into the skies:
While lab'ring oxen, spent with toil and heat,
In their loose traces from the field retreat;
While curling smoaks from village-tops are seen,
And the fleet shades glide o'er the dusky green.

Resound, ye Hills, resound my mournful lay!
Beneath yon' poplar oft' we pass'd the day:
Oft' on the rind I carv'd her am'rous vows,
While she with garlands hung the bending boughs:
The garlands fade, the vows are worn away;
So dies her love, and so my hopes decay.

Resound, ye Hills, resound my mournful strain!
Now bright Arcturus glads the teeming grain;
Now golden fruits on loaded branches shine,
And grateful clusters swell with floods of wine;
Now blushing berries paint the yellow grove:
Just Gods! shall all things yield returns but love?

Resound, ye Hills, resound my mournful lay!
The shepherds cry, "Thy flocks are left a prey."—
Ah! what avails it me the flocks to keep,
Who lost my heart while I preserv'd my sheep?
Pan came and ask'd, What magic caus'd my smart,
Or what ill eyes malignant glances dart?
What eyes but her's, alas, have pow'r to move!
And is there magic but what dwells in love!

Resound, ye Hills, resound my mournful strains!
I 'll fly from shepherds, flocks, and flow'ry plains;
From shepherds, flocks, and plains, I may remove,
Forsake mankind, and all the world,—but Love!
I know thee, Love! on foreign mountains bred,
Wolves gave thee suck, and savage tygers fed,
Thou wert from Ætna's burning entrails torn,
Got by fierce whirlwinds, and in thunder born!

Resound, ye Hills, resound my mournful lay!
Farewell, ye Woods, adieu the light of day!
One leap from yonder cliff shall end my pains,
No more, ye Hills, no more resound my strains!

Thus sung the shepherds till th' approach of night,
The skies yet blushing with departing light,
When falling dews with spangles deck'd the glade,
And the low sun had lengthen'd ev'ry shade.

IV.

WINTER: OR, DAPHNE.

TO THE MEMORY OF MRS. TEMPEST.

Lycidas.

Thyrsis! the music of that murm'ring spring
Is not so mournful as the strains you sing;
Nor rivers winding through the vales below,
So sweetly warble, or so smoothly flow.
Now sleeping flocks on their soft fleeces ly,
The moon, serene in glory, mounts the sky,
Whilst silent birds forget their tuneful lays,
Oh sing of Daphne's fate, and Daphne's praise!

Thyr. Behold the groves that shine with silver frost,
Their beauty wither'd, and their verdure lost.
Here shall I try the sweet Alexis' strain,
That call'd the list'ning Dryads to the plain?
Thames heard the numbers, as he flow'd along,
And bade his willows learn the moving song.

Lyc. So may kind rains their vital moisture yield,
And swell the future harvest of the field.
Begin; this charge the dying Daphne gave,
And said, "Ye shepherds, sing around my grave!"
Sing, while beside the shaded tomb I mourn,
And with fresh bays her rural shrine adorn.

Thyr. Ye gentle Muses, leave your crystal spring;
Let nymphs and sylvans cypress garlands bring:
Ye weeping Loves, the stream with myrtles hide,
And break your bows, as when Adonis dy'd;
And with your golden darts, now useless grown,
Inscribe a verse on this relenting stone:

" Let nature change, let heav'n and earth deplore,
" Fair Daphne 's dead, and love is now no more!"
'T is done; and Nature's various charms decay,
See gloomy clouds obscure the cheerful day!
Now hung with pearls the dropping trees appear,
Their faded honours scatter'd on her bier.
See, where on earth the flow'ry glories ly,
With her they flourish'd, and with her they die.
Ah! what avail the beauties Nature wore?
Fair Daphne 's dead, and beauty is no more!
For her the flocks refuse their verdant food,
The thirsty heifers shun the gliding flood,
The silver swans her hapless fate bemoan,
In notes more sad than when they sing their own;
In hollow caves sweet Echo silent lies,
Silent, or only to her name replies;
Her name with pleasure once she taught the shore,
Now Daphne 's dead, and pleasure is no more!
No grateful dews descend from ev'ning skies,
Nor morning odours from the flow'rs arise;
No rich perfumes refresh the fruitful field,
Nor fragrant herbs their native incense yield.
The balmy zephyrs, silent since her death,
Lament the ceasing of a sweeter breath;
Th' industrious bees neglect their golden store!
Fair Daphne's dead, and sweetness is no more!
No more the mounting larks, while Daphne sings,
Shall, list'ning in mid air, suspend their wings;
No more the birds shall imitate her lays,
Or, hush'd with wonder, hearken from the sprays:
No more the streams their murmurs shall forbear,
A sweeter music than their own to hear,
But tell the reeds, and tell the vocal shore,
Fair Daphne 's dead, and music is no more!
Her fate is whisper'd by the gentle breeze,
And told in sighs to all the trembling trees;
The trembling trees, in ev'ry plain and wood,
Her fate remurmur to the silver flood;

The silver flood, so lately calm, appears
Swell'd with new passion, and o'erflows with tears;
The winds, and trees, and floods, her death deplore,
Daphne, our grief, our glory now no more!
But see! where Daphne wond'ring mounts on high
Above the clouds, above the starry sky!
Eternal beauties grace the shining scene,
Fields ever fresh, and groves for ever green!
There while you rest in amaranthine bow'rs,
Or from those meads select unfading flow'rs,
Behold us kindly, who your name implore,
Daphne, our goddess, and our grief no more!

Lyc. How all things listen while thy Muse complains!
Such silence waits on Philomela's strains,
In some still ev'ning, when the whisp'ring breeze
Pants on the leaves, and dies upon the trees.
To thee, bright Goddess, oft' a lamb shall bleed,
If teeming ewes increase my fleecy breed.
While plants their shade, or flow'rs their odours give,
Thy name, thy honour, and thy praise shall live!

Thyr. But see, Orion sheds unwholsome dews;
Arise, the pines a noxious shade diffuse;
Sharp Boreas blows, and Nature feels decay,
Time conquers all, and we must Time obey.
Adieu, ye Vales, ye Mountains, Streams and Groves;
Adieu, ye Shepherds' rural Lays and Loves;
Adieu, my Flocks; farewell, ye Sylvan Crew;
Daphne, farewell; and all the World adieu!

END OF POPE'S PASTORALS.

(16)

ELOISA

to

ABELARD.

BY ALEXANDER POPE.

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BRITISH MUSEUM
15 61
JUL

ELOISA TO ABELARD.

In these deep solitudes and awful cells,
Where heav'nly-pensive Contemplation dwells,
And ever-musing Melancholy reigns,
What means this tumult in a Vestal's veins?
Why rove my thoughts beyond this last retreat?
Why feels my heart its long forgotten heat?
Yet, yet I love!—— From Abelard it came,
And Eloisa yet must kiss the name.
Dear fatal name! rest ever unreveal'd,
Nor pass these lips, in holy silence seal'd:
Hide it, my heart, within that close disguise,
Where mix'd with God's his lov'd idea lies:
Oh write it not, my hand——the name appears
Already written——wash it out, my tears!
In vain lost Eloisa weeps and prays,
Her heart still dictates, and her hand obeys.
Relentless walls! whose darksome round contains
Repentant sighs, and voluntary pains:
Ye rugged rocks! which holy knees have worn;
Ye grots and caverns! shagg'd with horrid thorn;
Shrines! where their vigils pale-ey'd virgins keep,
And pitying saints, whose statues learn to weep!
Tho' cold, like you, unmov'd and silent grown,
I have not yet forgot myself to stone.
All is not heav'n's while Abelard has part,
Still rebel nature holds out half my heart;

Nor pray'rs nor fasts its stubborn pulse restrain,
Nor tears, for ages taught to flow in vain.
Soon as thy letters trembling I unclose,
That well-known name awakens all my woes.
Oh name for ever sad! for ever dear!
Still breath'd in sighs, still usher'd with a tear.
I tremble too where'er my own I find;
Some dire misfortune follows close behind.
Line after line my gushing eyes o'erflow,
Led thro' a sad variety of woe:
Now warm in love, now with'ring in my bloom,
Lost in a convent's solitary gloom!
There stern religion quench'd th' unwilling flame;
There died the best of passions, Love and Fame.
Yet write, oh write me all, that I may join
Griefs to thy griefs, and echo sighs to thine.
Nor foes nor fortune take this pow'r away;
And is my Abelard less kind than they?
Tears still are mine, and those I need not spare,
Love but demands what else were shed in pray'r;
No happier task these faded eyes pursue;
To read and weep is all they now can do.
Then share thy pain, allow that sad relief;
Ah! more than share it! give me all thy grief.
Heav'n first taught letters for some wretch's aid,
Some banish'd lover, or some captive maid;
They live, they speak, they breathe what love inspires,
Warm from the soul, and faithful to its fires;
The virgin's wish without her fears impart,
Excuse the blush, and pour out all the heart,
Speed the soft intercourse from soul to soul,
And waft a sigh from Indus to the Pole.
Thou know'st how guiltless first I met thy flame,
When love approach'd me under friendship's name;
My fancy form'd thee of angelic kind,
Some emanation of th' all-beauteous mind.
Those smiling eyes, attemp'ring ev'ry ray,
Shone sweetly lambent with cœlestial day.

Guiltless I gaz'd; Heav'n listen'd while you sung;
And truths divine came mended from that tongue.
From lips like those what precept fail'd to move?
Too soon they taught me 't was no sin to love:
Back thro' the paths of pleasing sense I ran,
Nor wish'd an angel whom I lov'd a man.
Dim and remote the joys of saints I see;
Nor envy them that heav'n I lose for thee.

How oft', when press'd to marriage, have I said,
Curse on all laws but those which love has made!
Love, free as air, at sight of human ties,
Spreads his light wings, and in a moment flies.
Let wealth, let honour, wait the wedded dame,
August her deed, and sacred be her fame;
Before true passion all those views remove,
Fame, wealth, and honour! what are you to love?
The jealous god, when we profane his fires,
Those restless passions in revenge inspires,
And bids them make mistaken mortals groan,
Who seek in love for aught but love alone.
Should at my feet the world's great master fall,
Himself, his throne, his world, I 'd scorn 'em all:
Not Cæsar's empress would I deign to prove;
No, make me mistress to the man I love:
If there be yet another name, more free,
More fond than mistress, make me that to thee!
Oh happy state! when souls each other draw,
When love is liberty, and nature law;
All then is full, possessing and possess'd,
No craving void left aking in the breast;
Ev'n thought meets thought, ere from the lips it part,
And each warm wish springs mutual from the heart.
This sure is bliss (if bliss on earth there be),
And once the lot of Abelard and me.

Alas, how chang'd! what sudden horrors rise!
A naked lover bound and bleeding lies!
Where, where was Eloise? her voice, her hand,
Her poniard, had oppos'd the dire command.

Barbarian, stay! that bloody stroke restrain;
The crime was common, common be the pain.
I can no more; by shame, by rage suppress'd,
Let tears, and burning blushes speak the rest.
Canst thou forget that sad, that solemn day,
When victims at yon altar's foot we lay?
Canst thou forget what tears that moment fell,
When, warm in youth, I bade the world farewell?
As with cold lips I kiss'd the sacred veil,
The shrines all trembled, and the lamps grew pale;
Heav'n scarce believ'd the conquest it survey'd,
And saints with wonder heard the vows I made.
Yet then, to those dread altars as I drew,
Not on the cross my eyes were fix'd, but you:
Not grace, or zeal, love only was my call,
And if I lose thy love, I lose my all.
Come! with thy looks, thy words, relieve my woe;
Those still at least are left thee to bestow.
Still on that breast enamour'd let me lie,
Still drink delicious poison from thy eye,
Pant on thy lip, and to thy heart be press'd;
Give all thou canst——and let me dream the rest.
Ah no! instruct me other joys to prize,
With other beauties charm my partial eyes;
Full in my view set all the bright abode,
And make my soul quit Abelard for God.
Ah! think at least thy flock deserves thy care;
Plants of thy hand, and children of thy pray'r.
From the false world in early youth they fled,
By thee to mountains, wilds, and deserts led.
You rais'd these hallow'd walls; the desert smil'd,
And paradise was open'd in the wild.
No weeping orphan saw his father's stores
Our shrines irradiate, or emblaze the floors;
No silver saints, by dying misers given,
Here brib'd the rage of ill-requited heav'n:
But such plain roofs as piety could raise,
And only vocal with the Maker's praise.

In these lone walls (their day's eternal bound),
These moss-grown domes with spiry turrets crown'd,
Where awful arches make a noon-day night,
And the dim windows shed a solemn light;
Thy eyes diffus'd a reconciling ray,
And gleams of glory brighten'd all the day.
But now no face divine contentment wears,
'T is all blank sadness, or continual tears.
See how the force of others' pray'rs I try:
(Oh pious fraud of am'rous charity!)
But why should I on others' pray'rs depend?
Come thou, my father, brother, husband, friend!
Ah let thy handmaid, sister, daughter move,
And, all those tender names in one, thy love!
The darksome pines that o'er yon rocks reclin'd,
Wave high, and murmur to the hollow wind,
The wand'ring streams that shine between the hills,
The grots that echo to the tinkling rills,
The dying gales that pant upon the trees,
The lakes that quiver to the curling breeze;
No more these scenes my meditation aid,
Or lull to rest the visionary maid:
But o'er the twilight groves and dusky caves,
Long-sounding isles, and intermingled graves,
Black Melancholy sits, and round her throws
A death-like silence and a dread repose:
Her gloomy presence saddens all the scene,
Shades ev'ry flow'r, and darkens ev'ry green,
Deepens the murmur of the falling floods,
And breathes a browner horror on the woods.
Yet here for ever, ever must I stay;
Sad proof how well a lover can obey!
Death, only death, can break the lasting chain;
And here ev'n then shall my cold dust remain;
Here all its frailties, all its flames resign,
And wait, till 't is no sin to mix with thine.
Ah wretch! believ'd the spouse of God in vain,
Confess'd within the slave of love and man.

Assist me, Heav'n!—but whence arose that pray'r?
Sprung it from piety, or from despair?
Ev'n here where frozen chastity retires,
Love finds an altar for forbidden fires.
I ought to grieve, but cannot what I ought;
I mourn the lover, not lament the fault;
I view my crime, but kindle at the view,
Repent old pleasures, and solicit new:
Now turn'd to heav'n, I weep my past offence,
Now think of thee, and curse my innocence.
Of all affliction taught a lover yet,
'Tis sure the hardest science to forget!
How shall I lose the sin, yet keep the sense,
And love th' offender, yet detest th' offence?
How the dear object from the crime remove,
Or how distinguish penitence from love?
Unequal task! a passion to resign,
For hearts so touch'd, so pierc'd, so lost as mine.
Ere such a soul regains its peaceful state,
How often must it love, how often hate!
How often hope, despair, resent, regret,
Conceal, disdain,—do all things but forget!
But let heav'n seize it, all at once 't is fir'd;
Not touch'd, but rapt; not waken'd, but inspir'd!
Oh come! oh teach me nature to subdue,
Renounce my love, my life, myself—and you:
Fill my fond heart with God alone, for he
Alone can rival, can succeed to thee.

How happy is the blameless vestal's lot!
The world forgetting, by the world forgot:
Eternal sun-shine of the spotless mind!
Each pray'r accepted, and each wish resign'd;
Labour and rest, that equal periods keep;
"Obedient slumbers that can wake and weep;"
Desires compos'd, affections ever even;
Tears that delight, and sighs that waft to heav'n:
Grace shines around her with serenest beams,
And whisp'ring Angels prompt her golden dreams.

For her th' unfading rose of Eden blooms,
And wings of seraphs shed divine perfumes;
For her the Spouse prepares the bridal ring,
For her white virgins Hymenæals sing,
To sounds of heav'nly harps she dies away,
And melts in visions of eternal day.
Far other dreams my erring soul employ,
Far other raptures of unholy joy:
When at the close of each sad, sorrowing day,
Fancy restores what vengeance snatch'd away,
Then conscience sleeps, and leaving nature free,
All my loose soul unbounded springs to thee.
O curs'd dear horrors of all-conscious night!
How glowing guilt exalts the keen delight!
Provoking dæmons all restraint remove,
And stir within me ev'ry source of love.
I hear thee, view thee, gaze o'er all thy charms,
And round thy phantom glue my clasping arms.
I wake:——no more I hear, no more I view;
The phantom flies me, as unkind as you.
I call aloud; it hears not what I say:
I stretch my empty arms; it glides away.
To dream once more I close my willing eyes:
Ye soft illusions, dear deceits, arise!
Alas, no more!——methinks we wand'ring go
Thro' dreary wastes, and weep each other's woe,
Where round some mould'ring tow'r pale ivy creeps,
And low-brow'd rocks hang nodding o'er the deeps.
Sudden you mount, you beckon from the skies;
Clouds interpose, waves roar, and winds arise.
I shriek, start up, the same sad prospect find,
And wake to all the griefs I left behind.
For thee the fates, severely kind, ordain
A cool suspense from pleasure and from pain;
Thy life a long, dead calm of fix'd repose;
No pulse that riots, and no blood that glows.
Still as the sea, ere winds were taught to blow,
Or moving spirits bade the waters flow;

Soft as the slumbers of a saint forgiv'n,
And mild as op'ning gleams of promis'd heav'n.
Come, Abelard! for what hast thou to dread?
The torch of Venus burns not for the dead.
Nature stands check'd; Religion disapproves;
Ev'n thou art cold——yet Eloisa loves.
Ah hopeless, lasting flames! like those that burn
To light the dead, and warm th' unfruitful urn.
What scenes appear, where'er I turn my view!
The dear ideas where I fly, pursue,
Rise in the grove, before the altar rise,
Stain all my soul, and wanton in my eyes.
I waste the matin lamp in sighs for thee,
Thy image steals between my God and me.
Thy voice I seem in ev'ry hymn to hear,
With ev'ry bead I drop too soft a tear.
When from the censer clouds of fragrance roll,
And swelling organs lift the rising soul,
One thought of thee puts all the pomp to flight,
Priests, tapers, temples, swim before my sight:
In seas of flame my plunging soul is drown'd,
While altars blaze, and angels tremble round.
While prostrate here in humble grief I lie,
Kind, virtuous drops just gath'ring in my eye,
While praying, trembling, in the dust I roll,
And dawning grace is op'ning on my soul:
Come, if thou dar'st, all charming as thou art!
Oppose thyself to heav'n; dispute my heart:
Come, with one glance of those deluding eyes
Blot out each bright idea of the skies;
Take back that grace, those sorrows, and those tears;
Take back my fruitless penitence and pray'rs;
Snatch me, just mounting, from the blest abode;
Assist the fiends, and tear me from my God!
No, fly me, fly me; far as Pole from Pole!
Rise Alps between us! and whole oceans roll!
Ah, come not, write not, think not once of me,
Nor share one pang of all I felt for thee!

Thy oaths I quit, thy memory resign;
Forget, renounce me, hate whate'er was mine.
Fair eyes, and tempting looks, (which yet I view!)
Long lov'd, ador'd ideas, all adieu!
O grace serene! O virtue heav'nly fair!
Divine oblivion of low-thoughted care!
Fresh blooming hope, gay daughter of the sky!
And faith, our early immortality!
Enter each mild, each amicable guest;
Receive, and wrap me in eternal rest!

See in her cell sad Eloisa spread,
Propt on some tomb, a neighbour of the dead!
In each low wind methinks a spirit calls,
And more than echoes talk along the walls.
Here, as I watch'd the dying lamps around,
From yonder shrine I heard a hollow sound.
'Come, sister, come!' (it said, or seem'd to say)
'Thy place is here, sad sister, come away!
'Once like thyself, I trembled, wept, and pray'd,
'Love's victim then, though now a sainted maid:
'But all is calm in this eternal sleep;
'Here grief forgets to groan, and love to weep;
'Ev'n superstition loses every fear;
'For God, not man, absolves our frailties here.'

I come, I come! prepare your roseate bow'rs,
Celestial palms, and ever-blooming flow'rs.
Thither, where sinners may have rest, I go,
Where flames refin'd in breasts seraphic glow:
Thou, Abelard! the last sad office pay,
And smooth my passage to the realms of day:
See my lips tremble, and my eye-balls roll,
Suck my last breath, and catch my flying soul!
Ah, no——in sacred vestments may'st thou stand,
The hallow'd taper trembling in thy hand,
Present the cross before my lifted eye,
Teach me at once, and learn of me to die.
Ah then, thy once-lov'd Eloisa see!
It will be then no crime to gaze on me.

See from my cheek the transient roses fly!
See the last sparkle languish in my eye!
Till ev'ry motion, pulse, and breath be o'er;
And ev'n my Abelard be lov'd no more.
O Death all-eloquent! you only prove
What dust we doat on, when 't is man we love.

Then too, when fate shall thy fair frame destroy
(That cause of all my guilt, and all my joy),
In trance extatic may thy pangs be drown'd,
Bright clouds descend, and angels watch thee round,
From op'ning skies may streaming glories shine,
And Saints embrace thee with a love like mine.

May one kind grave unite each hapless name,
And graft my love immortal on thy fame!
Then, ages hence, when all my woes are o'er,
When this rebellious heart shall beat no more;
If ever chance two wandering lovers brings
To Paraclete's white walls and silver springs,
O'er the pale marble shall they join their heads,
And drink the falling tears each other sheds;
Then sadly say, with mutual pity mov'd,
'Oh may we never love as these have lov'd!'
From the full choir when loud Hosannas rise,
And swell the pomp of dreadful sacrifice,
Amid that scene, if some relenting eye
Glance on the stone where our cold relicks lie,
Devotion's self shall steal a thought from heav'n,
One human tear shall drop and be forgiv'n.
And sure if fate some future bard shall join
In sad similitude of griefs to mine,
Condemn'd whole years in absence to deplore,
And image charms he must behold no more;
Such if there be, who loves so long, so well,
Let him our sad, our tender story tell;
The well-sung woes will soothe my pensive ghost;
He best can paint them, who shall feel them most.

END OF POPE'S ELOISA TO ABELARD.

BRITISH MUSEUM 15 61 JUL

POEMS

by

WILLIAM COLLINS,

containing

ORIENTAL ECLOGUES, | DIRGE IN CYMBELINE,
ODES, | SONG,

&c.;

with an Account of the Author.

Sweet Bard! belov'd by every Muse in vain,
With powers whose fineness wrought their own decay:
Ah! wherefore, thoughtless, didst thou yield the rein
To Fancy's will, and chase her meteor ray:
Ah! why forgot thy own Hyblæan strain!
"Peace rules the breast, where reason rules the day."
Langhorne's Visions of Fancy.

Manchester,
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and Champante & Whitrow, Jewry-street, London.

Anno 1796.

WILLIAM COLLINS

Was born at Chichester in Sussex, on the 25th of December, 1721. His father was a respectable tradesman of that city. He received his early education in his native place. In 1733, he was admitted a scholar in Winchester College, under the tuition of Dr. Burton. He was distinguished for his proficiency in classical learning, and his turn for elegant composition. In 1740 he stood first in the list of scholars to be received in succession at New College, Oxford; but as no vacancy happened, he became a commoner at Queen's College, where he was distinguished for genius and indolence. In July 1741, he was recommended by his tutor to the society of Magdalen, where he was chosen a Demy, and continued there till he had taken his batchelor's degree. In 1742 were published his Oriental Eclogues. Weary of confinement and an academic life, in 1744 he came to London, a literary adventurer. Here he became immoderately attached to the pleasures of fashionable dissipation; till overtaken by poverty he began in vain to plan schemes for elaborate publications as means of relief. He published proposals for a History of the Revival of Learning, and planned several tragedies. In 1746 he published his Odes, descriptive and allegorical. In 1748 he wrote an Ode on the Death of Thomson, and the beautiful Dirge in Cymbeline. Want of resolution and perseverance subjected Mr. Collins to the greatest distresses. Day succeeded day, for the support of which he had made no provision, and in which he was to subsist either by the long repeated contributions of a friend, or the generosity of a casual acquaintance. The death of his Uncle, Lieutenant Colonel Martin, put him in possession of 2000l. a sum which he did not live to exhaust. This accession of fortune came too late. He had been so long harrassed by anxiety, dissipation, and distress, that he fell into a nervous disorder, accompanied with an unconquerable depression of spirits, which reduced the finest understanding to the most deplorable dullness. He endeavoured, by travelling, to disperse these clouds which he perceived gathering on his intellects. He had withdrawn from study and carried with him only one book. A friend taking it into his hand to see what companion a man of letters had chosen, found it an English Testament, such as children carry to school. "I have but one book," remarked Collins, "but it is the best." He was for some time confined in a house of lunatics, and afterwards retired to the care of his sister at Chichester, where death came to his relief, in 1756, in the 35th year of his age. Such was the end of Collins; a man of an elevated genius and extensive learning; who was lost to the world in the prime of life, without availing himself of fine abilities, which, properly employed, might have raised him to eminence in any profession. Dr. Johnson has spoken of the productions of Collins in severe and injurious terms. A very different opinion of their excellencies, is, however, maintained by critics of unquestionable reputation. The pieces omitted in this selection are such as abound with too much obscurity and absurd traditions.

ORIENTAL ECLOGUES.

ECLOGUE I.

Selim; or, the Shepherd's Moral.

Scene, a Valley near Bagdat.—Time, the Morning.

'Ye Persian maids! attend your Poet's lays,
'And hear how shepherds pass their golden days.
'Not all are bless'd, whom Fortune's hand sustains
'With wealth in courts, nor all that haunt the plains;
'Well may your hearts believe the truths I tell;
''Tis virtue makes the bliss where'er we dwell.'
Thus Selim sung, by sacred Truth inspir'd;
Nor praise, but such as Truth bestow'd, desir'd:
Wise in himself, his meaning songs convey'd
Informing morals to the shepherd maid;
Or taught the swains that surest bliss to find,
What groves nor streams bestow—a virtuous mind.
When sweet and blushing, like a virgin bride,
The radiant morn resum'd her orient pride;
When wanton gales along the vallies play,
Breathe on each flow'r, and bear their sweets away;
By Tygris' wandering waves he sat, and sung
This useful lesson for the fair and young.
'Ye Persian dames!' he said, 'to you belong,
'(Well may they please!) the morals of my song:
'No fairer maids, I trust, than you are found,
'Grac'd with soft arts, the peopled world around!
'The morn that lights you, to your loves supplies
Each gentler ray delicious to your eyes;

'For you those flow'rs her fragrant hands bestow,
'And yours the love that kings delight to know.
'Yet think not these, all beauteous as they are,
'The best kind blessings Heaven can grant the fair.
'Who trust alone in beauty's feeble ray,
'Boast but the worth Bassora's* pearls display:
'Drawn from the deep, we own their surface bright;
'But, dark within, they drink no lustrous light.
'Such are the maids, and such the charms they boast;
'By sense unaided, or to virtue lost.
'Self-flatt'ring sex! your hearts believe in vain,
'That love shall blind, when once he fires the swain;
'Or hope a lover by your faults to win,
'As spots on ermine beautify the skin.
'Who seeks secure to rule, be first her care
'Each softer virtue that adorns the fair;
'Each tender passion man delights to find,
'The lov'd perfections of a female mind!
'Bless'd were the days, when Wisdom held her reign,
'And shepherds sought her on the silent plain;
'With Truth she wedded in the secret grove,
'Immortal Truth! and daughters blessed their love.
'O haste, fair maids! ye Virtues! come away,
'Sweet Peace and Plenty lead you on your way!
'The balmy shrub for you shall love our shore,
'By Ind' excell'd, or Araby, no more.
'Lost to our fields, for so the Fates ordain,
'The dear deserters shall return again.
'Come thou, whose thoughts as limpid springs are clear;
'To lead the train, sweet Modesty! appear:
'Here make thy court amidst our rural scene,
'And shepherd-girls shall own thee for their queen.
'With thee be chastity, of all afraid,
'Distrusting all, a wise suspicious maid;
'But man the most—not more the mountain doe
'Holds the swift falcon for her deadly foe.

* The gulph of that name, famous for the pearly-fishery.

'Cold is her breast, like flowers that drink the dew;
'A silken veil conceals her from the view.
'No wild desires amidst thy train be known,
'But Faith, whose heart is fix'd on one alone;
'Desponding Meekness, with her down-cast eyes,
'And friendly Pity, full of tender sighs;
'And Love the last. By these your hearts approve;
'These are the virtues that must lead to love.'
Thus sung the swain; and ancient legends say,
The maids of Bagdat verify'd the lay:
Dear to the plains, the Virtues came along;
The shepherds lov'd, and Selim bless'd his song.

ECLOGUE II.

Hassan; or, the Camel-Driver.

Scene, the Desart.—Time, Mid-Day.

In silent horror, o'er the boundless waste,
The driver Hassan with his camels pass'd;
One cruse of water on his back he bore,
And his light scrip contain'd a scanty store;
A fan of painted feathers in his hand,
To guard his shaded face from scorching sand.
The sultry sun had gain'd the middle sky,
And not a tree, and not an herb was nigh:
The beasts, with pain, their dusty way pursue,
Shrill roar'd the winds, and dreary was the view!
With desperate sorrow wild, th' affrighted man,
Thrice sigh'd, thrice struck his breast, and thus began:
'Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
'When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!
'Ah! little thought I of the blasting wind,
'The thirst or pinching hunger that I find!
'Bethink thee, Hassan, where shall thirst assuage,
'When fails this cruse, his unrelenting rage?

'Soon shall this scrip it's precious load resign;
'Then what but tears and hunger shall be thine?
'Ye mute companions of my toils, that bear
'In all my griefs a more than equal share!
'Here, where no springs in murmurs break away,
'Or moss-crown'd fountains mitigate the day,
'In vain ye hope the green delights to know,
'Which plains more bless'd, or verdant vales bestow;
'Here rocks alone, and tasteless sands are found,
'And faint and sickly winds for ever howl around.
'Sad was the hour, and luckless, was the day,
'When first from Schiraz'-walls I bent my way!
'Curst be the gold and silver which persuade
'Weak men to follow far-fatiguing trade!
'The lily Peace outshines the silver store,
'And Life is dearer than the golden ore;
'Yet money tempts us o'er the desart brown,
'To every distant mart and wealthy town.
'Full oft we tempt the land, and oft the sea;
'And are we only yet repaid by thee?
'Ah! why was ruin so attractive made?
'Or why, fond man, so easily betray'd?
'Why heed we not, while mad we haste along,
'The gentle voice of Peace, or Pleasure's song?
'Or wherefore think the flow'ry mountain's side,
'The fountain's murmurs, and the valley's pride;
'Why think we these less pleasing to behold
'Than dreary desarts, if they lead to gold?
'Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
'When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!
'O cease, my fears!—all frantic as I go,
'When thought creates unnumber'd scenes of woe.
'What if the lion in his rage I meet!
'Oft in the dust I view his printed feet:
'And, fearful! oft, when Day's declining light
'Yields her pale empire to the mourner Night,
'By hunger rouz'd, he scours the groaning plain,
'Gaunt wolves and sullen tigers in his train;

'Before them Death, with shrieks, directs their way!
'Fills the wild yell, and leads them to their prey.
'Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
'When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!
'At that dead hour the silent asp shall creep,
'If aught of rest I find, upon my sleep;
'Or some swoln serpent twist his scales around,
'And wake to anguish with a burning wound.
'Thrice happy they, the wise contented poor;
'From lust of wealth, and dread of death secure!
'They tempt no desarts, and no griefs they find;
'Peace rules the day, where reason rules the mind.
'Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
'When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!
'O hapless youth! for she thy love hath won,
'The tender Zara! will be most undone.
'Big swell'd my heart, and own'd the powerful maid,
'When fast she dropp'd her tears, as thus she said:'
"Farewell the youth, whom sighs could not detain;
"Whom Zara's breaking heart implor'd in vain!
"Yet as thou go'st, may ev'ry blast arise
"Weak and unfelt as these rejected sighs!
"Safe o'er the wild, no perils may'st thou see;
"No griefs endure; nor weep, false youth! like me."
'O let me safely to the fair return,
'Say, with a kiss, she must not, shall not mourn!
'O let me teach my heart to lose it's fears,
'Recall'd by Wisdom's voice, and Zara's tears!'
He said; and call'd on Heav'n to bless the day,
When back to Schiraz' walls he bent his way.

ECLOGUE III.

Abra; or, the Georgian Sultana.

Scene, a Forest.—Time, the Evening.

In Georgia's land, where Tefflis' tow'rs are seen,
In distant view along the level green;
While evening dews enrich the glitt'ring glade,
And the tall forests cast a longer shade;
What time 'tis sweet o'er fields of rice to stray,
Or scent the breathing maize at setting day;
Amidst the maids of Zagen's peaceful grove,
Emyra sung the pleasing cares of love.

Of Abra first began the tender strain,
Who led her youth with flocks upon the plain;
At morn she came, those willing flocks to lead
Where lilies rear them in the wat'ry mead:
From early dawn the live-long hours she told,
Till late at silent eve she penn'd the fold.
Deep in the grove, beneath the secret shade,
A various wreath of odorous flowers she made.
Gay-motley'd pinks and sweet jonquils she chose*,
The violet blue that on the moss-bank grows;
All sweet to sense, the flaunting rose was there:
The finish'd chaplet well adorn'd her hair.

Great Abbas chanc'd that fated morn to stray,
By love conducted from the chace away:
Among the vocal vales he heard her song,
And sought the vales and echoing groves among.
At length he found, and woo'd the rural maid;
She knew the monarch, and with fear obey'd.

'Be ev'ry youth like royal Abbas mov'd,
'And ev'ry Georgian maid like Abra lov'd!'

* That these flowers are found in very great abundance in some of the provinces of Persia, see the Modern History of the ingenious Mr. Salmon.

The royal lover bore her from the plain;
Where still her crook and bleating flock remain:
Oft as she went, she backward turn'd her view,
And bade that crook and bleating flock adieu.
Fair happy maid! to other scenes remove;
To richer scenes of golden power and love!
Go leave the simple pipe, and shepherd's strain;
With love delight thee, and with Abbas reign.
'Be ev'ry youth like royal Abbas mov'd,
'And ev'ry Georgian maid like Abra lov'd!'
Yet, midst the blaze of courts, she fix'd her love,
On the cool fountain, or the shady grove;
Still, with the shepherd's innocence, her mind
To the sweet vale and flow'ry mead inclin'd:
And oft' as Spring renew'd the plains with flow'rs,
Breath'd his soft gales, and led the fragrant Hours;
With sure return she sought the sylvan scene,
The breezy mountains, and the forests green.
Her maids around her mov'd, a duteous band!
Each bore a crook all-rural in her hand:
Some simple lay, of flocks and herds they sung;
With joy the mountain and the forest rung.
'Be ev'ry youth like royal Abbas mov'd,
'And ev'ry Georgian maid like Abra lov'd!'
And oft the royal lover left the care
And thorns of state, attendant on the fair;
Oft to the shades and low-roof'd cots retir'd,
Or sought the vale where first his heart was fir'd:
A russet mantle, like a swain he wore,
And thought of crowns and busy courts no more.
'Be ev'ry youth like royal Abbas mov'd,
'And ev'ry Georgian maid like Abra lov'd!'
Bless'd was the life that royal Abbas led;
Sweet was his love, and innocent his bed.
What if in wealth the noble maid excel?
The simple shepherd-girl can love as well.
Let those who rule on Persia's jewell'd throne,
Be fam'd for love, and gentlest love alone;

Or wreathe, like Abbas, full of fair renown,
The lover's myrtle with the warrior's crown.
'O happy days!' the maids around her say;
'O haste, profuse of blessings, haste away!
'Be ev'ry youth like royal Abbas mov'd,
'And ev'ry Georgian maid like Abra lov'd!'

ECLOGUE IV.

Agib and Secander; or, the Fugitives.

Scene, a Mountain in Circassia.—Time, Midnight.

In fair Circassia, where, to love inclin'd,
Each swain was bless'd, for ev'ry maid was kind;
At that still hour, when awful midnight reigns,
And none but wretches haunt the twilight plains;
What time the moon had hung her lamp on high,
And pass'd in radiance thro' the cloudless sky;
Sad o'er the dews two brother shepherds fled,
Where wild'ring fear and desp'rate sorrow led:
Fast as they press'd their flight, behind them lay
Wild ravag'd plains, and vallies stole away.
Along the mountain's bending sides they ran;
Till faint and weak, Secander thus began.

Secan. O stay thee, Agib! for my feet deny,
No longer friendly to my life, to fly.
Friend of my heart! O turn thee and survey;
Trace our sad flight thro' all it's length of way!
And first review that long-extended plain,
And yon wide groves, already pass'd with pain!
Yon ragged cliff, whose dangerous path we try'd!
And last, this lofty mountain's weary side!

Agib. Weak as thou art, yet, hapless! must thou know
The toils of flight, or some severer woe.

Still as I haste, the Tartar shouts behind,
And shrieks and sorrows load the saddening wind;
In rage of heart with ruin in his hand,
He blasts our harvests, and deforms our land.
Yon citron grove, whence first in fear we came,
Droops it's fair honours to the conquering flame;
Far fly the swains, like us, in deep despair,
And leave to ruffian bands their fleecy care.

Secan. Unhappy land! whose blessings tempt the sword;
In vain, unheard, thou call'st thy Persian lord!
In vain thou court'st him, helpless, to thine aid,
To shield the shepherd, and protect the maid!
Far off, in thoughtless indolence resign'd,
Soft dreams of love and pleasure soothe his mind:
Midst fair sultanas lost in idle joy,
No wars alarm him, and no fears annoy.

Agib. Yet these green hills, in summer's sultry heat,
Have lent the monarch oft a cool retreat.
Sweet to the sight is Zabra's flow'ry plain,
By nymphs and shepherds lov'd alas! in vain!
No more the virgins shall delight to rove
By Sargis' banks, or Irwan's shady grove;
On Tarkie's mountain catch the cooling gale,
Or breathe the sweets of Aly's flow'ry vale:
Fair scenes! but ah! no more with peace possess'd,
With ease alluring, and with plenty bless'd.
No more the shepherds' whitening tents appear,
Nor the kind products of a bounteous year;
No more the date, with snowy blossoms crown'd;
But Ruin spreads her baleful fires around.

Secan. In vain Circassia boasts her Spicy groves,
For ever fam'd for pure and happy loves;
In vain she boasts her fairest of the fair,
Their eyes' blue languish, and their golden hair;
Those eyes in tears their fruitless grief must send;
Those hairs the Tartar's cruel hand shall rend.

Agib. Ye Georgian swains! that piteous learn from far
Circassia's ruin, and the waste of war;

Some weightier arms than crooks and staffs prepare,
To shield your harvest, and defend your fair:
The Turk and Tartar like designs pursue,
Fix'd to destroy, and steadfast to undo.
Wild as his land, in native deserts bred,
By lust incited, or by malice led,
The villain Arab, as he prowls for prey,
Oft marks with blood and wasting flames the way;
Yet none so cruel as the Tartar foe,
To death inur'd, and nurs'd in scenes of woe.
He said; when loud along the vale was heard
A shriller shriek, and nearer fires appear'd:
Th' affrighted shepherds, thro' the dews of night,
Wide o'er the moon-light hills renew'd their flight,

ODES.

TO PITY.

O thou! the friend of man assign'd,
With balmy hands his wounds to bind,
And charm his frantic woe:
When first Distress, with dagger keen,
Broke forth to waste his destin'd scene,
His wild unsated foe!

By Pella's Bard, a magic name!
By all the griefs his thought could frame,
Receive my humble rite!
Long, Pity! let the nations view
Thy sky-worn robes of tenderest blue,
And eyes of dewy light.

But wherefore need I wander wide
To old Ilissus' distant side?
Deserted stream, and mute!
Wild Arun* too has heard thy strains,
And Echo, 'midst my native plains,
Been sooth'd by Pity's lute.

There first the wren thy myrtles shed,
On gentlest Otway's infant head;
To him thy cell was shewn:
And while he sung the female heart,
With youth's soft notes unspoil'd by art,
Thy turtles mix'd their own.

Come, Pity! c me; by fancy's aid,
Ev'n now my thoughts, relenting maid!
Thy temple's pride design:
Its southern site, its truth complete

* A river in Sussex.

Shall raise a wild enthusiast heat,
In all who view the shrine.

There Picture's toil shall well relate,
How chance, or hard involving fate
O'er mortal bliss prevail:
The buskin'd Muse shall near her stand,
And, sighing, prompt her tender hand,
With each disastrous tale.

There let me oft, retir'd by day,
In dreams of passion melt away,
Allow'd with thee to dwell;
There waste the mournful lamp of night,
Till, Virgin! thou again delight
To hear a British shell.

TO FEAR.

Thou! to whom the world unknown
With all its shadowy shapes is shown;
Who seest appall'd th' unreal scene,
While Fancy lifts the veil between:
Ah Fear! ah frantic Fear!
I see, I see thee near!
I know thy hurried step, thy haggard eye!
Like thee I start, like thee disorder'd fly,
For, lo! what monsters in thy train appear!
Danger, whose limbs of giant mold
What mortal eye can fix'd behold?
Who stalks his round, an hideous form!
Howling amidst the midnight storm,
Or throws him on the ridgy steep
Of some loose hanging rock to sleep;
And with him thousand phantoms join'd,
Who prompt to deeds accurs'd the mind;
And those, the fiends, who near allied,
O'er Nature's wounds, and wrecks preside;

While Vengeance, in the lurid air,
Lifts her red arm, expos'd and bare;
On whom that ravening Brood of fate,
Who lap the blood of Sorrow, wait.
Who, Fear! this ghastly train can see,
And look not madly wild, like thee?

EPODE.

In earliest Greece, to thee, with partial choice,
The grief-full Muse addrest her infant tongue;
The maids and matrons, on her awful voice
Silent and pale in wild amazement hung.

Yet he, the Bard * who first invok'd thy name,
Disdain'd in Marathon its power to feel;
For not alone he nurs'd the poet's flame,
But reach'd from Virtue's hand the patriot's steel.

But who is he, whom later garlands grace,
Who, left a while o'er Hybla's dews to rove,
With trembling eyes thy dreary steps to trace,
Where thou and Furies shar'd the baleful grove?

Wrapt in thy cloudy veil th' incestuous Queen †
Sigh'd the sad call her son and husband heard,
When once alone it broke the silent scene,
And he the wretch of Thebes no more appear'd.

O Fear! I know thee by my throbbing heart;
Thy withering power inspir'd each mournful line:
Tho' gentle Pity claim her mingled part,
Yet all the thunders of the scene are thine.

ANTISTROPHE.

Thou who such weary lengths hast past,
Where wilt thou rest, mad Nymph! at last?
Say, wilt thou shroud in haunted cell,
Where gloomy Rape and Murder dwell?
Or in some hollow'd seat,
'Gainst which the big waves beat,

* Æschylus. † Jocasta.

Hear drowning seamen's cries in tempests brought?
Dark power! with shuddering meek submitted thought,
Be mine, to read the visions old,
Which thy awakening bards have told:
And, lest thou meet my blasted view,
Hold each strange tale devoutly true.
Ne'er be I found, by thee o'er-aw'd,
In that thrice-hallow'd eve abroad,
When ghosts, as cottage-maids believe,
Their pebbled beds permitted leave,
And goblins haunt from fire, or fen,
Or mine, or flood, the walks of men!

O thou! whose spirit most possest
The sacred seat of Shakespear's breast;
By all that from thy prophet broke,
In thy divine emotions spoke,
Hither again thy fury deal;
Teach me but once like him to feel:
His cypress wreath my meed decree,
And I, O Fear! will dwell with thee.

TO SIMPLICITY.

O thou! by Nature taught,
To breathe her genuine thought,
In numbers warmly pure, and sweetly strong;
Who first on mountains wild,
In Fancy, loveliest child,
Thy babe, and Pleasure's, nurs'd the powers of song!

Thou! who with hermit heart
Disdain'st the wealth of art,
And gauds, and pageant weeds, and trailing pall;
But com'st a decent maid,
In Attic robe array'd,
O chaste, unboastful nymph! to thee I call.

By all the honey'd store
On Hybla's thymy shore;
By all her blooms, and mingled murmurs dear;
By her, whose love-lorn woe,
In evening musings slow,
Sooth'd sweetly sad Electra's poet's ear;

By old Cephisus deep,
Who spread his wavy sweep
In warbled wanderings round thy green retreat,
On whose enamel'd side,
When holy Freedom died,
No equal haunt allur'd thy future feet:

O sister meek of Truth!
To my admiring youth,
Thy sober aid and native charms infuse.
The flowers that sweetest breathe,
Tho' beauty cull'd the wreath,
Still ask thy hand to range their order'd hues.

While Rome could none esteem,
But virtue's patriot theme,
You lov'd her hills, and led her laureate band;
But staid to sing alone
To one distinguish'd throne,
And turn'd thy face, and fled her alter'd land.

No more, in hall or bower,
The passions own thy power;
Love, only love, her forceless numbers mean;
For thou hast left her shrine,
Nor olive more, nor vine,
Shall gain thy feet to bless the servile scene.

Tho' taste, tho' genius bless
To some divine excess,
Faint 's the cold work till thou inspire the whole:
What each, what all supply,
May court, may charm our eye;
Thou, only thou, can'st raise the meeting soul!

Of these, let others ask,
To aid some mighty task;
I only seek to find thy temperate vale,
Where oft my reed might sound
To maids and shepherds round,
And all thy sons, O Nature! learn my tale.

Written in the year 1746.

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest,
By all their country's wishes blest!
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallow'd mold,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod,
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By Fairy hands their knell is rung;
By forms unseen their dirge is sung:
There Honour comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
And Freedom shall awhile repair,
To dwell, a weeping hermit, there.

TO MERCY.

STROPHE.

O thou! who sit'st a smiling bride
By Valour's arm'd and awful side,
Gentlest of sky-born forms, and best ador'd!
Who oft with songs, divine to hear,
Win'st from his fatal grasp the spear,
And hid'st in wreaths of flowers his bloodless sword;
Thou who, amidst the deathful field,
By godlike chiefs alone beheld,

Oft with thy bosom bare art found,
Pleading for him, the youth who sinks to ground:
See, Mercy! see! with pure and loaded hands,
Before thy shrine my country's genius stands,
And decks thy altar still, tho' pierc'd with many a wound.

ANTISTROPHE.

When he whom ev'n our joys provoke,
The Fiend of Nature join'd his yoke,
And rush'd in wrath to make our isle his prey,
Thy form, from out thy sweet abode,
O'ertook him on his blasted road,
And stop'd his wheels, and look'd his rage away.
I see recoil his sable steeds,
That bore him swift to savage deeds;
Thy tender melting eyes they own.
O Maid! for all thy love to Britain shown,
Where Justice bars her iron tower,
To thee we build a roseate bower,
Thou, thou shalt rule our queen, and share our monarch's throne!

TO EVENING.

If aught of oaten stop, or pastoral song,
May hope, chaste Eve! to soothe thy modest ear,
Like thy own solemn springs,
Thy springs, and dying gales;

O Nymph reserv'd! while now the bright hair'd sun
Sits in yon western tent, whose cloudy skirts,
With brede ethereal wove,
O'erhang his wavy bed;

Now air is hush'd, save where the weak-ey'd bat,
With short shrill shriek flits by on leathern wing,

Or where the beetle winds
His small but sullen horn,

As oft he rises 'midst the twilight path,
Against the pilgrim born in heedless hum;
Now teach me, Maid compos'd!
To breathe some soften'd strain,

Whose numbers stealing thro' thy dark'ning vale,
May not unseemly with its stillness suit,
As musing slow, I hail
Thy genial lov'd return;

For when thy folding-star arising shows
His paly circlet, at his warning lamp
The fragrant Hours, and Elves
Who slept in buds the day,

And many a Nymph who wreathes her brows with sedge,
And sheds the freshening dew, and lovelier still,
The pensive Pleasures sweet
Prepare thy shadowy car.

Then let me rove some wild and heathy scene,
Or find some ruin 'midst its dreary dells,
Whose walls more awful nod
By thy religious gleams.

Or if chill blust'ring winds, or driving rain,
Prevent my willing feet, be mine the hut,
That from the mountain's sides,
Views wilds, and swelling floods,

And hamlets brown, and dim-discover'd spires,
And hears their simple bell, and marks o'er all
Thy dewy fingers draw
The gradual dusky veil.

While Spring shall pour his showers, as oft he wont,
And bathe thy breathing tresses, meekest Eve!
While Summer loves to sport
Beneath thy ling'ring light:

While sallow Autumn fills thy lap with leaves,
Or Winter, yelling thro' the troublous air,
Affrights thy shrinking train,
And rudely rends thy robes;

So long regardful of thy quiet rule,
Shall Fancy, Friendship, Science, smiling Peace,
Thy gentlest influence own,
And love thy favourite name!

TO PEACE.

O thou! who bad'st thy turtles bear,
Swift from his grasp thy golden hair,
And sought'st thy native skies;
When War, by vultures drawn from far,
To Britain bent his iron car,
And bade his storms arise!

Tir'd of his rude tyrannic sway,
Our youth shall fix some festive day,
His sullen shrines to burn:
But thou, who hear'st the turning spheres,
What sounds may charm thy partial ears,
And gain thy blest return?

O Peace! thy injur'd robes up-bind;
O rise, and leave not one behind
Of all thy beamy train!
The British lion, Goddess sweet!
Lies stretch'd on earth to kiss thy feet,
And own thy holier reign.

Let others court thy transient smile,
But come to grace thy western isle,
By warlike Honour led;
And, while around her ports rejoice,

While all her sons adore thy choice,
With him for ever wed!

THE PASSIONS.

For Music.

When Music, heavenly maid! was young,
While yet in early Greece she sung,
The Passions oft, to hear her shell,
Throng'd around her magic cell;
Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,
Possess'd beyond the Muse's painting;
By turns they felt the glowing mind
Disturb'd, delighted, rais'd, refin'd;
Till once, 't is said, when all were fir'd,
Fill'd with fury, rapt, inspir'd,
From the supporting myrtles round
They snatch'd her instruments of sound,
And as they oft had heard apart
Sweet lessons of her forceful art,
Each, for madness rul'd the hour,
Would prove his own expressive power.

First Fear his hand, its skill to try,
Amid the chords bewilder'd laid,
And back recoil'd he knew not why,
Even at the sound himself had made.

Next Anger rush'd, his eyes on fire,
In lightnings own'd his secret stings,
In one rude clash he struck the lyre,
And swept with hurried hand the strings.

With woeful measures wan Despair—
Low sullen sounds his grief beguil'd;
A solemn, strange, and mingled air!
'T was sad by fits, by starts 't was wild.

But thou, O Hope! with eyes so fair,
What was thy delighted measure?
Still it whisper'd promis'd pleasure,
And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail!
Still would her touch the strain prolong,
And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
She call'd on Echo still thro' all the song;
And where her sweetest theme she chose,
A soft responsive voice was heard at every close;
And Hope enchanted smil'd, & wav'd her golden hair.
And longer had she sung,—but, with a frown,
Revenge impatient rose;
He threw his blood-stain'd sword in thunder down,
And, with a withering look,
The war-denouncing trumpet took,
And blew a blast so loud and dread,
Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woe;
And ever and anon he beat
The doubling drum with furious heat;
And tho' sometimes, each dreary pause between,
Dejected Pity at his side,
Her soul-subduing voice applied,
Yet still he kept his wild unalter'd mien,
While each strain'd ball of sight seem'd bursting from his head.
Thy numbers, Jealousy! to nought were fix'd,
Sad proof of thy distressful state;
Of differing themes the veering song was mix'd,
And now it courted Love, now raving call'd on Hate.

With eyes up-rais'd, as one inspir'd,
Pale Melancholy sat retir'd,
And from her wild sequester'd seat,
In notes by distance made more sweet,
Pour'd thro' the mellow Horn her pensive soul,
And dashing soft from rocks around,
Bubbling runnels join'd the sound;
Thro' glades and glooms the mingled measure stole,

Or o'er some haunted streams with fond delay,
Round an holy calm diffusing,
Love of peace, and lonely musing,
In hollow murmurs died away.
But O! how alter'd was its sprightlier tone!
When Cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest hue,
Her bow across her shoulder flung,
Her buskins gemm'd with morning dew,
Blew an inspiring air, that dale and thicket rung,
The hunter's call to Faun and Dryad known;
The oak-crown'd Sisters, & their chaste-eyed queen,
Satyrs and sylvan boys were seen,
Peeping from forth their alleys green;
Brown Exercise rejoic'd to hear,
And Sport leapt up, and seiz'd his beechen spear.
Last came Joy's ecstatic trial;
He with viny crown advancing,
First to the lively pipe his hand addrest,
But soon he saw the brisk awakening viol,
Whose sweet entrancing voice he lov'd the best.
They would have thought, who heard the strain,
They saw in Tempe's vale her native maids,
Amidst the festal sounding shades,
To some unwearied minstrel dancing,
While, as his flying fingers kiss'd the strings,
Love fram'd with Mirth, a gay fantastic round;
Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound,
And he, amidst his frolic play,
As if he would the charming air repay,
Shook thousand odours from his dewy wings.

O Music! sphere-descended maid,
Friend of pleasure, wisdom's aid,
Why, Goddess! why to us denied?
Lay'st thou thy ancient lyre aside?
As in that lov'd Athenian bower,
You learn'd an all commanding power;
Thy mimic soul, O nymph endear'd!
Can well recall what then it heard.

Where is thy native simple heart,
Devote to Virtue, Fancy, Art?
Arise, as in that elder time,
Warm, energic, chaste, sublime!
Thy wonders, in that god-like age,
Fill thy recording Sister's page—
'Tis said, and I believe the tale,
Thy humblest Reed could more prevail,
Had more of strength, diviner rage,
Than all which charms this laggard age;
Even all at once together found
Cecilia's mingled world of sound—
O bid our vain endeavours cease,
Revive the just designs of Greece;
Return in all thy simple state;
Confirm the tales her sons relate!

ON THE DEATH OF MR. THOMSON.

The scene of the following stanzas is supposed to lie on the Thames, near Richmond.

In yonder grave a Druid lies
Where slowly winds the stealing wave;
The year's best sweets shall duteous rise
To deck its Poet's sylvan grave.

In yon deep bed of whisp'ring reeds
His airy harp* shall now be laid,
That he whose heart in sorrow bleeds,
May love thro' life the soothing shade.

Then maids and youths shall linger here,
And while its sounds at distance swell,
Shall sadly seem in Pity's ear.
To hear the Woodland Pilgrim's knell.

* The harp of *Æolus*, of which see a description in the *Castle of Indolence*.

Remembrance oft shall haunt the shore
When Thames in summer wreaths is drest,
And oft suspend the dashing oar
To bid his gentle spirit rest!

And oft as Ease and Health retire
To breezy lawn, or forest deep,
The friend shall view yon whitening * spire,
And 'mid the varied landscape weep.

But thou, who own'st that earthly bed,
Ah! what will every dirge avail?
Or tears, which Love and Pity shed
That mourn beneath the gliding sail!

Yet lives there one, whose heedless eye
Shall scorn thy pale shrine glimm'ring near?
With him, sweet bard! may Fancy die,
And Joy desert the blooming year.

But thou, lorn stream! whose sullen tide
No sedge-crown'd Sisters now attend,
Now waft me from the green hill's side,
Whose cold turf hides the buried friend!

And see, the fairy valleys fade,
Dun Night has veil'd the solemn view!
Yet once again, dear parted shade!
Meek Nature's Child! again adieu!

The genial meads † assign'd to bless
Thy life, shall mourn thy early doom!
Their hinds, and shepherd-girls shall dress
With simple hands thy rural tomb.

Long, long, thy stone, and pointed clay
Shall melt the musing Briton's eyes;
Oh vales! and wild woods! shall he say,
In yonder grave your Druid lies!

* Richmond church, in which Mr. Thomson was buried.
† Mr. Thomson resided in the neighbourhood of Richmond some time before his death.

DIRGE IN CYMBELINE.

Sung by Guiderus and Arviragus over Fidele, supposed to be dead.

To fair Fidele's grassy tomb
Soft maids, and village hinds shall bring
Each opening sweet, of earliest bloom,
And rifle all the breathing Spring.

No wailing ghost shall dare appear
To vex with shrieks this quiet grove,
But shepherd lads assemble here,
And melting virgins own their love.

No wither'd witch shall here be seen,
No goblins lead their nightly crew;
The female fays shall haunt the green,
And dress thy grave with pearly dew!

The red-breast oft at evening hours
Shall kindly lend his little aid,
With hoary moss, and gather'd flowers,
To deck the ground where thou art laid.

When howling winds, and beating rain,
In tempests shake thy sylvan cell;
Or 'midst the chace on every plain,
The tender thought on thee shall dwell.

Each lonely scene shall thee restore,
For thee the tear be duly shed;
Belov'd till life can charm no more,
And mourn'd, till Pity's self be dead.

SONG.

The sentiments borrowed from Shakespear.

Young Damon of the Vale is dead,
Ye lowland hamlets moan:
A dewy turf lies o'er his head,
And at his feet a stone.

His shroud, which death's cold damps destroy,
Of snow-white threads was made:
All mourn'd to see so sweet a boy
In earth for ever laid.

Pale pansies o'er his corpse were plac'd,
Which, pluck'd before their time,
Bestrew'd the boy like him to waste,
And wither in their prime.

But will he ne'er return, whose tongue
Could tune the rural lay?
Ah, no! his bell of peace is rung,
His lips are cold as clay.

They bore him out at twilight hour,
The youth who lov'd so well:
Ah me! how many a true-love shower
Of kind remembrance fell!

Each maid was woe—but Lucy chief,
Her grief o'er all was tried,
Within his grave she dropp'd in grief,
And o'er her lov'd-one died.

(18)

POEMS
by
SOAME JENYNS,
containing

ART OF DANCING,
TO LORD LOVELACE,
ESSAY ON VIRTUE,
WRITTEN IN LOCKE,
EPITAPH ON DOCTOR JOHNSON;

to which is prefixed

A Sketch of the Author's Life.

Manchester,
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and Champante & Whitrow, Jewry-street, London.

Anno 1797.

SOAME JENYNS

was born in London, on the very commencement of the year 17[illegible]. He was the only son of Sir Roger Jenyns, of Boltisham-hall, Cambridgeshire. His mother was daughter of Sir Peter Soame, bart. of Hayden, Essex. He received a domestic education, and at seventeen was sent to Cambridge, and entered a fellow commoner of St. John's College. He resided there near three years. He passed his winters in London, and his summers in his father's house, during the remainder of life. He early displayed his poetical talents, and published, at the age of twenty-four, his *Art of Dancing*. In 17[illegible] he was chosen one of the representatives for the county of Cambridge. He represented it again in 1747. In the parliament of 17[illegible] he was member for Dunwich, in Suffolk; and in 1761 took his seat for the town of Cambridge. In 1755 he was appointed one of the Lords of Trade and Plantations; in which situation he remained till its abolition in 1780. The poems not inserted in this selection consist of a translation of Browne de animi Immortalitate, a mysterious and controverted subject; pieces adapted to particular times and occasions, which have become nearly uninteresting by the lapse and change of times; and of rapturous descriptions of the charms of earthly goddesses, and of the sighs and dying pains of love. His prose works consist of *Five Numbers of the World*, viz. 125, 15[illegible] 157, 163, and 178; *Short but serious Reasons for a national Militia*; *Thoughts on the Causes and Consequences of the high Prices of Provisions*; *The Objections to the Taxation of our American Colonies by the Legislature*; *Reflections on several Subjects*; *Thoughts on a Parliamentary Reform*; *A Scheme for the Coalition of Parties*; *Thoughts on the National Debt*; *a Free Inquiry into the Nature and Origin of Evil*, in six letters; *Seven Disquisitions—On the Chain of universal Beings*; *On Cruelty to inferior Animals*, *On a pre-existent State*, *On the Nature of Fame*, *On the Analogy between Things immaterial and intellectual*; *On rational Christianity*, *On Government and civil Liberties*; *View of the internal Evidences of the Christian Religion*; *and Short and Cursory Observations on several Passages in the New Testament*. He was twice married, first to Mary, only daughter of Colonel Soame of Dereham, Norfolk, a lady of great fortune, to whom his father was guardian. In this connection wealth was more consulted than inclination, and separation ensued, which his lady did not long survive. He afterwards married Elizabeth, daughter of Henry Grey, esq. of Hackney, Middlesex, who survived him. He died at his house in Hanney-street, of a fever, after a few days illness, December, 18, 17[illegible] in the eighty-third year of his age. He was buried at Boltisham. His life had been very active and diversified. He studied much, and had seen more. In conversation his talents were considerable, his thoughts were sprightly, his expressions neat. His person was delicate and of a slight make. In youth he was fond of dress, in the latter part of life his appearance was mean. From early impressions, he was originally a believer in revelation. Gradually losing ground in faith, he wandered into obscure paths and became a professed deist. He, however, returned to the comforts of rational Christianity. He shrunk not from death as an evil or a punishment, but met it with decent firmness; as the kind release from what was worse, the kinder summons to all that is better.

THE ART OF DANCING.

Inscribed to the Right Honourable the Lady Fanny Fielding.

Incessu patuit Dea. Virg.

CANTO. I.

In the smooth dance to move with graceful mien,
Easy with care, and sprightly tho' serene,
To mark th' instructions echoing strains convey,
And with just steps each tuneful note obey,
I teach; be present, all ye sacred Choir,
Blow the soft lute, and strike the sounding lyre:
When FIELDING bids, your kind assistance bring,
And at her feet the lowly tribute fling;
Oh may her eyes (to her this verse is due)
What first themselves inspir'd, vouchsafe to view!
Hail lovliest art! that canst all hearts insnare,
And make the fairst still appear more fair.
Now haste, my Muse, pursue thy destin'd way,
What dresses best become the dancer, say,
The rules of dress forget not to impart,
A lesson previous to the dancing art.
The soldier's scarlet, glowing from afar,
Shews that his bloody occupation 's war;
Whilst the lawn band, beneath a double chin,
As plainly speaks divinity within;
The milk-maid safe thro' driving rains and snows,
Wrapt in her cloak, and prop'd on pattens goes;
While the soft belle immur'd in velvet chair,
Needs but the silken shoe, and trusts her bosom bare:
The woolly drab, and English broad-cloth warm,
Guard well the horseman from the beating storm,
But load the dancer with too great a weight,
And call from ev'ry pore the dewy sweat;

Rather let him his active limbs display
In camblet thin, or glossy paduasoy,
Let no unwieldy pride his shoulders press,
But airy, light, and easy be his dress;
Thin be his yielding sole, and low his heel,
So shall he nimbly bound and safely wheel.

But let not precepts known my verse prolong,
Precepts which use will better teach than song;
For why should I the gallant spark command,
With clean white gloves to fit his ready hand?
Or in his fob enlivening spirits wear,
And pungent salts to raise the fainting fair?
Or hint, the sword that dangles at his side,
Should from its silken bondage be unty'd?
Why should my lays the youthful tribe advise,
Lest snowy clouds from out their wigs arise:
So shall their partners mourn their laces spoil'd,
And shining silks with greasy powder soil'd?
Nor need I, sure, bid prudent youths beware,
Lest with erected tongues their buckles stare,
The pointed steel shall oft their stockings rend,
And oft th' approaching petticoat offend.

And now, ye youthful Fair, I sing to you,
With pleasing smiles my useful labours view;
For you the silk-worms' fine-wrought webs display,
And lab'ring spin their little lives away;
For you bright gems with radiant colours glow,
Fair as the dyes that paint the heav'nly bow;
For you the sea resigns its pearly store,
And earth unlocks her mines of treasur'd ore;
In vain yet nature thus her gifts bestows,
Unless yourselves with art those gifts dispose.

Yet think not, Nymphs, that in the glitt'ring ball,
One form of dress prescrib'd can suit with all;
One brightest shines when wealth and art combine
To make the finish'd piece completely fine;
When least adorn'd, another steals our hearts,
And rich in native beauties, wants not arts;

In some are such resistless graces found,
That in all dresses they are sure to wound;
Their perfect forms all foreign aids despise,
And gems but borrow lustre from their eyes.
Let the fair nymph in whose plump cheeks are seen
A constant blush, be clad in cheerful green;
In such a dress the sportive sea-nymphs go;
So in their grassy bed fresh roses blow:
The lass whose skin is like the hazel brown,
With brighter yellow should o'ercome her own;
While maids grown pale with sickness or despair,
The sable's mournful dye should chuse to wear;
So the pale moon still shines with purest light,
Cloath'd in the dusky mantle of the night.
But far from you be all those treach'rous arts,
That wound with painted charms unwary hearts;
Dancing 's a touchstone that true beauty tries,
Nor suffers charms that nature 's hand denies:
Tho' for a while we may with wonder view
The rosy blush, and skin of lovely hue,
Yet soon the dance will cause the cheeks to glow,
And melt the waxen lips and neck of snow:
So shine the fields in icy fetters bound,
Whilst frozen gems bespangle all the ground;
Thro' the clear crystal of the glitt'ring snow,
With scarlet dye the blushing hawthorns glow;
O'er all the plains unnumber'd glories rise,
And a new bright creation charms our eyes;
Till ZEPHYR breathes, then all at once decay
The splendid scenes, their glories fade away,
The fields resign the beauties not their own,
And all their snowy charms run trickling down.
Dare I in such momentous points advise,
I should condemn the hoop's enormous size:
Of ills I speak by long experience found,
Oft have I trod th' immeasurable round,
And mourn'd my shins bruis'd black with many a wound.

Nor should the tighten'd stays, too straightly lac'd,
In whalebone bondage gall the slender waist;
Nor waving lappets should the dancing Fair,
Nor ruffles edg'd with dangling fringes wear;
Oft will the cobweb ornaments catch hold
On the approaching button rough with gold,
Nor force nor art can then the bonds divide,
When once th' entangl'd Gordian knot is ty'd.
So the unhappy pair, by Hymen's pow'r,
Together join'd in some ill-fated hour,
The more they strive their freedom to regain,
The faster binds the indissoluble chain.

Let each fair maid, who fears to be disgrac'd,
Ever be sure to tie her garters fast,
Lest the loos'd string, amidst the public ball,
A wish'd-for prize to some proud fop should fall,
Who the rich treasure shall triumphant shew;
And with warm blushes cause her cheeks to glow.

But yet, (as Fortune by the self-same ways
She humbles many, some delights to raise)
It happen'd once, a fair illustrious dame
By such neglect acquir'd immortal fame.
And hence the radiant Star and Garter blue
Britannia's nobles grace, if fame says true:
Hence still, Plantagenet, thy beauties bloom,
Though long since moulder'd in the dusky tomb;
Still thy lost Garter is thy sovereign's care,
And what each royal breast is proud to wear.

But let me now my lovely charge remind,
Lest they forgetful leave their fans behind;
Lay not, ye Fair, the pretty toy aside,
A toy at once display'd for use and pride,
A wond'rous engine, that, by magic charms,
Cools your own breasts, and ev'ry other's warms.
What daring bard shall e'er attempt to tell
The pow'rs that in this little weapon dwell?
What verse can e'er explain its various parts,
Its num'rous uses, motions, charms, and arts?

Its painted folds, that oft extended wide,
Th' afflicted fair ones blubber'd beauties hide,
When secret sorrows her sad bosom fill,
If Strephon is unkind, or Shock is ill:
Its sticks, on which her eyes dejected pore,
And pointing fingers number o'er and o'er,
When the kind virgin burns with secret shame,
Dies to consent, yet fears to own her flame;
Its shake triumphant, its victorious clap,
Its angry flutter, and its wanton tap?

CANTO II.

Now see prepar'd to lead the sprightly dance,
The lovely nymphs, and well-dress'd youths advance;
The spacious room receives each jovial guest,
And the floor shakes with pleasing weight opprest:
Thick rang'd on ev'ry side, with various dyes
The fair in glossy silks our sight surprise;
So, in a garden bath'd with genial show'rs,
A thousand sorts of variegated flow'rs,
Jonquils, carnations, pinks, and tulips rise,
And in a gay confusion charm our eyes.
High o'er their heads, with numerous candles bright,
Large sconces shed their sparkling beams of light,
Their sparkling beams, that still more brightly glow
Reflected back from gems and eyes below:
Unnumber'd fans to cool the crowded fair,
With breathing zephyrs move the circling air;
The sprightly fiddle, and the sounding lyre,
Each youthful breast with gen'rous warmth inspire;
Fraught with all joys the blissful moments fly,
Whilst music melts the ear, and beauty charms the eye.

Now let the youth, to whose superior place
It first belongs the splendid ball to grace,
With humble bow, and ready hand prepare,
Forth from the crowd to lead his chosen Fair;
The Fair shall not his kind request deny,
But to the pleasing toil with equal ardour fly.

But stay, rash pair, nor yet untaught advance,
First hear the muse, ere you attempt to dance:
By art directed o'er the foaming tide,
Secure from rocks the painted vessels glide;
By art the chariot scours the dusty plain,
Springs at the whip, and hears the strait'ning rein;
To art our bodies must obedient prove,
If e're we hope with graceful ease to move.
Long was the dancing art unfixt and free,
Hence lost in error and uncertainty;
No precepts did it mind, or rules obey,
But ev'ry master taught a different way;
Hence ere each new-born dance was fully try'd,
The lovely product e'en in blooming dy'd;
Thro' various hands in wild confusion tost,
Its steps were alter'd, and its beauties lost!
Till * Fuillet, the pride of Gallia, rose,
And did the dance in characters compose;
Each lovely grace by certain marks he taught,
And ev'ry step in lasting volumes wrote:
Hence o'er the world this pleasing art shall spread,
And ev'ry dance in ev'ry clime be read,
By distant masters shall each step be seen,
Tho' mountains rise, and oceans roar between;
Hence with her sister arts, shall dancing claim
An equal right to universal fame;
And Isaac's rigadoon shall live as long,
As Raphael's painting, or as Virgil's song.
Wise Nature ever, with a prudent hand,
Dispenses various gifts to ev'ry land;
To ev'ry nation frugally imparts
A genius fit for some peculiar arts;
To trade the Dutch incline, the Swiss to arms,
Music and verse are soft Italia's charms;
Britannia justly glories to have found

* Fuillet wrote the Art of Dancing by Characters, in French since translated by Weaver.

Lands unexplor'd, and sail'd the globe around;
But none will sure presume to rival France,
Whether she forms or executes the dance;
To her exalted genius 't is we owe
The sprightly Rigadoon, and Louvre slow,
The Borée, and Courant unpractis'd long,
Th' immortal Minuet, and smooth Bretagne,
With all those dances of illustrious fame,
* Which from their native country take their name;
With these let ev'ry ball be first begun,
Nor Country-dance intrude till these are done.
Each cautious bard, ere he attempts to sing,
First gently flutt'ring tries his tender wing;
And if he finds that with uncommon fire
The Muses all his raptur'd soul inspire,
At once to heav'n he soars in lofty odes,
And sings alone of heroes and of gods;
But if he trembling fears a flight so high,
He then descends to softer elegy;
And if in elegy he can't succeed,
In past'ral he still may tune the oaten reed:
So should the dancer, ere he tries to move,
With care his strength, his weight, and genius prove;
Then, if he finds kind Nature's gifts impart
Endowments proper for the dancing art,
If in himself he feels together join'd,
An active body and ambitious mind,
In nimble Rigadoons he may advance,
Or in the Louvre's slow majestic dance;
If these he fears to reach, with easy pace
Let him the Minuet's circling mazes trace:
Is this too hard? this too let him forbear,
And to the Country-dance confine his care.
Would you in dancing ev'ry fault avoid,
To keep true time be first your thoughts employ'd;
All other errors they in vain shall mend,

* French Dances.

Who in this one important point offend;
For this, when now united hand in hand
Eager to start the youthful couple stand,
Let them a while their nimble feet restrain,
And with soft taps beat time to ev'ry strain:
So for the race prepar'd two coursers stand,
And with impatient pawings spurn the sand.
In vain a master shall employ his care,
Where nature has once fix'd a clumsy air;
Rather let such, to savage sports confin'd,
Pursue the flying hare or tim'rous hind:
Nor yet, while I the country squire despise,
A mien effeminate would I advise:
With equal scorn I would the fop deride,
Nor let him dance,—but on the woman's side.
And you, fair Nymphs, avoid with equal care
A stupid dulness, and a coquet air;
Neither with eyes, that ever love the ground,
Asleep, like spinning tops, run round and round,
Nor yet with giddy looks and wanton pride,
Stare all around, and skip from side to side.
True dancing, like true wit, is best express'd
By nature only to advantage drest;
'T is not a nimble bound, or caper high,
That can pretend to please a curious eye,
Good judges no such tumblers' tricks regard
Or think them beautiful, because they 're hard.
'T is not enough that ev'ry stander-by
No glaring errors in your steps can spy,
The dance and music must so nicely meet,
Each note should seem an echo to your feet;
A nameless grace must in each movement dwell,
Which words can ne'er express, or precepts tell,
Not to be taught but ever to be seen
In Flavia's air, and Chloe's easy mien;
'T is such an air that makes her thousands fall,
When Fielding dances at a birthnight ball;
Smooth as Camilla she skims o'er the plain,

And flies like her thro' crowds of heroes slain.
Now when the Minuet oft repeated o'er,
Like all terrestrial joys) can please no more,
And ev'ry nymph, refusing to expand
Her charms, declines the circulating hand;
Then let the jovial Country-dance begin,
And the loud fiddles call each straggler in.
With caution now let ev'ry youth prepare
To chuse a partner from the mingled Fair;
Vain wou'd be here th' instructing Muse's voice,
If she pretended to direct his choice:
Beauty alone by fancy is exprest,
And charms in diff'rent forms each diff'rent breast;
A snowy skin this am'rous youth admires,
Whilst nut-brown cheeks another's bosom fires,
Small waists and slender limbs some hearts ensnare,
Whilst others love the more substantial Fair.
But let not outward charms your judgment sway,
Your reason rather than your eyes obey,
And in the dance as in the marriage noose,
Rather for merit, than for beauty, choose:
Be her your choice, who knows with perfect skill
When she should move, and when she should be still,
Who uninstructed can perform her share,
And kindly half the pleasing burden bear.
Unhappy is that hopeless wretch's fate,
Who, fetter'd in the matrimonial state
With a poor, simple, inexperienc'd wife,
Is forc'd to lead the tedious dance of life;
And such is his, with such a partner join'd,
A moving puppet, but without a mind:
Still must his hand be pointing out the way,
Yet ne'er can teach so fast as she can stray;
Beneath her follies he must ever groan,
And ever blush for errors not his own.
But now behold united hand in hand,
Rang'd on each side, the well-pair'd couples stand!
Each youthful bosom beating with delight,

Waits the brisk signal for the pleasing sight.
And see, the sprightly dance is now begun!
Now here, now there the giddy maze they run,
Now with slow steps they pace the circling ring,
Now all confus'd, too swift for sight they spring:
So in a wheel with rapid fury tost,
The undistinguish'd spokes are in the motion lost.

The dancer here no more requires a Guide,
To no strict steps his nimble feet are ty'd;
The Muse's precepts here would useless be,
Where all is fancy'd, unconfin'd, and free;
Let him but to the music's voice attend,
By this instructed he can ne'er offend;
If to his share it falls the dance to lead,
In well-known paths he may be sure to tread;
If others lead let him their motions view,
And in their steps the winding maze pursue.

In ev'ry Country-dance a serious mind,
Turn'd for reflection, can a moral find.
In Hunt-the-Squirrel thus the nymph we view,
Seeks when we fly, but flies when we pursue:
Thus in round dances where our partners change,
And unconfin'd from Fair to Fair we range,
As soon as one from his own consort flies,
Another seizes on the lovely prize;
A while the fav'rite youth enjoys her charms,
Till the next comer steals her from his arms;
New ones succeed, the last is still her care;
How true an emblem of th' inconstant Fair!

Where can philosophers, and sages wise,
Who read the curious volumes of the skies,
A model more exact than dancing name
Of the creation's universal frame?
Where worlds unnumber'd o'er th' ætherial way,
In a bright regular confusion stray;
Now here, now there they whirl along the sky,
Now near approach, and now far distant fly;
Now meet in the same order they begun,

And then the great celestial dance is done.
Where can the mor'list find a juster plan
Of the vain labours, and the life of man?
A while thro' justling crowds we toil and sweat,
And eagerly pursue we know not what,
Then when our trifling short-liv'd race is run,
Quite tir'd, sit down, just where we first begun.
Tho' to your arms kind fate's indulgent care
Has giv'n a partner exquisitely fair,
Let not her charms so much engage your heart,
That you neglect the skilful dancer's part;
Be not, when you the tuneful notes shall hear,
Still whisp'ring idle prattle in her ear;
When you should be employ'd, be not at play,
Nor for your joys all other steps delay;
But when the finish'd dance you once have done,
And with applause thro' ev'ry couple run,
There rest a while; there snatch the fleeting bliss,
The tender whisper, and the balmy kiss.
Thus mix'd with love, the pleasing toil pursue,
Till the unwelcome morn appears in view;
Then, when approaching day its beams displays,
And the dull candles shine with fainter rays,
Then, when the sun just rises o'er the deep,
And each bright eye is almost set in sleep,
With ready hand obsequious youths prepare
Safe to her coach to lead each chosen Fair,
And guard her from the morn's inclement air:
Let a warm hood enwrap her lovely head,
And o'er her neck a handkerchief be spread.
But ever let my lovely pupils fear
To chill their mantling blood with cold small-beer,
Ah, thoughtless Fair! the tempting draught refuse,
When thus forewarn'd by my experienced Muse:
Let the sad consequence your thoughts employ,
Nor hazard future pains, for present joy;
Destruction lurks within the pois'nous dose,
A fatal fever, or a pimpled nose.

Thus thro' each precept of the dancing art
The Muse has play'd the kind instructor's part,
Tho' every maze her pupils she has led,
And pointed out the surest paths to tread;
No more remains; no more the goddess sings,
But drops her pinions, and unfurls her wings;
On downy beds the weary'd dancers lie,
And sleep's silk cords tie down each drowsy eye,
Delightful dreams their pleasing sports restore,
And ev'n in sleep they seem to dance once more.
And now the work completely finish'd lies,
Which the devouring teeth of time defies;
Whilst birds in air, or fish in streams we find,
Or damsels fret with aged partners join'd;
As long as nymphs shall with attentive ear
A fiddle rather than a sermon hear:
So long the brightest eyes shall oft peruse
These useful lines of my instructive Muse;
Each belle shall wear them wrote upon her fan,
And each bright beau shall read them—if he can.

AN EPISTLE,

Written in the Country, to the Right Hon. the Lord Lovelace* then in Town, September, 1735.

In days, my Lord, when mother Time,
(Tho' now grown old) was in her prime,
When Saturn first began to rule,
And Jove was hardly come from school,
How happy was a country life!
How free from wickedness and strife!
Then each man liv'd upon his farm,
And thought and did no mortal harm;
On mossy banks fair virgins slept,
As harmless as the flocks they kept;
Then love was all they had to do,
And nymphs were chaste, and swains were true.
But now, whatever poets write,
'T is sure the case is alter'd quite,
Virtue no more in rural plains,
Or innocence, or peace remains;
But vice is in the cottage found,
And country girls are oft unsound;
Fierce party rage each village fires,
With wars of justices and 'squires;
Attorneys, for a barley-straw,
Whole ages hamper folks in law,
And ev'ry neighbour 's in a flame
About their rates, or tythes, or game:

*Nevil Lord Lovelace was one of those with whom the author made a friendship on his first coming into the world, uninterrupted till his death, which happened at an early period of his life.—There appear strong marks of his affection for him, in some letters wrote to his Lordship's sister, the late Lady Harry Beauclerc, now in the possession of her descendants.—He was a man of letters, a friend to the muses, and highly fashioned according to the breeding of those days.

Some quarrel for their hares and pigeons,
And some for diff'rence in religions:
Some hold their parson the best preacher,
The tinker some a better teacher;
These, to the church they fight for strangers,
Have faith in nothing but her dangers;
While those, a more believing people,
Can swallow all things——but a steeple.
But I, my Lord, who, as you know,
Care little how these matters go,
And equally detest the strife
And usual joys of country life,
Have by good fortune little share
Of its diversions, or its care;
For seldom I with 'squires unite,
Who hunt all day, and drink all night;
Nor reckon wonderful inviting,
A quarter-sessions, or cock-fighting.
But then no farm I occupy,
With sheep to rot, and cows to die:
Nor rage I much, or much despair,
Tho' in my hedge I find a snare;
Nor view I, with due admiration,
All the high honours here in fashion;
The great commissions of the quorum,
Terrors to all who come before 'em;
Militia scarlet edg'd with gold,
Or the white staff high sheriffs hold;
The representative's caressing,
The judge's bow, the bishop's blessing;
Nor can I for my soul delight
In the dull feast of neighb'ring knight,
Who, if you send three days before,
In white gloves meets you at the door,
With superfluity of breeding
First makes you sick, and then with feeding:
Or if, with ceremony cloy'd,
You would next time such plagues avoid,

And visit without previous notice,
John, John, a coach!—I can't think who 't is,
My lady cries, who spies your coach,
Ere you the avenue approach;
Lord, how unlucky!—washing day!
And all the men are in the hay!
Entrance to gain is something hard,
The dogs all bark, the gates are barr'd;
The yard 's with lines of linen cross'd,
The hall door 's lock'd, the key is lost;
These difficulties all o'ercome,
We reach at length the drawing-room;
Then there 's such trampling over-head,
Madam, you 'd swear, was brought to bed;
Miss in a hurry bursts her lock,
To get clean sleeves to hide her smock;
The servants run, the pewter clatters,
My lady dresses, calls, and chatters;
The cook-maid raves for want of butter,
Pigs squeak, fowls scream, and green geese flutter.
Now, after three hours tedious waiting,
On all our neighbours' faults debating,
And having nine times view'd the garden,
In which there 's nothing worth a farthing,
In comes my lady, and the pudden:
You will excuse, sir,—on a sudden---
Then, that we may have four and four,
The bacon, fowls, and collyflow'r
Their ancient unity divide,
The top one graces, one each side;
And by and by, the second course
Comes lagging like a distanc'd horse;
A salver then to church and king,
The butler sweats, the glasses ring;
The cloth remov'd, the toasts go round,
Bawdy and politics abound;
And as the knight more tipsy waxes,
We damn all ministers and taxes.

At last the ruddy sun quite sunk,
The coachman tolerably drunk,
Whirling o'er hillocks, ruts, and stones,
Enough to dislocate one's bones,
We home return, a wond'rous token
Of Heav'n's kind care, with limbs unbroken.
Afflict us not, ye Gods, though sinners,
With many days like this, or dinners!
But if civilities thus teaze me,
Nor business, nor diversions please me:
You 'll ask, my Lord, how time I spend?
I answer, with a book or friend:
The circulating hours dividing
'T wixt reading, walking, eating, riding;
But books are still my highest joy,
These earliest please, and latest cloy.
Sometimes o'er distant climes I stray,
By guides experienc'd taught the way;
The wonders of each region view,
From frozen Lapland to Peru;
Bound o'er rough seas, and mountains bare,
Yet ne'er forsake my elbow-chair.
Sometimes some fam'd historian's pen
Recalls past ages back agen,
Where all I see, thro' ev'ry page,
Is but how men, with senseless rage,
Each other rob, destroy, and burn,
To serve a priest's, or statesman's turn;
Tho' loaded with a diff'rent aim,
Yet always asses much the same.
Sometimes I view with much delight,
Divines their holy game-cocks fight;
Here faith and works, at variance set,
Strive hard who shall the vict'ry get;
Presbytery and episcopacy
They fight so long it would amaze ye:
Here free-will holds a fierce dispute
With reprobation absolute;

There sense kicks transubstantiation,
And reason pecks at revelation.
With learned Newton now I fly
O'er all the rolling orbs on high,
Visit new worlds, and, for a minute,
This old one scorn, and all that 's in it:
And now with lab'ring Boyle I trace
Nature thro' ev'ry winding maze,
The latent qualities admire
Of vapours, water, air, and fire:
With pleasing admiration see
Matter's surprising subtilty;
As how the smallest lamp displays,
For miles around, its scatter'd rays;
Or how (the case still more t' explain)
* A fart, that weighs not half a grain,
The atmosphere will oft perfume
Of a whole spacious drawing-room.
Sometimes I pass a whole long day
In happy indolence away,
In fondly meditating o'er
Past pleasures, and in hoping more:
Or wander thro' the fields and woods,
And gardens bath'd in circling floods,
There blooming flowers with rapture view,
And sparkling gems of morning dew,
Whence in my mind ideas rise
Of Cælia's cheeks, and Chloe's eyes.
'T is thus, my Lord, I free from strife
Spend an inglorious country life;
These are the joys I still pursue,
When absent from the town and you;
Thus pass long summer suns away,
Busily idle, calmly gay:
Nor great, nor mean, nor rich, nor poor,
Not having much, nor wishing more;

* See Boyle's Experiments.

Except that you, when weary grown
Of all the follies of the town,
And seeing, in all public places,
The same vain fops and painted faces,
Would sometimes kindly condescend
To visit a dull country friend:
Here you 'll be ever sure to meet
A hearty welcome tho' no treat,
One who has nothing else to do,
But to divert himself and you:
A house, where quiet guards the door,
No rural wits smoke, drink, and roar,
Choice books, safe horses, wholesome liquor,
Clean girls, backgammon, and the vicar.

AN ESSAY ON VIRTUE.

To the Honourable Philip Yorke (now Earl of Hardwick).

Thou, whom nor honours, wealth, nor youth can spoil
With the least vice of each luxuriant soil,
Say, Yorke (for sure, if any, you can tell),
What virtue is, who practise it so well;
Say, where inhabits this Sultana queen;
Prais'd and ador'd by all, but rarely seen?
By what sure marks her essence can we trace,
When each religion, faction, age, and place,
Sets up some fancy'd idol of its own;
A vain pretender to her sacred throne?
In man, too oft a well-dissembled part,
A self-denying pride in woman's heart,
In synods faith, and in the fields of fame
Valour usurps her honours and her name.
Whoe'er their sense of Virtue would express,
'T is still by something they themselves possess.
Hence youth good-humour, frugal craft old age,
Warm politicians term it party-rage;
True churchmen zeal right orthodox; and hence
Fools think it gravity, and wits pretence:
To constancy alone fond lovers join it,
And maids unask'd to chastity confine it.
But have we then no law besides our will?
No just criterion fix'd to good and ill?
As well at noon we may obstruct our sight,
Then doubt if such a thing exists as light;
For no less plain would nature's law appear,
As the meredian sun, unchang'd, and clear.
Would we but search for what we were design'd,
And for what end th' Almighty form'd mankind,
A rule of life we then should plainly see,
For to pursue that end must virtue be.

Then what is that? not want of pow'r or fame,
Or worlds unnumber'd to applaud his name,
But a desire his blessings to diffuse,
And fear lest millions should existence lose;
His goodness only could his pow'r employ,
And an eternal warmth to propagate his joy.
Hence soul and sense, diffus'd thro' ev'ry place,
Make happiness as infinite as space;
Thousands of suns beyond each other blaze,
Orbs roll o'er orbs, and glow with mutual rays;
Each is a world, where, form'd with wond'rous art,
Unnumber'd species live thro' ev'ry part:
In ev'ry tract of ocean, earth, and skies
Myriads of creatures still successive rise;
Scarce buds a leaf, or springs the vilest weed,
But little flocks upon its verdure feed;
No fruit our palate courts, or flow'r our smell,
But on its fragrant bosom nations dwell,
All form'd with proper faculties to share
The daily bounties of their Maker's care:
The great Creator from his heav'nly throne,
Pleas'd on the wide-expanded joy looks down,
And his eternal law is only this,
That all contribute to the general bliss.
Nature so plain this primal law displays,
Each living creature sees it, and obeys;
Each, form'd for all, promotes, thro' private care,
The public good, and justly takes its share.
All understand their great Creator's will,
Strive to be happy, and in that fulfil;
Mankind excepted; lord of all beside,
But only slave to folly, vice, and pride;
'T is he that 's deaf to this command alone,
Delights in others's woe, and courts his own;
Racks and destroys with tort'ring steel and flame,
For luxury, brutes; and man himself, for fame:
Sets Superstition high on Virtue's throne,
Then thinks his Maker's temper like his own:

Hence are his altars stain'd with reeking gore,
As if he could atone for crimes by more:
Hence whilst offended Heav'n he strives in vain
T' appease by fasts, and voluntary pain,
Ev'n in repenting he provokes again.
How easy is our yoke! how light our load!
Did we not strive to mend the laws of God:
For his own sake no duty he can ask,
The common welfare is our only task;
For this sole end his precepts, kind as just,
Forbid intemp'rance, murder, theft, and lust,
With ev'ry act injurious to our own
Or others' good, for such are crimes alone;
For this are peace, love, charity, enjoin'd,
With all that can secure and bless mankind.
Thus is the public safety Virtue's cause,
And happiness the end of all her laws;
For such by nature is the human frame,
Our duty and our int'rest are the same.
But hold, cries out some Puritan divine,
Whose well-stuff'd cheeks with ease and plenty shine,
Is this to fast, to mortify, refrain,
And work salvation out with fear and pain?
We own the rigid lessons of their schools,
Are widely diff'rent from these easy rules:
Virtue, with them, is only to abstain
From all that nature asks, and covet pain;
Pleasure and vice are ever near akin,
And, if we thirst, cold water is a sin:
Heav'n's path is rough and intricate, they say,
Yet all are damn'd that trip or miss their way;
God is a being cruel and severe,
And man a wretch by his command plac'd here,
In sun-shine for a while to take a turn,
Only to dry and make him fit to burn.
Mistaken men, too piously severe!
Thro' craft misleading, or mislead by fear;
How little they God's counsels comprehend,

Our universal parent, guardian, friend!
Who, forming by degrees to bless mankind,
This globe our sportive nursery assign'd,
Where for a while his fond paternal care
Feasts us with ev'ry joy our state can bear:
Each sense, touch, taste, and smell dispense delight,
Music our hearing, beauty charms our sight;
Trees, herbs, and flow'rs to us their spoils resign,
Its pearl the rock presents, its gold the mine;
Beasts, fowl, and fish their daily tribute give
Of food and clothes, and die that we may live:
Seasons but change, new pleasures to produce,
And elements contend to serve our use:
Love's gentle shafts, ambition's tow'ring wings,
The pomps of senates, churches, courts and kings,
All that our rev'rence, joy, or hope create,
Are the gay play-things of this infant state.
Scarcely an ill to human life belongs,
But what our follies cause, or mutual wrongs;
Or if some stripes from Providence we feel,
He strikes with pity, and but wounds to heal;
Kindly perhaps sometimes afflicts us here,
To guide our views to a sublimer sphere,
In more exalted joys to fix our taste,
And wean us from delights that cannot last.
Our present good the easy task is made,
To earn superiour bliss, when this shall fade;
For, soon as e'er these mortal pleasures cloy,
His hand shall lead us to sublimer joy;
Snatch us from all our little sorrows here,
Calm ev'ry grief, and dry each childish tear;
Waft us to regions of eternal peace,
Where bliss and virtue grow with like increase;
From strength to strength our souls for ever guide,
Thro' wond'rous scenes of being yet untry'd,
Where in each stage we shall more perfect grow,
And new perfections, new delights bestow.

Oh! would mankind but make these truths their guide,
And force the helm from prejudice and pride;
Were once these maxims fix'd, that God 's our friend,
Virtue our good, and happiness our end,
How soon must reason o'er the world prevail,
And error, fraud, and superstition fail!
None would hereafter then with groundless fear
Describe th' Almighty cruel and severe,
Predestinating some without pretence
To heav'n, and some to hell for no offence;
Inflicting endless pains for transient crimes,
And fav'ring sects or nations, men or times.
To please him none would foolishly forbear,
Or food, or rest, or itch in shirts of hair,
Or deem it merit to believe, or teach,
What reason contradicts, or cannot reach;
None would fierce zeal for piety mistake,
Or malice for whatever tenet's sake,
Or think salvation to one sect confin'd,
And heav'n too narrow to contain mankind.
No more then nymphs by long neglect grown nice,
Would in one female frailty sum up vice,
And censure those, who nearer to the right,
Think Virtue is but to dispense delight.
No servile tenets would admittance find,
Destructive of the rights of human kind;
Of pow'r divine, hereditary right,
And non-resistence to a tyrant's might:
For sure that all should thus for one be curs'd,
Is but great nature's edict just revers'd.
No mor'lists then, o'er righteous to excess,
Would shew fair Virtue in so black a dress,
That they, like boys, who some feign'd spright array,
First from the spectre fly themselves away;
So preachers in the terrible delight,
But choose to win by reason, not affright;
Not conj'rors like, in fire and brimstone dwell,
And draw each moving argument from hell.

No more our sage interpreters of laws,
Would fatten on obscurities and flaws,
But rather nobly careful of their trust,
Strive to wipe off the long-contracted dust,
And be like *Hardwicke*, guardians of the just.
No more applause would on ambition wait,
And laying waste the world be counted great;
But one good-natur'd act more praises gain,
Than armies overthrown, and thousands slain:
No more would brutal rage disturb our peace,
But envy, hatred, war, and discord cease;
Our own and others' good each hour employ,
And all things smile with universal joy;
Virtue with Happiness, her consort, join'd,
Would regulate and bless each human mind,
And man be what his Maker first design'd.

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WRITTEN IN MR. LOCKE'S ESSAY ON HUMAN UNDERSTANDING.

Long had the mind of man with curious art
Search'd nature's wond'rous plan thro' ev'ry part,
Measur'd each tract of ocean, earth, and sky,
And number'd all the rolling orbs on high;
Yet still, so learn'd, herself she little knew,
Till LOCKE's unerring pen the portrait drew.
So beauteous Eve a while in Eden stray'd,
And all her great Creator's works survey'd;
By sun and moon she knew to mark the hour;
She knew the genus of each plant and flow'r;
She knew, when sporting on the verdant lawn,
The tender lambkin and the nimble fawn:
But still a stranger to her own bright face,
She guess'd not at its form, nor what she was;
Till led at length to some clear fountain's side,
She view'd her beauties in the crystal tide;
The shining mirror all her charms displays,
And her eyes catch their own rebounded rays.

EPITAPH ON DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

Here lies SAM JOHNSON:—Reader, have a care,
Tread lightly, lest you wake a sleeping Bear:
Religious, moral, generous, and humane
He was; but self-sufficient, proud and vain;
Fond of, and overbearing in dispute,
A Christian, and a Scholar—but a Brute.

(19)

HENRY & EMMA.

A POEM.

UPON THE MODEL OF THE NUT-BROWN MAID.

BY MATTHEW PRIOR.

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HENRY AND EMMA.

TO CLOE.

Thou, to whose eyes I bend, at whose command
(Tho' low my voice, tho' artless be my hand)
I take the sprightly reed, and sing and play,
Careless of what the cens'ring world may say;
Bright Cloe! object of my constant vow,
Wilt thou a while unbend thy serious brow?
Wilt thou with pleasure hear thy lover's strains,
And with one heav'nly smile o'erpay his pains?
No longer shall the Nut-brown Maid be old,
Tho' since her youth three hundred years have roll'd:
At thy desire she shall again be rais'd,
And her reviving charms in lasting verse be prais'd.
No longer man of woman shall complain,
That he may love and not be lov'd again;
That we in vain the fickle sex pursue,
Who change the constant lover for the new.
Whatever has been writ, whatever said
Of female passion feign'd, or faith decay'd,
Henceforth shall in my verse refuted stand,
Be said to winds, or writ upon the sand:
And while my notes to future times proclaim
Unconquer'd love and ever during flame,
O, fairest of the sex! be thou my Muse;
Deign on my work thy influence to diffuse:
Let me partake the blessings I rehearse,
And grant me, Love, the just reward of verse.

As Beauty's potent queen with ev'ry grace
That once was Emma's has adorn'd thy face,
And as her son has to my bosom dealt
That constant flame which faithful Henry felt,
O let the story with thy life agree,
Let men once more the bright example see;
What Emma was to him be thou to me:
Nor send me by thy frown from her I love,
Distant and sad, a banish'd man to rove:
But, oh! with pity long entreated crown
My pains and hopes; and when thou say'st that one
Of all mankind thou lov'st, oh! think on me alone.

WHERE beauteous Isis and her husband Thame
With mingled waves for ever flow the same,
In times of yore an ancient baron liv'd,
Great gifts bestow'd, and great respect receiv'd.
When dreadful Edward with successful care
Led his free Britons to the Gallick war,
This Lord had headed his appointed bands,
In firm allegiance to his king's commands,
And (all due honours faithfully discharg'd)
Had brought back his paternal coat, enlarg'd
With a new mark, the witness of his toil,
And no inglorious part of foreign spoil.
From the loud camp retir'd and noisy court,
In honourable ease and rural sport
The remnant of his days he safely past,
Nor found they lagg'd too slow nor flew too fast;
He made his wish with his estate comply,
Joyful to live, yet nôt afraid to die.
One child he had, a daughter, chaste and fair,
His age's comfort, and his fortune's heir:
They call'd her Emma, for the beauteous dame
Who gave the virgin birth had borne the name;
The name th' indulgent father doubly lov'd,
For in the child the mother's charms improv'd:
Yet as when little round his knees she play'd,

He call'd her oft', in sport, his Nut-brown Maid;
The friends and tenants took the fondling word,
(As still they please who imitate their Lord)
Usage confirm'd what Fancy had begun;
The mutual terms around the lands were known,
And Emma and the Nut-brown Maid were one.
As with her stature still her charms increas'd,
Thro' all the isle her beauty was confess'd.
Oh! what perfections must that virgin share
Who fairest is esteem'd where all are fair?
From distant shires repair the noble youth,
And find report for once had lessen'd truth.
By wonder first, and then by passion mov'd,
They came, they saw, they marvell'd, and they lov'd.
By publick praises and by secret sighs
Each own'd the general pow'r of Emma's eyes.
In tilts and tournaments the valiant strove
By glorious deeds to purchase Emma's love.
In gentle verse the witty told their flame,
And grac'd their choicest songs with Emma's name.
In vain they combated, in vain they writ,
Useless their strength, and impotent their wit:
Great Venus only must direct the dart,
Which else will never reach the fair one's heart,
Spite of th' attempts of Force and soft effects of Art:
Great Venus must prefer the happy one;
In Henry's cause her favour must be shown,
And Emma, of mankind, must love but him alone.
While these in publick to the castle came,
And by their grandeur justify'd their flame,
More secret ways the careful Henry takes;
His 'squires, his arms, and equipage, forsakes.
In borrow'd name and false attire array'd,
Oft' he finds means to see the beauteous maid.
When Emma hunts, in huntsman's habit drest,
Henry on foot pursues the bounding beast;
In his right hand his beechen pole he bears,
And graceful at his side his horn he wears.

Still to the glade where she has bent her way
With knowing skill he drives the future prey;
Bids her decline the hill and shun the brake,
And shews the path her steed may safest take;
Directs her spear to fix the glorious wound,
Pleas'd in his toils to have her triumph crown'd,
And blows her praises in no common sound.
A falc'ner Henry is when Emma hawks;
With her of tarsels and of lures he talks:
Upon his wrists the tow'ring merlin stands,
Practis'd to rise and stoop at her commands:
And when superior now the bird has flown,
And headlong brought the tumbling quarry down,
With humble rev'rence he accosts the fair,
And with the honour'd feather decks her hair.
Yet still as from the sportive field she goes,
His downcast eye reveals his inward woes;
And by his look and sorrow is exprest
A nobler game pursu'd than bird or beast.
A shepherd now along the plain he roves,
And with his jolly pipe delights the groves.
The neighb'ring swains around the stranger throng,
Or to admire or emulate his song;
While with soft sorrow he renews his lays,
Nor heedful of their envy nor their praise:
But soon as Emma's eyes adorn the plain,
His notes he raises to a nobler strain,
With dutiful respect and studious fear,
Lest any careless sound offend her ear.
A frantick gipsy now the house he haunts,
And in wild phrases speaks dissembled wants.
With the fond maids in palmistry he deals;
They tell the secret first which he reveals;
Says who shall wed, and who shall be beguil'd;
What groom shall get, and 'squire maintain, the child
But when bright Emma would her fortune know,
A softer look unbends his op'ning brow:
With trembling awe he gazes on her eye,

And in soft accents forms the kind reply,
That she shall prove as fortunate as fair,
And Hymen's choicest gifts are all reserv'd for her.
Now oft' had Henry chang'd his sly disguise,
Unmark'd by all but beauteous Emma's eyes;
Oft' had found means alone to see the dame,
And at her feet to breathe his am'rous flame;
And oft' the pangs of absence to remove
By letters, soft interpreters of love;
Till time and industry (the mighty two
That bring our wishes nearer to our view)
Made him perceive that the inclining fair
Receiv'd his vows with no reluctant ear;
That Venus had confirm'd her equal reign,
And dealt to Emma's heart a share of Henry's pain.
While Cupid smil'd by kind occasion bless'd,
And with the secret kept the love increas'd,
The am'rous youth frequents the silent groves,
And much he meditates, for much he loves.
He loves, 'tis true, and is belov'd again;
Great are his joys; but will they long remain?
Emma with smiles receives his present flame,
But, smiling, will she ever be the same?
Beautiful looks are rul'd by fickle minds,
And summer seas are turn'd by sudden winds:
Another love may gain her easy youth;
Time changes thought, and Flattery conquers Truth.
O impotent estate of human life!
Where hope and fear maintain eternal strife;
Where fleeting joy does lasting doubt inspire,
And most we question what we most desire.
Amongst thy various gifts, great Heav'n! bestow
Our cup of love unmix'd; forbear to throw
Bitter ingredients in, nor pall the draught
With nauseous grief; for our ill-judging thought
Hardly enjoys the pleasurable taste,
Or deems it not sincere or fears it cannot last.
With wishes rais'd, with jealousies oppress,

(Alternate tyrants of the human breast)
By one great trial he resolves to prove
The faith of woman and the force of love:
If, scanning Emma's virtues, he may find
That beauteous frame enclose a steady mind,
He 'll fix his hope, of future joy secure,
And live a slave to Hymen's happy power;
But if the fair one, as he fears, is frail,
If pois'd aright in Reason's equal scale,
Light fly her merits, and her faults prevail,
His mind he vows to free from am'rous care,
The latent mischief from his heart to tear,
Resume his azure arms, and shine again in war.
South of the castle in a verdant glade,
A spreading beech extends her friendly shade;
Here oft' the nymph his breathing vows had heard;
Here oft' her silence had her heart declar'd.
As active Spring awak'd her infant buds,
And genial Life inform'd the verdant woods,
Henry, in knots involving Emma's name,
Had half express'd and half conceal'd his flame
Upon this tree; and as the tender mark
Grew with the year, and widen'd with the bark,
Venus had heard the virgin's soft address,
That, as the wound, the passion might increase.
As potent Nature shed her kindly show'rs,
And deck'd the various mead with op'ning flow'rs,
Upon this tree the nymph's obliging care
Had left a frequent wreath for Henry's hair,
Which as with gay delight the lover found,
Pleas'd with his conquest, with her present crown'd,
Glorious thro' all the plains he oft' had gone,
And to each swain the mystick honour shown,
The gift still prais'd, the giver still unknown.
His secret note the troubled Henry writes;
To the known tree the lovely maid invites:
Imperfect words and dubious terms express
That unforeseen mischance disturb'd his peace;

That he must something to her ear commend,
On which her conduct and his life depend.
Soon as the fair one had the note receiv'd,
The remnant of the day, alone, she griev'd;
For diff'rent this from ev'ry former note
Which Venus dictated and Henry wrote;
Which told her all his future hopes were laid
On the dear bosom of his Nut-brown Maid;
Which always bless'd her eyes and own'd her pow'r,
And bid her oft' adieu, yet added more.
Now night advanc'd: the house in sleep were laid,
The nurse experienc'd, and the prying maid;
And, last, that sprite which does incessant haunt
The lover's steps, the ancient maiden aunt.
To her dear Henry Emma wings her way,
With quicken'd pace repairing forc'd delay:
For Love, fantastick pow'r, that is afraid
To stir abroad till Watchfulness be laid,
Undaunted then o'er cliffs and vallies strays,
And leads his votaries safe thro' pathless ways.
Not Argus with his hundred eyes shall find
Where Cupid goes, tho' he, poor guide, is blind.
The maiden first arriving, sent her eye
To ask if yet its chief delight were nigh:
With fear and with desire, with joy and pain,
She sees, and runs to meet him on the plain;
But, oh! his steps proclaim no lover's haste;
On the low ground his fix'd regards are cast;
His artful bosom heaves dissembled sighs,
And tears suborn'd fall copious from his eyes.
With ease, alas! we credit what we love;
His painted grief does real sorrow move
In the afflicted fair: adown her cheek
Trickling the genuine tears their current break!
Attentive stood the mournful nymph; the man
Broke silence first; the tale alternate ran.

Hen. Sincere, O tell me, hast thou felt a pain,
Emma, beyond what woman knows to feign!

Has thy uncertain bosom ever strove
With the first tumults of a real love?
Hast thou now dreaded and now blest his sway,
By turns averse and joyful to obey?
Thy virgin softness hast thou e'er bewail'd,
As reason yielded and as love prevail'd?
And wept the potent god's resistless dart,
His killing pleasure, his ecstatick smart,
And heav'nly poison thrilling thro' thy heart?
If so, with pity view my wretched state,
At least deplore, and then forget my fate:
To some more happy knight reserve thy charms,
By Fortune favour'd and successful arms;
And only as the sun's revolving ray
Brings back each year this melancholy day,
Permit one sigh, and set apart one tear
To an abandon'd exile's endless care.
For me, alas! outcast of human race,
Love's anger only waits and dire disgrace;
For, lo! these hands in murther are imbru'd,
These trembling feet by Justice are pursu'd:
Fate calls aloud, and hastens me away;
A shameful death attends my longer stay;
And I this night must fly from thee and love,
Condemn'd in lonely woods a banish'd man to rove.

Emma. What is our bliss that changeth with the moon
And day of life that darkens ere 't is noon? [moon
What is true passion, if unblest it dies?
And where is Emma's joy if Henry flies?
If love, alas! be pain, the pain I bear
No thought can figure, and no tongue declare.
Ne'er faithful woman felt, nor false one feign'd,
The flames which long have in my bosom reign'd:
The god of Love himself inhabits there,
With all his rage, and dread, and grief, and care,
His complement of stores and total war.
O! cease then coldly to suspect my love,
And let my deed, at least, my faith approve.

Alas! no youth shall my endearments share,
Nor day nor night shall interrupt my care;
No future story shall with truth upbraid
The cold indiff'rence of the Nut-brown Maid;
Nor to hard banishment shall Henry run
While careless Emma sleeps on beds of down.
View me resolv'd where'er thou lead'st to go,
Friend to thy pain, and partner of thy wo;
For I attest fair Venus and her son,
That I of all mankind will love but thee alone.

Hen. Let prudence yet obstruct thy vent'rous way,
And take good heed what men will think and say;
That beauteous Emma vagrant courses took,
Her father's house and civil life forsook;
That full of youthful blood, and fond of man,
Ne to the woodland with an exile ran.
Reflect, that lessen'd fame is ne'er regain'd,
And virgin-honour once, is always stain'd:
Timely advis'd, the coming evil shun;
Better not do the deed than weep it done:
No penance can absolve our guilty fame,
Nor tears, that wash our sin, can wash our shame:
When fly the sad effects of desp'rate love,
And leave a banish'd man thro' lonely woods to rove.

Emma. Let Emma's hapless case be falsely told
By the rash young or the ill-natur'd old;
Let ev'ry tongue its various censures chuse,
Absolve with coldness, or with spite accuse;
Fair Truth at last her radiant beams will raise,
And Malice vanquish'd heightens Virtue's praise.
Let then thy favour but indulge my flight,
I! let my presence make thy travels light,
And potent Venus shall exalt my name
Above the rumours of censorious Fame;
Nor from that busy demon's restless pow'r
Fill ever Emma other grace implore,
Than that this truth should to the world be known,
That I of all mankind have lov'd but thee alone.

Hen. But canst thou wield the sword and bend the
With active force repel the sturdy foe? [bow
When the loud tumult speaks the battle nigh,
And winged death in whistling arrows fly,
Wilt thou, tho' wounded, yet undaunted stay,
Perform thy part, and share the dang'rous day?
Then, as thy strength decays, thy heart will fail,
Thy limbs all trembling, and thy cheeks all pale;
With fruitless sorrow thou, inglorious Maid,
Wilt weep thy safety by thy love betray'd;
Then to thy friend, by foes o'ercharg'd deny
Thy little useless aid, and coward fly;
Then wilt thou curse the chance that made thee l
A banish'd man, condemn'd in lonely woods to ro

Emma. With fatal certainty Thalestris knew
To send the arrow from the twanging yew:
And, great in arms, and foremost in the war,
Bonduca brandish'd high the British spear.
Could thirst of vengeance and desire of fame
Excite the female breast with martial flame?
And shall not Love's diviner pow'r inspire
More hardy virtue and more gen'rous fire?
Near thee, mistrust not, constant I 'll abide,
And fall or vanquish, fighting by thy side.
Tho' my inferior strength may not allow
That I should bear or draw the warriour bow,
With ready hand I will the shaft supply,
And joy to see thy victor arrows fly.
Touch'd in the battle by the hostile reed,
Shouldst thou, (but Heav'n avert it!) shouldst t
To stop the wounds my finest lawn I 'd tear, [bl
Wash them with tears, and wipe them with my h
Blest when my dangers and my toils have shown
That I, of all mankind, could love but thee alo

Hen. But canst thou, tender Maid, canst thou sus
Afflictive want, or hunger's pressing pain?
Those limbs, in lawn and softest silk array'd,
From sunbeams guarded, and of winds afraid,

Can they bear angry Jove? can they resist
The parching Dogstar and the bleak North-east?
When, chill'd by adverse snows and beating rain,
We tread with wearied steps the longsome plain;
When with hard toil we seek our ev'ning food,
Berries and acorns, from the neighb'ring wood,
And find among the cliffs no other house
But the thin covert of some gather'd boughs,
Wilt thou not then reluctant send thine eye
Around the dreary waste, and weeping try
(Tho' then, alas! that trial be too late)
To find thy father's hospitable gate,
And seats where Ease and Plenty brooding sat? 380
Those seats whence, long excluded, thou must mourn;
That gate for ever barr'd to thy return;
Will thou not then bewail ill-fated love,
And hate a banish'd man, condemn'd in woods to rove?
Emma. Thy rise of fortune did I only wed,
From its decline determin'd to recede;
Did I but purpose to embark with thee
On the smooth surface of a summer's sea,
While gentle zephyrs play in prosp'rous gales,
And Fortune's favour fills the swelling sails,
But would forsake the ship and make the shore,
When the winds whistle and the tempests roar?
No, Henry, no: one sacred oath has ty'd
Our loves; one destiny our life shall guide;
Nor wild nor deep our common way divide.
When from the cave thou risest with the day
To beat the woods and rouse the bounding prey,
The cave with moss and branches I 'll adorn,
And cheerful sit to wait my Lord's return.
And when thou frequent bring'st the smitten deer,
(For seldom, archers say, thy arrows err)
I 'll fetch quick fuel from the neighb'ring wood,
And strike the sparkling flint, and dress the food:
With humble duty and officious haste
I 'll cull the furthest mead for thy repast;

The choicest herbs I to thy board will bring,
And draw thy water from the freshest spring:
And when at night, with weary toil opprest,
Soft slumbers thou enjoy'st and wholesome rest,
Watchful I'll guard thee, and with midnight pray'r
Weary the gods to keep thee in their care;
And joyous ask at morn's returning ray
If thou hast health, and I may bless the day.
My thoughts shall fix, my latest wish depend
On thee, guide, guardian, kinsman, father, friend;
By all these sacred names be Henry known
To Emma's heart; and, grateful, let him own
That she, of all mankind, could love but him alone.

Hen. Vainly thou tell'st me what the woman's care
Shall in the wildness of the wood prepare:
Thou, ere thou goest, unhappiest of thy kind,
Must leave the habit and the sex behind.
No longer shall thy comely tresses break,
In flowing ringlets on thy snowy neck,
Or sit behind thy head, an ample round,
In graceful braids, with various riband bound;
No longer shall the bodice aptly lac'd
From thy full bosom to thy slender waist,
That air and harmony of shape express,
Fine by degrees, and beautifully less;
Nor shall thy lower garments artful plait,
From thy fair side dependent to thy feet,
Arm their chaste beauties with a modest pride,
And double ev'ry charm they seek to hide.
Th' ambrosial plenty of thy shining hair
Cropt off and lost, scarce lower than thy ear
Shall stand uncouth; a horseman's coat shall hide
Thy taper shape and comeliness of side;
The short trunk-hose shall show thy foot and knee
Licentious, and to common eyesight free;
And with a bolder stride and looser air,
Mingled with men, a man thou must appear.

Nor solitude, nor gentle peace of mind,
Mistaken Maid, shalt thou in forests find:
'T is long since Cynthia and her train were there,
Or guardian gods made innocence their care:
Vagrants and outlaws shall offend thy view,
For such must be my friends; a hideous crew,
By adverse fortune mixt in social ill,
Train'd to assault, and disciplin'd to kill;
Their common loves a lewd abandon'd pack,
The beadle's lash still flagrant on their back;
By sloth corrupted, by disosder fed,
Made bold by want, and prostitute for bread:
With such must Emma hunt the tedious day,
Assist their violence and divide their prey;
With such she must return at setting light,
Tho' not partaker, witness of their night.
Thy ear, inur'd to charitable sounds
And pitying love, must feel the hateful wounds
Of jest obscene and vulgar ribaldry,
The ill-bred question and the lewd reply;
Brought by long habitude from bad to worse,
Must hear the frequent oath, the direful curse,
That latest weapon of the wretches' war,
And blasphemy, sad comrade of despair.
Now, Emma, now the last reflection make,
What thou would'st follow, what thou must forsake:
By our ill-omen'd stars and adverse heav'n
No middle object to thy choice is giv'n:
Or yield thy virtue to attain thy love,
Or leave a banish'd man, condemn'd in woods to rove.
Emma. O grief of heart! that our unhappy fates
Force thee to suffer what thy honour hates;
Mix thee amongst the bad, or make thee run
Too near the paths which Virtue bids thee shun.
Yet with her Henry still let Emma go;
With him abhor the vice, but share the wo:
And sure my little heart can never err
Amidst the worst, if Henry still be there.

Our outward act is prompted from within,
And from the sinner's mind proceeds the sin:
By her own choice free Virtue is approv'd,
Nor by the force of outward objects mov'd.
Who has assay'd no danger gains no praise.
In a small isle, amidst the widest seas,
Triumphant Constancy has fixt her seat;
In vain the Syrens sing, the tempests beat:
Their flatt'ry she rejects, nor fears their threat.
For thee alone these little charms I drest,
Condemn'd them or absolv'd them by thy test:
In comely figure rang'd my jewels shone,
Or negligently plac'd, for thee alone:
For thee again they shall be laid aside;
The woman, Henry, shall put off her pride
For thee: my clothes, my sex, exchang'd for thee,
I 'll mingle with the people's wretched lee:
O line extreme of human infamy!
Wanting the scissors, with these hands I 'll tear
(If that obstructs my flight) this load of hair:
Black soot or yellow walnut shall disgrace
This little red and white of Emma's face:
These nails with scratches shall deform my breast,
Lest by my look or colour be exprest
The mark of ought high-born, or ever better drest.
Yet in this commerce, under this disguise,
Let me be grateful still to Henry's eyes;
Lost to the world, let me to him be known;
My fate I can absolve if he shall own
That, leaving all mankind, I love but him alone.
Hen. O wildest thought of an abandon'd mind!
Name, habit, parents, woman, left behind,
Ev'n honour dubious, thou preferr'st to go
Wild to the woods with me. Said Emma so?
Or did I dream what Emma never said?
O guilty error! and O wretched Maid!

Whose roving fancy would resolve the same
With him who next should tempt her easy fame,
And blow with empty words the susceptible flame.
Now why should doubtful terms thy mind perplex?
Confess thy frailty, and avow the sex:
No longer loose desire for constant love [rove.
Mistake, but say, 't is man with whom thou long'st to
Emma. Are there not poisons, racks, and flames, and
That Emma thus must die by Henry's words; [swords,
Yet what could swords or poisons, racks or flame,
But mangle and disjoint this brittle frame! [fame.
More fatal Henry's words, they murder Emma's
And fall these sayings from that gentle tongue,
Where civil speech and soft persuasion hung?
Whose artful sweetness and harmonious strain,
Courting my grace, yet courting it in vain,
Call'd sighs, and tears, and wishes, to its aid,
And, whilst it Henry's glowing flame convey'd,
Still blam'd the coldness of the nut-brown maid?
Let envious Jealousy and canker'd Spite,
Produce my actions to severest light,
And tax my open day or secret night.
Did e'er my tongue speak my unguarded heart
The least inclin'd to play the wanton's part?
Did e'er my eye one inward thought reveal,
Which angels might not hear and virgins tell?
And hast thou, Henry, in my conduct known
One fault but that which I must ever own,
That I, of all mankind, have lov'd but thee alone?
Hen. Vainly thou talk'st of loving me alone;
Each man is man, and all our sex is one:
False are our words, and fickle is our mind;
Nor in Love's ritual can we ever find
Vows made to last, or promises to bind.
By Nature prompted, and for empire made,
Alike by strength or cunning we invade:
When arm'd with rage we march against the foe,
We lift the battle-axe and draw the bow;

When fir'd with passion we attack the fair,
Delusive sighs and brittle vows we bear;
Our falsehood and our arms have equal use,
As they our conquest or delight produce.
The foolish heart thou gav'st again receive,
The only boon departing Love can give.
To be less wretched be no longer true;
What strives to fly thee why shouldst thou pursue?
Forget the present flame, indulge a new:
Single the loveliest of the am'rous youth;
Ask for his vow, but hope not for his truth.
The next man (and the next thou shalt believe)
Will pawn his gods, intending to deceive;
Will kneel, implore, persist, o'ercome, and leave.
Hence let thy Cupid aim his arrows right;
Be wise and false, shun trouble, seek delight;
Change thou the first, nor wait thy lover's flight.
Why should'st thou weep? let Nature judge our case;
I saw thee young and fair; pursu'd the chase
Of youth and beauty: I another saw
Fairer and younger: yielding to the law
Of our all-ruling Mother, I pursu'd
More youth, more beauty. Blest vicissitude!
My active heart still keeps its pristine flame,
The object alter'd, the desire the same.
This younger, fairer, pleads her rightful charms,
With present power compels me to her arms;
And much I fear from my subjected mind,
(If beauty's force to constant love can bind)
That years may roll ere in her turn the maid
Shall weep the fury of my love decay'd,
And weeping follow me, as thou dost now,
With idle clamours of a broken vow.
Nor can the wildness of thy wishes err,
So wide to hope that thou may'st live with her:
Love, well thou know'st, no partnership allows;
Cupid averse, rejects divided vows:

Then from thy foolish heart, vain Maid, remove
An useless sorrow and an ill-starr'd love,
And leave me, with the fair, at large in woods to rove.
Emma. Are we in life thro' one great errour led?
Is each man perjur'd, and each nymph betray'd?
Of the superior sex art thou the worst?
Am I of mine the most completely curst?
Yet let me go with thee, and going prove,
From what I will endure, how much I love.
This potent beauty, this triumphant fair,
This happy object of our diff'rent care,
Her let me follow; her let me attend,
A servant: (she may scorn the name of friend)
What she demands incessant I 'll prepare;
I'll wave her garlands, and I 'll plait her hair:
My busy diligence shall deck her board,
(For there at least I may approach my lord)
And when her Henry's softer hours advise
His servant's absence, with dejected eyes
Far I 'll recede, and sighs forbid to rise.
Yet, when increasing grief brings slow disease,
And ebbing life, on terms severe as these,
Will have its little lamp no longer fed;
When Henry's mistress shows him Emma dead,
Rescue my poor remains from vile neglect:
With virgin honours let my hearse be deckt,
And decent emblem; and, at least, persuade
This happy nymph that Emma may be laid
Where thou, dear author of my death, where she
With frequent eye my sepulchre may see.
The nymph, amidst her joys, may haply breathe
One pious sigh, reflecting on my death,
And the sad fate which she may one day prove,
Who hopes from Henry's vows eternal love.
And thou forsworn, thou cruel, as thou art,
If Emma's image ever touch'd thy heart,
Thou sure must give one thought, and drop one tear
To her whom love abandon'd to despair;

To her who dying on the wounded stone
Bid it in lasting characters be known
That of mankind she lov'd but thee alone.
Hen. Hear, solemn Jove, and, conscious Venus, hear,
And thou, bright Maid, believe me whilst I swear;
No time, no change, no future flame, shall move
The well-plac'd basis of my lasting love.
O pow'rful Virtue! O victorious Fair!
At least excuse a trial too severe;
Receive the triumph, and forget the war.
No banish'd man, condemn'd in woods to rove,
Entreats thy pardon, and implores thy love:
No perjur'd knight desires to quit thy arms,
Fairest collection of thy sex's charms,
Crown of my love, and honour of my youth;
Henry, thy Henry, with eternal truth,
As thou may'st wish, shall all his life employ,
And found his glory in his Emma's joy.
In me behold the potent Edgar's heir,
Illustrious earl: him terrible in war,
Let Loyre confess, for she has felt his sword,
And trembling fled before the British lord.
Him great in peace and wealth fair Deva knows,
For she amidst his spacious meadows flows,
Inclines her urn upon his fatten'd lands,
And sees his num'rous herds imprint her sands.
And thou, my Fair, my Dove, shalt raise thy thoughts
To greatness next to empire; shalt be brought
With solemn pomp to my paternal seat,
Where peace and plenty on thy word shall wait:
Musick and song shall wake the marriage-day,
And while the priests accuse the bride's delay,
Myrtles and roses shall obstruct her way.
Friendship shall still thy ev'ning feasts adorn,
And blooming Peace shall ever bless thy morn;
Succeeding years their happy race shall run,
And Age unheeded by delight come on,

While yet superiour love shall mock his pow'r;
And when old Time shall turn the fated hour,
Which only can our well-ty'd knot unfold,
What rests of both one sepulchre shall hold.
Hence, then, for ever, from my Emma's breast
(That heav'n of softness, and that seat of rest)
Ye doubts and fears, and all that know to move
Tormenting grief, and all that trouble love;
Scatter'd by winds recede, and wild in forests rove.
Emma. O day! the fairest sure that ever rose!
Period and end of anxious Emma's woes!
Sire of her joy, and source of her delight,
O! wing'd with pleasure, take thy happy flight,
And give each future morn a tincture of thy white.
Yet tell thy vot'ry, potent queen of Love,
Henry, my Henry, will he never rove?
Will he be ever kind, and just, and good?
And is there yet no mistress in the wood?
None, none there is: the thought was rash and vain,
A false idea, and a fancy'd pain,
Doubt shall for ever quit my strengthen'd heart,
And anxious Jealousy's corroding smart;
Nor other inmate shall inhabit there,
But soft Belief, young Joy, and pleasing Care.
Hence let the tides of plenty ebb and flow,
And Fortune's various gale unheeded blow.
If at my feet the suppliant goddess stands
And sheds her treasure with unweary'd hands,
Her present favour cautious I 'll embrace,
And not unthankful use the proffer'd grace;
If she reclaims the temporary boon,
And tries her pinions, flutt'ring to be gone,
Secure of mind I 'll obviate her intent,
And unconcern'd return the goods she lent.
Nor happiness can I, nor misery, feel,
From any turn of her fantastick wheel:
Friendship's great laws, and Love's superiour pow'rs,
Must mark the colour of my future hours.

From the events which thy commands create
I must my blessings or my sorrows date,
And Henry's will must dictate Emma's fate.
Yet while with close delight and inward pride
(Which from the world my careful soul shall hide)
I see thee, lord and end of my desire,
Exalted high as virtue can require,
With pow'r invested, and with pleasure cheer'd,
Sought by the good, by the oppressor fear'd,
Loaded and blest with all the affluent store
Which human vows at smoking shrines implore;
Grateful and humble grant me to employ
My life subservient only to thy joy,
And at my death to bless thy kindness, shown
To her who, of mankind, could love but thee alone.

While thus the constant pair alternate said,
Joyful above them and around them play'd
Angels and sportive Loves, a num'rous crowd;
Smiling they clapt their wings, and low they bow'd
They tumbled all their little quivers o'er,
To chuse propitious shafts, a precious store,
That when their god should take his future darts,
To strike (however rarely) constant hearts,
His happy skill might proper arms employ,
All tipt with pleasure, and all wing'd with joy;
And those, they vow'd, whose lives should imitate
These lovers' constancy, should share their fate.
The queen of Beauty stopp'd her bridled doves,
Approv'd the little Labour of the Loves;
Was proud and pleas'd the mutual vow to hear,
And to the triumph call'd the god of War:
Soon as she calls, the god is always near.
Now Mars, she said, let Fame exalt her voice,
Nor let thy conquests only be her choice,
But when she sings great Edward from the field
Return'd, the hostile spear and captive shield
In Concord's temple hung, and Gallia taught to yield.

And when, as prudent Saturn shall complete
The years design'd to perfect Britain's state,
The swift-wing'd Power shall take her trump again,
To sing her fav'rite Anna's wondrous reign,
To recollect unweary'd Maribrô's toils,
Old Rufus' Hall unequal to his spoils,
The British soldier from his high command
Glorious, and Gaul thrice vanquish'd by his hand,
Let her at least perform what I desire,
With second breath the vocal brass inspire,
And tell the nations in no vulgar strain,
What wars I manage and what wreaths I gain.
And when thy tumults and thy fights are past,
And when thy laurels at my feet are cast;
Faithful may'st thou, like British Henry prove,
And Emma-like let me return thy love.
Renown'd for truth let all thy sons appear,
And constant beauty shall reward their care.
Mars smil'd, and bow'd: the Cyprian deity
Turn'd to the glorious ruler of the sky;
And thou, she smiling said, great god of Days
And Verse, behold my deed, and sing my praise;
As on the British earth, my fav'rite isle,
Thy gentle rays and kindest influence smile,
Thro' all her laughing fields and verdant groves,
Proclaim with joy these memorable loves:
From ev'ry annual course let one great day
To celebrated sports and floral play
Be set aside; and in the softest lays
Of thy poetick sons, be solemn praise
And everlasting marks of honour paid
To the true Lover and the Nut-brown Maid.

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